School Carols

PROPERTY OF

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School Carols

A Collection of Hymns
for the Sunday
Schools

LUTHERAN BOOK CONCERN
COLUMBUS, OHIO
1914

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By
THE LUTHERAN BOOK CONCERN
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Preface.

THIS volume of hymns for the Sunday School is the result of the labors of a committee appointed by the Publication Board of the Joint Synod of Ohio. For a period of over thirty years our *Sunday School Hymnal* has done most excellent service both within and without the borders of our synod in upholding and fostering that which is good in the field of Sunday school music. It will continue to do such service for years to come, because of its intrinsic worth.

The time had, however, come when either a revision of the old or the preparation of a new book was deemed necessary to secure greater variety and especially to offer a much larger supply of hymns for the primary department of our Sunday schools. A new book was decided upon to be used either separately or in connection with the Sunday School Hymnal About seventy-five of the best hymns of the old book have been retained; the other hymns have been chosen from every source available to the committee.

The book is based upon a recognition of worship as a vital element in religious education, and the conviction that the music which is to be a part of that worship should be devotional and churchly in its character, melodious and singable, and expressive of the faith and purposes of the Christian life. Great care has been exercised therefore in the selection of the hymns and no expense has been spared in securing the use of material under copyright when such material was considered worthy of a place in the book.

School Carols is published in two forms: the first part as Primary School Carols for the use of separately organized primary departments; and then the first and second parts together as a complete hymnal for the use of the whole Sunday school. In this way it was felt the needs of the various schools will be met in the most satisfactory way.

In general the forms of service in use among us hitherto have been retained with some necessary revisions especially in the responses and responsive readings. For the use of such schools as have a separate primary department, a simple primary form of service is also furnished. For both sets of forms a collection of additional prayers for opening and closing and for the festival seasons of the church year has been added. These prayers have been prepared at the request of the committee by Rev. G. T. Cooperrider and proper recognition is hereby given to him for this service.

As it is expected that the book will be used also for special occasions as well as in the home, hymns for prayers, for morning and evening, as also a few nursery hymns have been inserted.

The Committee has tried to exercise all possible care not to infringe upon any copyrights; but if inadvertently any infringement has been made, we shall be glad, if advised of the fact, to make proper acknowledgement in succeeding editions.

Trusting that this volume may serve the Sunday schools of our churches in an acceptable manner and contribute in a humble way to enrich and to beautify the Sunday school exercises, we commend it to the care of the church. May God bless School Carols on its sacred mission and prepare for it a happy welcome. May its hymns prepare the hearts of thousands of young and old the better to know and to sing the praises of our Saviour King.

The Committee,

CARL ACKERMANN,
WM. H. LEHMAN,
O. T. F. TRESSEL,
C. D. BESCH,
E. V. SWICKHEIMER,
A. H. DORNBIRER.

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Forms of Service for the Sunday School.

A General Form.

All standing, the Superintendent and school shall say alternately the following sentences:

Supt. — Our help is in the name of the Lord:
School — **Who made heaven and earth.**
Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good:
For His mercy endureth forever.
This is the day which the Lord hath made:
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
We will come before His presence with thanksgiving:
And enter into His courts with praise.
The Lord is my Shepherd:
I shall not want.
He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.
O Lord open Thou my lips:
And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

The school being seated, there shall then be sung an appropriate hymn or chant.

All standing there shall be said:

Supt. — Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
School. — Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths.

Then shall be said the Ten Commandments.

All. — Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.
Thou shalt not kill.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his cattle, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Supt. — O most merciful God, who hast given Thine only begotten Son to die for our sins, have mercy on us, and for His sake forgive us all our sins, and grant that by Thy grace we may come to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

School:

Then shall the following Psalm be said alternately by the Superintendent and the school:

Psalm 1.

Supt. — Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly:

School — **Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.**

But his delight is in the law of the Lord:

And in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water:

That bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

His leaf also shall not wither:

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so:

But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment:

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

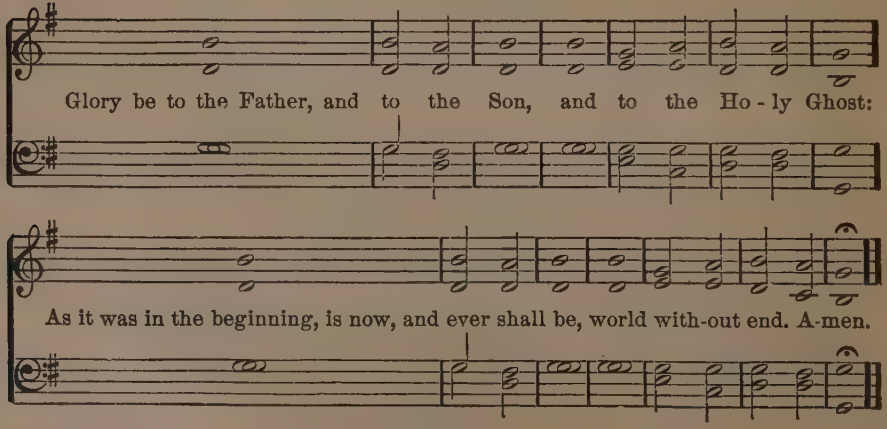
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

And the way of the ungodly shall perish.

[For a selection of Psalms see page 19.]

Then the school shall sing:

The Gloria Patri.

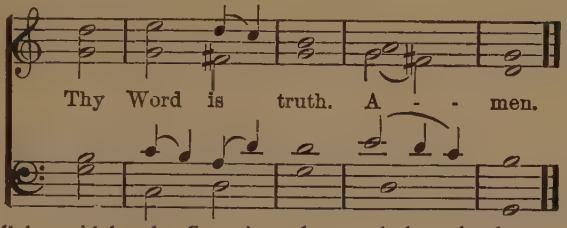

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

Supt.—Hear the Gospel or lesson of the day, written in the —— chapter of ——, beginning at the —— verse.

The lesson ended, the Superintendent shall say:

Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.

School:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and the school:

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Christian Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Superintendent may then offer the following prayer:

Almighty and most merciful God, bless the instructions which shall now be given; and grant that by Thy grace Thy Word may be so grafted into our hearts as to bring forth in them the fruits of an abiding Christian life, to the honor and praise of Thy most holy name, and to the salvation of our souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

A selection of prayers will be found on page 29.
The teachers will then take charge of their classes.
The pastor shall then catechize the school.
Reading of Secretary's report.
The instructions being ended the following form may be used in closing the Sunday-school:
The school standing, there shall be sung a suitable hymn or chant.
The Superintendent may then offer the following prayer:

Merciful Father in heaven, the seed of Thy Word has now been sown into our hearts; keep far from us every influence that would hinder this seed of life from growing, and grant that it may bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of Thy great name and the salvation of our souls.

School. — I will never forget Thy precepts: for with them Thou hast quickened me.

Then shall be said by the Superintendent and school:

The Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

The Superintendent shall then pronounce the benediction:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

All sing a doxology.

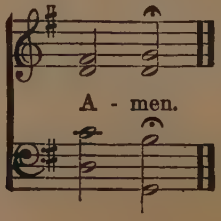
A Service for Advent, Christmas and Epiphany.

All standing, the Superintendent and the school shall say alternately the following sentences:

Supt. — Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands:
School — **Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.**
Know ye that the Lord He is God:
It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are His people and the sheep of His pasture.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise:
Be thankful unto Him and bless His name.
For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting:
And His truth endureth to all generations.
O Lord, open Thou my lips:
And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

The school being seated, there shall be sung a hymn or chant suitable for the season.
All standing.

Supt. — Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
School. — Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths.
Supt. — O heavenly King, come Thou unto us and make us Thy faithful subjects. To this end give us Thy Holy Spirit, so that by His grace we may believe Thy holy Word, and lead a godly life, here in time, and hereafter in eternity.
School:



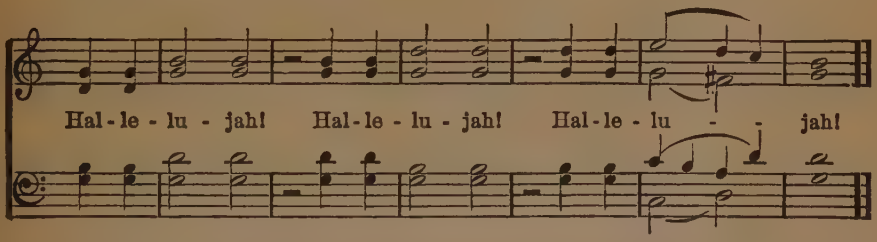
Then shall the following Psalm be said by the Superintendent and the school alternately.

(We here give only Psalm for Advent; for Christmas and Epiphany see selection of Psalms page 27.)

Psalm 24.

Supt. — The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof:
School — **The world, and they that dwell therein.**
For He hath founded it upon the seas:
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in His holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart:
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
This is the generation of them that seek Him:
That seek Thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

Then shall the school sing:

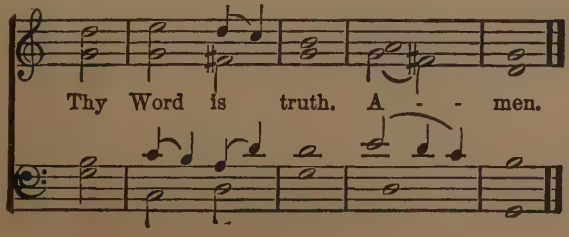


Supt. — Hear the Gospel or lesson of the day, written in the —— chapter of ——, beginning at the —— verse.

The lesson being ended the Superintendent shall say:

Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.

School:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and the school

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God, etc. See page 9.

Then shall the Superintendent offer the following prayer:
[For Christmas and Epiphany prayers see page 31.]

O Lord of glory, we thank thee with our whole heart that out of pure love Thou didst come upon earth to be associated with us poor sinful creatures in order to make us fit to dwell in the presence of God in company with the holy angels and the saints made perfect. We thank Thee for still coming unto us through Thy Word and the holy Sacraments, to bless and comfort and purify us. We thank Thee for the gracious promise to come again to take Thy children to their eternal home. Continue to show us Thy mercy, keep in our midst the pure Word and the pure Sacraments, make us ever purer in our thoughts, words and deeds, and finally cause us to dwell where there is neither sin nor pain. Thou wilt most certainly hear us, for Thou lovest us, in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

The teachers will then take charge of their classes.
Catechization by the Pastor.
The Secretary reads his report.
The instructions being ended, the following form may be used in closing the Sunday-school.
The school standing, there shall be sung a suitable hymn or chant.
The Superintendent shall then offer the following prayer:

O God, Thou hast made known unto us Thy good and gracious will. By thy Holy Spirit enable us to believe what Thou hast taught us, and so control our hearts and minds that we may do Thy will whilst here on earth, and grant that we may finally serve Thee in heaven for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

School. — Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it

Then shall be said by the Superintendent and school the Lord's Prayer.
The Superintendent shall then say the benediction:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all. Amen.

All sing a Doxology.

A Service for Lent.

All standing the Superintendent and the school shall say alternately the following sentences:

Supt. — Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness:
School — **According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.**
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity:
And cleanse me from my sin.

Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight:
That Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest.
Hide Thy face from my sins:
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God:
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from Thy presence:
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation:
And uphold me with Thy free spirit.
O Lord open Thou my lips:
And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

The school then being seated there shall be sung a hymn or chant suitable for the season of Lent.

All standing, there shall be said:

Supt. — Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
School. — Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths.
Supt. — O Lord Jesus Christ, true God and man, Thou wast made sin for us, that by Thy sufferings and death our sin might be borne away. Thy blood cleanse us from all sin. So direct us that in our meditations upon Thy sufferings we may realize that *our* sins were nailed to the cross and carried to the grave. Then also shall we rejoice in Thee as *our* Redeemer and *our* God.

The school shall sing:

Then shall the following prophecy from Isa. 53 be said by the Superintendent and the school alternately:

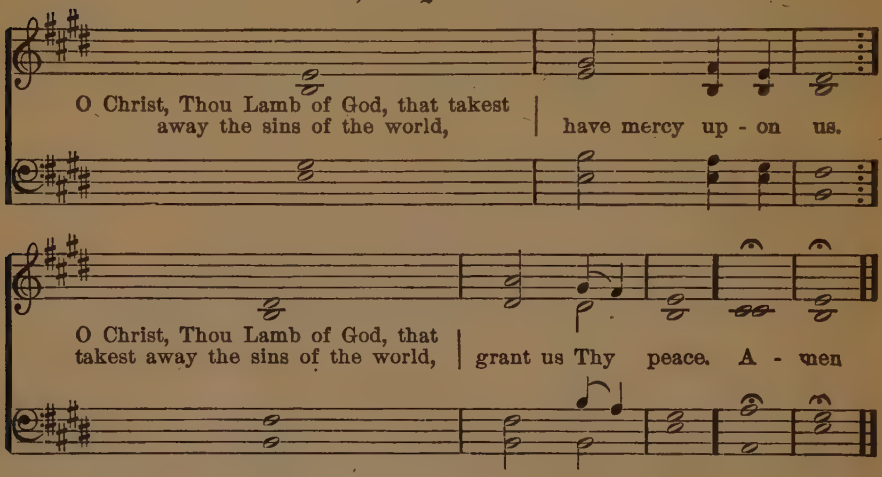
Supt. — Who hath believed our report?
School — **And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?**
For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:
He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.
He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief:
And we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not.
Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:
Yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

Then shall the school sing

The Agnus Dei.

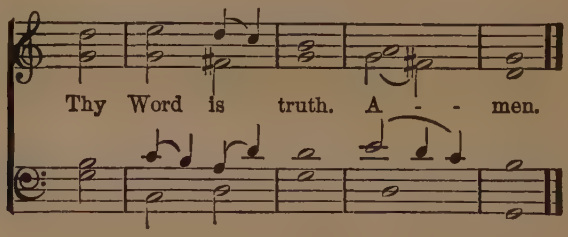

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy up - on us.
O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
grant us Thy peace. A - men

Supt. — Hear the Gospel or lesson of the day, written in the —— chapter of ——, beginning at the —— verse.

The lesson being ended the Superintendent shall say:

Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.

School:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and the school

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father, etc. See page 9.

Then shall the Superintendent offer the following prayer:

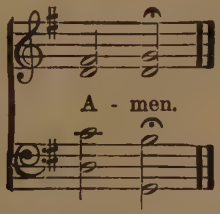
How wonderful are Thy ways and purposes, O God! The innocent One must pay the penalty of the guilty, the holy One must suffer the punishments of the wicked. The Lord must atone the guilt of the ser-

vant, and that which sinful man has brought upon himself God must bear. O Thou Son of the living God, we have done evil, and Thou art punished; we have sinned, and Thou must atone; we have been disobedient, and Thou must bleed and die in consequence. By this means Thou hast saved us and gained for us God's favor and an inheritance beyond the skies. Praise and glory be to Thee for Thine infinite love and mercy. Amen.

The teachers will then take charge of their classes.
The Pastor will then catechize the school.
The Secretary then reports.
The instructions being ended, the following form may be used in closing the Sunday-school:
The school standing, there shall be sung a hymn or chant suitable for the season of Lent.
The Superintendent shall then offer the following prayer:

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Thy Word, which Thou hast permitted us to learn, Thou hast brought to our minds and hearts the truth which makes the soul free from sin and the terrors of death. So influence us that we may grow in grace day after day, and be kept in the true and living faith to a blessed end.

The school shall then sing:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and school the Lord's Prayer.
The Superintendent shall then say the benediction:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

All sing a Doxology.

A Service for the Easter Season.

All standing the Superintendent and the school shall say alternately the following sentences:

Supt. — I will sing unto the Lord:
School — **For He hath triumphed gloriously.**
The Lord is my strength and song:
And He is become my salvation.
Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power:
Thy right hand hath dashed in pieces the enemy.
Who is like unto Thee, O Lord?
Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?
Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed:
Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

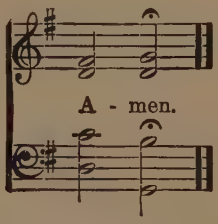
O Lord, open Thou my lips:
And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

The school being seated, there shall be sung a hymn or chant suitable for the Easter season.

All standing.

Supt.—Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
School.—Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths.
Supt.—O Lord Jesus, Thou Savior of men, Thou hast redeemed us lost and condemned creatures from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil. To accomplish this redemption Thou didst endure the most shameful death on the cross. That we might be assured of Thy power and majesty and of our salvation Thou camest forth from the grave, and now gatherest us into Thy kingdom through the Gospel and makest us heirs of eternal life. Praise be to Thee forever.

The school shall sing:



Then shall the Psalm be said by the Superintendent and school responsively:

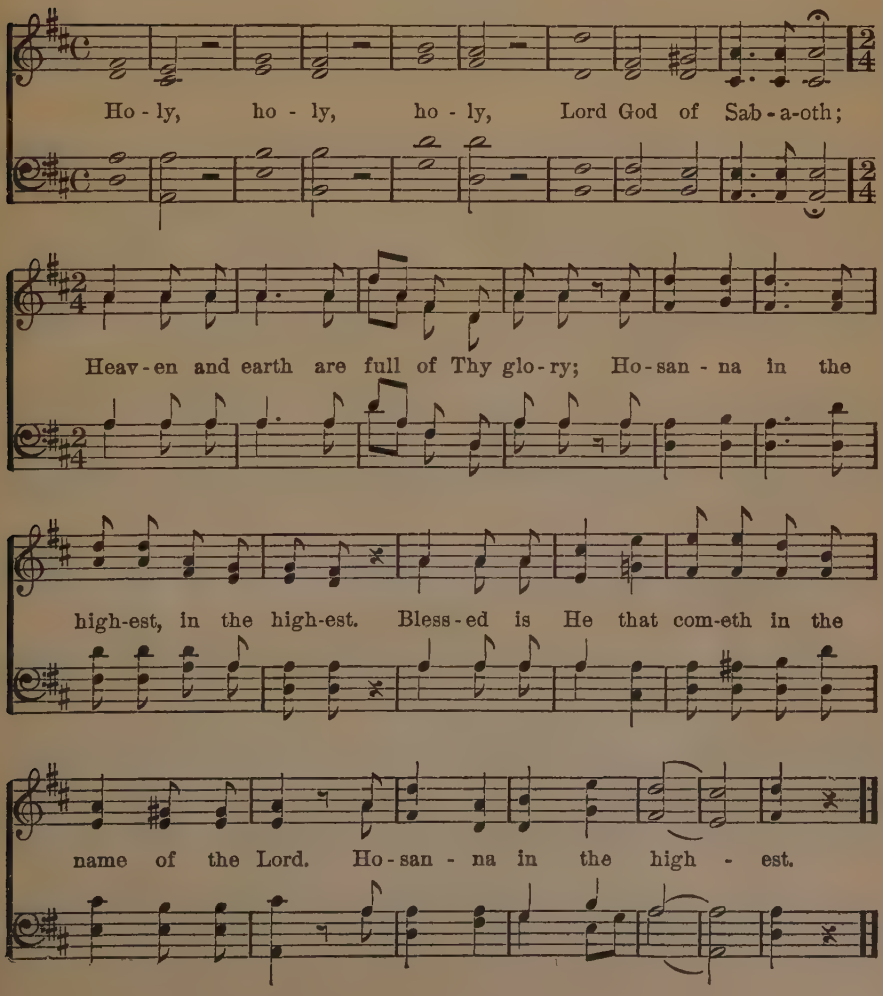
(Psalm for Pentecost on page 28.)

Supt.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.
School—**Because His mercy endureth forever.**
Let them that fear the Lord say:
That His mercy endureth forever.
The Lord is my strength and song:
And is become my salvation.
The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiently.
The right hand of the Lord is exalted:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
The right hand of the Lord is exalted:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
I shall not die but live:
And declare the works of the Lord.
The Lord has chastened me sore:
But He hath not given me over unto death.
Open to me the gates of righteousness:
I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.
This gate of the Lord:
Into which the righteous shall enter.
I will praise Thee, for Thou hast heard me:
And art become my salvation.
The stone which the builders rejected:
Is become the head stone of the Corner.
This is the Lord's doing:
And it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made:
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord:
O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord:
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.
Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
For His mercy endureth forever.

Then shall the school sing:

The Sanctus.

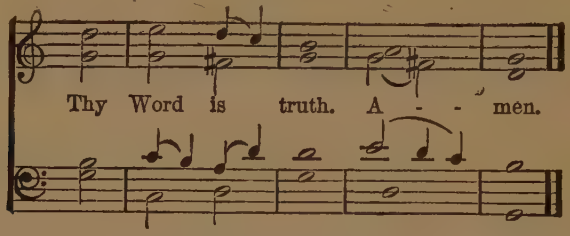

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a-oth;
Heav - en and earth are full of Thy glo - ry; Ho - san - na in the
high-est, in the high-est. Bless - ed is He that com-eth in the
name of the Lord. Ho - san - na in the high - est.

Supt.—Hear the Gospel or lesson of the day, written in the —— chapter of ——, beginning at the —— verse.

The Gospel being ended the Superintendent shall say:

Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.

School:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and the school

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father, etc. See page 9.

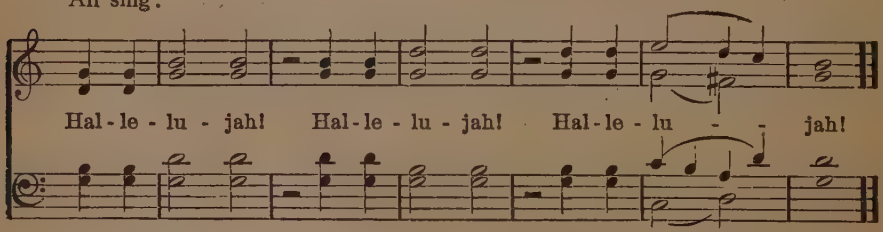
Then shall the Superintendent offer the following prayer:

O Christ, Thou Son of the living God, Thou art the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Thee shall never die. Thou wast dead, but behold Thou livest. By Thy death Thou didst purchase our souls, by Thy resurrection Thou didst make them free. May Thy Holy Spirit lead us into a knowledge of this truth and enable us to believe it; then though we die, yet shall we live, and living or dying we shall be Thine. Amen.

The teachers will then take charge of their classes.
Catechization by the Pastor.
Secretary reads his report.
The instructions being ended, the following form shall be used in closing the Sunday-school.
The school standing, there shall be sung a suitable hymn or chant.
The Superintendent shall then offer the following prayer:

Dear Savior, by Thy holy Gospel, which we have this day learned, Thou hast forgiven all our sins and opened unto us the kingdom of heaven. Ever keep our eyes directed heavenward, away from sin and sorrow, so that living we may serve Thee; and dying we may be Thine

All sing:



Then shall be said by the Superintendent and school the Lord's Prayer.

The Superintendent shall then say the benediction:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.

There shall then be sung a Doxology.

A Selection of Psalms for Responsive Readings.

Psalm 5.

Supt.—Give ear to my words, O Lord:
School— **Consider my meditation.**
Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God:
For unto Thee will I pray.
My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord:
In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.
For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:
Neither shall evil dwell with Thee.
The foolish shall not stand in Thy sight:
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:
The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.
But as for me, I will come into Thy house in the multitude of Thy mercy:
And in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple.
Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness because of mine enemies:
Make Thy way straight before my face.
For there is no faithfulness in their mouth:
Their inward part is very wickedness.
Their throat is an open sepulchre:
They flatter with their tongue.
Destroy Thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels:
Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against Thee.
But let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice:
Let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them; let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.
For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous:
With favor wilt Thou compass him, as with a shield.

Psalm 8.

Suitable for Advent.

Supt.—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!
School— **Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.**
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies:
That Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers:
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained:
What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?
For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels:
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands:
Thou hast put all things under his feet.

All sheep and oxen:
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea:
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O Lord, our Lord:
How excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

Psalm 19.

Supt.—The heavens declare the glory of God:
School—**And the firmament showeth His handiwork.**
Day unto day uttereth speech:
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language:
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth:
And their words to the end of the world.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.
Moreover by them is Thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight:
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm 23.

Supt.—The Lord is my Shepherd:
School—**I shall not want.**
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm 25.

Supt.—Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul:
School—**O, my God, I trust in Thee.**
Show me Thy ways, O Lord:
Teach me Thy paths.
Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me:
For Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day.
Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies; and Thy loving kindness:
For they have been ever of old.
Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:
According to Thy mercy remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.
Good and upright is the Lord:
Therefore will He teach sinners in the way.
The meek will he guide in judgment:
And the meek will He teach His way.
All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth:
Unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.

Psalm 42.

Supt.—As the hart panteth after the water brooks:
School—**So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.**
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my meat day and night:
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me:
For I had gone with the multitude.
I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise:
With a multitude that kept holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?:
Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts:
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime:
And in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm 46.

Supt.—God is our refuge and strength:
School—**A very present help in trouble.**
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed:
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled:
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.
There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God:
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Host High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered His voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of hosts is with us:
The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.
Come, behold the works of the Lord:
What desolations He hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth:
He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us:
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm 51.

Supt.—Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
School—**According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.**
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity:
And cleanse me from my sins.
For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.
Hide Thy face from my sins:
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God:
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from Thy presence:
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation:
And uphold me with Thy free spirit.
O Lord, open Thou my lips:
And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.
For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Psalm 84.

Supt.—How amiable are Thy tabernacles:
School—**O Lord of hosts!**
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young:
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house:
They will be still praising Thee. Selah.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee:
In whose heart are the ways of them.
For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand:
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory.
No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly:
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

Psalm 96.

Supt.—Sing unto the Lord a new song:
School—**Sing unto the Lord all the earth.**
Sing unto the Lord, bless His name:
Show forth His salvation from day to day.
Declare His glory among the heathen:
His wonders among all people.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.
For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the Lord made the heavens.
Honor and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people:
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name:
Bring an offering, and come into His courts.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
Fear before Him, all the earth.
Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth; the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:
He shall judge the people righteously.
Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad:
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord;
For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with His truth.

Psalm 100.

Supt.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands:
School—**Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.**
Know ye that the Lord He is God:
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise:
Be thankful unto Him, and bless His Name.
For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting:
And His truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm 103.

Supt.—Bless the Lord, O my soul:
School— **And all that is within me, bless His holy Name.**
Bless the Lord, O my soul:
And forget not all His benefits.
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities:
Who healeth all thy diseases.
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction:
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things:
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The Lord is merciful and gracious:
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide:
Neither will He keep His anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins:
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth:
So great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.
As far as the east is from the west:
So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children:
So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.
The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens:
And His kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength:
That do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.
Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts:
Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion:
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Psalm 111.

Supt.—Praise ye the Lord, I will praise the Lord with my whole heart:
School— **In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.**
The works of the Lord are great:
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
His work is honorable and glorious:
And His righteousness endureth for ever.
He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered:
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear Him:
He will ever be mindful of His covenant.
He hath shewed His people the power of His works:
That He may give them the heritage of the heathen.
The works of his hands are verity and judgment:
All His commandments are sure.
They stand fast for ever and ever:
And are done in truth and uprightness.
He sent redemption unto His people:
He hath commanded His covenant for ever; holy and reverend is His Name.
The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:
A good understanding have all they that do His commandments; His praise endureth forever.

Psalm 119.

Supt.—Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet:
School—**And a light unto my path.**
I have sworn, and I will perform it:
That I will keep Thy righteous judgments.
I am afflicted very much:
Quicken me, O Lord, according unto Thy Word.
Accept, I beseech Thee, the free-will offerings of my mouth, O Lord:
And teach me Thy judgments.
My soul is continually in my hand:
Yet do I not forget Thy law.
The wicked have laid a snare for me:
Yet I erred not from Thy precepts.
Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever:
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
I have inclined my heart to perform Thy statutes alway:
Even unto the end.

Psalm 121.

Supt.—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
School—**From whence cometh my help.**
My help cometh from the Lord:
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel:
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is Thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day:
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in:
From this time forth and forevermore.

Psalm 122.

Supt.—I was glad when they said unto me:
School— **Let us go into the house of the Lord.**
Our feet shall stand within thy gates:
O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded:
As a city that is compact together.
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord:
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment:
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls:
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes:
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
Because of the house of the Lord our God:
I will seek thy good.

Psalm 130.

Supt.—Out of the depths:
School— **Have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.**
Lord, hear my voice:
Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities:
O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with Thee:
That Thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait:
And in His word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning:
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord:
For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel:
From all his iniquities.

Christmas.

Psalm 132.

Supt.—Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest:
School—**Thou, and the ark of Thy strength.**
Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness:
And let Thy saints shout for joy.
For Thy servant David's sake:
Turn not away the face of Thine Anointed.
The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David:
He will not turn from it.
Of the fruit of thy body:
Will I set upon thy throne.
If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them:
Their children also shall sit upon thy throne for evermore.
For the Lord hath chosen Zion:
He hath desired it for His habitation.
This is my rest forever:
Here will I dwell, for I have desired it.
I will abundantly bless her provision:
I will satisfy her poor with bread.
I will also clothe her priests with salvation:
And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

Luke 1.

Supt.—My soul doth magnify the Lord:
School—**And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.**
He that is mighty hath done great things:
And holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him:
From generation to generation.
He hath showed strength with His arm:
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats:
And exalted them of low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things:
And the rich he hath sent empty away.
He hath holpen His servant Israel, in remembrance of His mercy:
As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed, forever.

Epiphany.

Psalm 72.

Supt.—Give unto the King Thy judgments, O God:
School—**And Thy righteousness unto the King's Son.**
He shall judge Thy people with righteousness:
And Thy poor with judgment.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people:
And the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people; He shall save the children of the needy:
And shall break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear Thee as long as the sun and moon endure:
Throughout all generations.
He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.
In His days shall the righteous flourish:
And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea:
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him:
All nations shall serve Him.
For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth:
The poor also, and him that hath no helper.
He shall spare the poor and needy:
And shall save the souls of the needy.
He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:
And precious shall their blood be in His sight.
And He shall live, and to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
Prayer also shall be made for Him continually; and daily shall He be praised.

Pentecost.

Psalm 104.

Supt.—Bless the Lord, O my soul:

School— **O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.**
Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.
Who maketh His angels spirits:
His ministers a flaming fire.
O Lord, how manifold are Thy works:
In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.
Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created:
And Thou renewest the face of the earth.
The glory of the Lord shall endure forever:
The Lord shall rejoice in His works.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my Lord while I have my being.
The meditation of Him shall be sweet:
I will be glad in the Lord.
Bless thou the Lord, O my soul:
Praise ye the Lord.

General Prayers.

Opening.

Heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we heartily praise and thank Thee for all the blessings wherewith Thou hast so kindly remembered us. Gracious Father, especially do we thank and praise Thee for the gift of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our only Savior. We bless Thee for the gift of Thy sacred Word and for the sending of the Holy Spirit to work the faith in our hearts, and to keep us in the ways of truth and life. Forgive us our many sins and grant that the instruction which shall now be given may be to Thy honor and praise, and to our own eternal good, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Blessed Jesus, we are now assembled in Thy name to hear and study Thy sacred Word, and to offer unto Thee our sacrifices of thanksgiving and praise. We beseech Thee to fit and prepare us to engage in this humble service. Help us to know and feel that Thou art truly present, and hast rich blessings for all who are willing to receive them. Merciful Savior, forgive us our many sins, and so rule our hearts and minds that all our thoughts, words and actions may be pleasing to Thee, our Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Thou who alone workest in us to will and to do of Thy good pleasure, we have been made members of Thy Church through holy Baptism. Thou hast so far enlightened us that we know Thy grace in Christ Jesus. Continue this Thy work which Thou hast begun in us. Fill us with the gifts of Thy Holy Spirit, that neither false doctrine nor sinful pleasure may lead us from the sacred truth which we have learned, so that we may remain in Thy Church, in the true faith and in obedience. Cause us daily to grow in wisdom and in knowledge. Increase our love to Thee, so that we may praise Thee by word and deed, through Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Dearest Jesus! Thou sayest in thy Word: Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me. Let the desire of our hearts for Thy truth be satisfied and bless the instruction in Thy Word. Without Thee we can do nothing; Thou must open our understanding so that we may behold wondrous things out of Thy law. Give us Thy Spirit that He may enlighten us with His gifts and bring our every thought into subjection to Thee. Grant that we may grow in the knowledge of divine things and be strengthened in our faith by Thy might, until we shall all finally come to the one faith and shall know even as we are known, and stand in the presence of God and the Lamb. Amen.

Closing.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for another hour of instruction in Thy blessed Word. Grant that the lessons which we have learned may abide in our minds and hearts and bring forth rich fruits to Thy praise. Without Thee we can do nothing, do thou make us strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Sustain us by Thy grace, and teach us to know and do Thy will. Guide and direct the efforts of this school, and prosper it in every good work. Make it truly helpful in the extension and upbuilding of Thy kingdom. Be with us during the coming week, and at all times deliver us from every evil of body and soul, and keep us in true faith and obedience. Hear and answer our prayer for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Once more, O Lord, the seed of Thy Word has been sown into our hearts. Remove from us every influence that would hinder this holy seed from growing, and grant that it may bring forth in us much fruit unto perfection. So rule our hearts and minds by Thy Holy Spirit that the devil, the world and our own flesh may not mislead us; but give us Thy grace and strengthen us in the one true faith and in the knowledge of Thy dear Son. Cause us to delight in Thee, and in the sacred ordinances of Thy house. Bless and prosper this school; keep it faithful to Thy Word and ways, and grant that by its efforts many may be led in the paths of righteousness. Mercifully protect us from every evil of body and soul, and at last grant us the crown of eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Eternal God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Thou art the only true God and to Thee belongeth all honor and praise. Thou art the Creator and Preserver of all things visible and invisible, and it is in Thee alone that we live, move, and have our being. We heartily thank Thee for all the goodness and mercy which Thou hast shown to us unworthy and dependent creatures. Especially do we thank Thee for the great work of redemption which Thou hast wrought out for us and for all men, through Jesus Christ our Lord. We thank Thee for Thy Word and Sacraments and for the sure promise and hope of eternal life through faith in the Redeemer's name. For Jesus' sake, forgive us our many sins, and keep us in Thy grace unto everlasting life. Amen.

Merciful God and Father, we thank and praise Thee for the gift of the Holy Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. Enlighten our minds and hearts by Thy Holy Spirit that we may rightly understand Thy revealed Word and gladly hear and learn it. We know this first that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, but holy men of old spake, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Grant that we may never take offense at the teaching of Thy Word, but receive it with gratitude and in Thy fear, for it is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. Bless the instruction that has now been given, and may the name of God be hallowed among us. Bless our missions and missionaries and every department of Church work. Let the kingdom of Christ prevail throughout the world, to the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. Amen.

Festival Prayers.

Christmas.

Opening.

Father of mercies, we thank Thee that unto us is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. The glad tidings of great joy which banished fear from the hearts of the shepherds on that blessed night, drive fear from our hearts and fill us with joy, for lo, the tidings are for us also, even for all people. The Son of God is made man, and has become our Brother, to save the fallen race from their sins. We thank Thee, O dear Savior, for Thy great love to us, for Thy deep humility. Although we had sinned, Thou hadst thoughts of mercy and peace toward us. Thou hast saved us from sin and death, and we are Thine. Glory to God in the highest. Amen.

Closing.

Blessed God and Father, faithful to Thy word and promise, Thou hast sent us a Savior in the person of Thy dear Son. Clothed in human flesh, the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men. Grant that we may know and believe this, and enable us to welcome the newborn Savior with thanksgiving and praise. Keep us mindful of His deep humility and the great service of love which He so willingly rendered. Cause His spirit to dwell in us more and more. Supported by His grace, let us forever put off the bondage of sin from which Christ hath made us free. Amen.

Epiphany.

Opening.

Lord Jesus, Thou didst come upon earth to seek and to save that which was lost. Thou wast indeed sent unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but the crumbs of Thy Gospel which fall from Thy table may also be enjoyed by us who are of Gentile origin. Thou desirest not only the salvation of the Jews, but likewise that of the Gentiles. Lead Thou, O Lord, through Thy Gospel, those who are still dwelling in darkness to Thee, the Savior of all men, that they may know Thee, and find comfort in Thee against their sins. Preserve us in Thy kingdom, and when our journey on earth is ended, gather us home to Thee for the sake of Thine infinite mercy. Amen.

Closing.

Almighty God, by means of a star Thou didst lead the wise men to the place where the Savior was born. By the light of the Gospel we have been brought to a knowledge of Thee the true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. O make us grateful for this Word, and help us to walk in the ways of the Lord. Help us to hear the cries of those who are in spiritual darkness, and move us to do what we can for their enlightenment and relief. Bless the preaching of Thy Word in all places; extend the borders of Thy kingdom on earth, and let the glory and beauty of the Lord be upon us. Grant us our petitions for Jesus' Sake. Amen.

Pentecost.

Opening.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee for the outpouring of Thy Spirit upon all flesh. By this means Thou didst enable the holy apostles to speak and to write Thy words for our instruction and comfort. Being filled with the Holy Ghost, they made known unto men Thy wonderful works. Thy holy words, which they wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, are still able to make us wise unto salvation. Grant that these words, which are Spirit and life, may do that whereunto Thou hast sent them, work faith in our hearts, comfort us in every sorrow, rejoice our hearts in death and open to us the door of heaven. In mercy hear and answer our prayer. Amen.

Closing.

Gracious God, the day of Pentecost marks the fulfillment of the promise to pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh. By the special outpouring of the Holy Ghost Thou didst found the Church on earth, and forever secure it against the power of darkness. Eternal praise be unto Thee for this great and glorious work. We thank Thee also that the Holy Spirit continues to come unto the children of men throughh the means of grace which Thou hast appointed. In the Word and sacraments the Holy Spirit continues to come to the children of men with all His quickening powers. Preserve these means unto us in their purity, and cause the kingdom of the Lord to flourish among us throughout the world, to the glory of the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

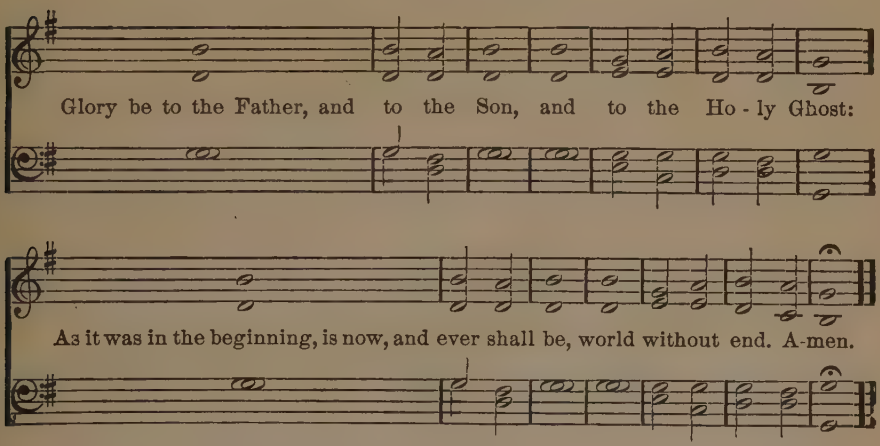
Order of Service for Primary Schools.

The service may begin with the singing of an appropriate hymn.

Then all standing, the Superintendent or Teacher and school shall say alternately the following sentences:

Supt.—O Lord, open Thou my lips:
School—And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

The Gloria Patri.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men.

Then shall follow the reading of the Psalm.

Psalm 23.

Supt. — The Lord is my Shepherd:
School — **I shall not want.**

Supt. — He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
School — **He leadeth me beside the still waters.**

Supt. — He restoreth my soul:
School — **He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.**

Supt. — Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
School — **For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.**

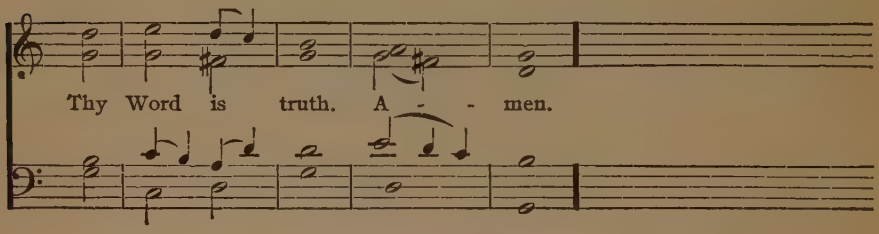
Supt. — Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
School — **Thou annointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.**

Supt.—Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

School—And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Supt.—Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.

School—



The Apostles' Creed.

Supt and School—I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into hell; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Christian Church, the Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

The Superintendent shall then offer prayer:

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast given us, Thy little children, a place in Thy Kingdom as lambs of Thy flock. We pray Thee that, as our gentle Shepherd, Thou wilt feed us with the Bread of life, bless us with a knowledge of Thy Word through the instruction here given, defend us from all harm and danger, help us to do Thy will, and keep us faithful unto the end, for Thy love's sake. Amen.

Then shall be sung

A Hymn.

Then shall follow

The Instruction

and the taking of the Offering.

Then shall be sung another

Hymn.

The School standing, all shall say:

O Lord, we have been instructed in the truth of Thy Gospel. Help us to believe it and to live a life of service to Thee in Thy Church, through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Then the school may sing a closing hymn or doxology.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I. I am the Lord, thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

III. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

IV. Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

V. Thou shalt not kill.

VI. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VII. Thou shalt not steal.

VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, not his maid-servant, nor his cattle, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Conclusion.

I the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Selection of Prayers

Opening.

Blessed Savior, we are Thine, for Thou hast bought us with Thine own precious blood, and hast called us into Thy kingdom. As Thy children we come unto Thee to hear Thy saving Word, and to offer our humble prayers, and praises. Be with us in this hour, and grant that our thoughts, words, and actions may be pleasing and acceptable in Thy sight. Bless the instruction which shall now be given, and lead us in the way of truth. Make us kind, gentle, and obedient, and keep us as Thy children forever. Amen.

Dear Lord and Savior, we thank Thee that Thou hast said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Thus we know that Thou art ever ready to receive the little ones into Thy fold, and dost look upon them as the lambs of Thy flock. We thank and praise Thee for this comforting assurance, and beseech Thee to direct and bless the efforts of this school. Bless the teachers and the pupils, and grant that all may be led by the wisdom of Thy Word. Amen.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast taught us to know that Thou art our true Father, and that we are Thy children in Christ Jesus. Though we have often forgotten Thee, Thou hast never forgotten us, and art our faithful keeper night and day. Be with us also in this hour, and hear our songs of thanksgiving and praise. Bless the Word in which we are taught, and cause it to be fruitful in our hearts and lives for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Blessed Jesus, once more we are assembled in our school to hear and learn Thy saving Word. Give us earnest minds and hearts, and grant that the lesson of the day may be as seed sown upon good ground and bring forth much fruit unto perfection. Mercifully keep us in Thy tender care, and in the paths of righteousness and peace, to the glory and praise of Thy great Name. Amen.

Closing.

Heavenly Father, the seed of Thy precious Word has now been sown in our hearts. Grant that this holy seed may not be disturbed by the devil, the world, and our own sinful flesh, but grow within us, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Be with us this coming week, and

throughout all our days. Bless Thy people everywhere, and let the glory of Thy gracious kingdom be the joy of all nations, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GRACIOUS GOD, AND FATHER, we thank Thee for another hour of instruction in Thy holy Word. Grant that the sacred truths which we have heard may abide with us, and lead us to know and to do Thy good pleasure. Help us to hate that which is evil and to love and seek after the things that are pure and acceptable in Thy sight. Forgive our sins, and keep us in Thy Word and faith unto everlasting life. This we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

BLESSED JESUS, Thou art the Good Shepherd, and the lambs of the flock are very precious in Thy sight. In obedience to Thy command, Feed My lambs, these little ones have again been fed upon the bounties of God's Word. Grant that this heavenly food may nourish and strengthen them, and keep them in Thy loving care. Lord, bless the efforts that are made in Thy holy name. Give us faithful servants everywhere to feed the flock of God, and to bring into the fold the lost and straying, to Thine eternal glory and praise. Amen.

HEAVENLY FATHER, we thank Thee for the gift of Thy Word, and the sure promise and hopes of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Bless the instructions we have now received, and grant that we may heartily believe Thy Word and faithfully keep it. Make us glad to come into the house of the Lord, and lead us to find great delight in Thy worship and Praise. Deliver us from every evil of body and soul, and keep us in Thy grace and love, and when our last hour shall come, take us unto Thyself in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

For Special Seasons

Advent.

Blessed Lord, Thou art the King of Glory, the Ruler of the earth and sky. We thank Thee that Thou art our God and Savior, and that in Thee there is no change nor shadow of turning. Thy blessings are new to us every day, and Thy goodness and mercy endure forever, We will put our trust in Thee, O Lord of Hosts, and Thou shalt be our Keeper world without end. Amen.

Heavenly King, Thou didst come into the flesh for the redemption of the whole world. That we may know and believe this unto eternal life, Thou comest to us by means of Thy blessed Word and sacrament. Lead us to rejoice in Thee as our true Lord and King, and give us a steadfast faith in Thy gospel. Keep us as Thy dear children and prepare us to welcome Thee at Thy final coming, and forever accept us in Thy glorious kingdom above. Amen.

Christmas.

Eternal God and Father, we thank and adore Thee for the wonderful gift of Thine only begotten Son. Blessed Jesus, we heartily thank and praise Thee that Thou didst take upon Thyself our nature, but free from all sin and corruption, that Thou mightest redeem this lost and ruined world. Thou art the Prince of Peace, and without Thy humble birth no one can be saved. Blessed Saviour, accept the tributes we bring in honor of Thy holy birth. Keep us in Thy grace and truth and let us magnify Thy great name in time and eternity. Amen.

Merciful God, we heartily thank and praise Thee that unto us is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. True to Thy promise, Thou didst send a Redeemer in the person of Thy beloved Son. Truly, the grace of God hath appeared among us, and for the joy of all people, Let every soul repeat the glad refrain: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men. Lord Jesus, grant us Thy peace and comfort now and forever; and to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be all the praise. Amen.

Epiphany.

O, Faithful God, Thou didst not forget the needs of those who were sitting in darkness and could not know of Jesus' birth. In Thy boundless love and mercy, the Savior was sent for the joy of all people,

and must be revealed also to the Gentiles. By a sign in the heavens Thou didst lead the wise men from the East to find the new born King and gladly to pay Him homage. Lord, we thank and praise Thee for all Thy benefits in Thy great love and mercy. Continue to arouse the nations of the earth and draw them to Christ, and let Thy Kingdom prevail throughout the world. Amen.

ALMIGHTY GOD, by the leading of a star Thou didst manifest Thyself to the Gentiles, and they were glad. A more perfect knowledge of the only true God is now offered to us by Thy revealed Word. Grant that we may receive it with joy, and faithfully keep it. Grant that Thy Word may be proclaimed everywhere in its purity and power. Through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, let the whole world be led to rejoice in the gospel of Jesus Christ, to the eternal glory of God the Father. Amen.

Lent.

ETERNAL GOD AND FATHER, we thank Thee that Thou didst so love the world as to give Thine own Son for its release from the powers of sin and death. We thank Thee, O Jesus, for the willing sacrifice of Thyself that we might forever live. Thou hast borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Keep us mindful of Thy innocent sufferings and bitter death endured in our stead, and teach us to love Thee because Thou hast first loved us. Lead us to trust in Thee as our only Savior, and keep us Thine forever. Amen.

BLESSED JESUS, Thou art the Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world. The awful nature of human sin and guilt is seen in the necessity for Thy atoning sacrifice. That which we could not do for ourselves and live, Thou hast done for us and eternal life is now offered as Thy gracious gift. Our sins nailed Thee upon the cross but Thou hast made Thy holy blood the sinner's healing. Lord, help us to see ourselves in the light of God's law, and give us penitent and believing hearts, and Thy cleansing blood shall be our perfect cure. Amen.

Easter.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, true God and true man, through Thy innocent sufferings and death we have been redeemed from the power of sin and Satan. That we may know and be assured of this, Thy glorious resurrection from the dead has declared us free. Put to death for our sins, and raised again in testimony of our freedom, Thou art our perfect Savior, and those who trust in Thee shall never perish. Blessed Redeemer, we thank and praise Thee that Thy victory over sin and death was gained for us and that through faith in Thy merits, we shall have a joyful resurrection unto eternal life. Amen.

Blessed Savior, we heartily thank Thee for the precious Gospel message which we hear this day. Thou art the risen Lord, and as the fruits of Thy eternal victory over sin, death and the grave, Thou bringest for us the forgiveness of sin, peace with God, and life and salvation. Thou art the resurrection and the life and whosoever believeth in Thee shall never die. Lord, work in us an abiding faith in Thee and Thy word that we may walk in newness of life, and glorify Thy name here in time, and hereafter in eternity. Amen.

Pentecost.

Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost by whom the wonderful things of God could be made known to all people. By the power of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles preached the Gospel of Christ in every language and tongue. By the same gift of the Spirit, these Holy men have given us Thy written Word for the light and comfort of all generations. Through this Word, the Holy Ghost continues to bestow upon us all needful gifts of the Spirit, and by His gracious power we shall be kept unto everlasting life. Amen.

Almighty God, we thank Thee that by the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost Thou didst found Thy Church on earth, and didst promise that it shall not be overthrown. We thank Thee that the Holy Ghost shall abide with the church forever, and that through the Gospel He comforts and saves all who hear and believe. Grant unto us such a measure of the Holy Spirit that we may firmly believe in Christ, and be kept in the true faith unto eternal life. Shed the Holy Spirit abundantly upon all people, and to Father, Son and Holy Ghost be all honor and praise now and forever. Amen.

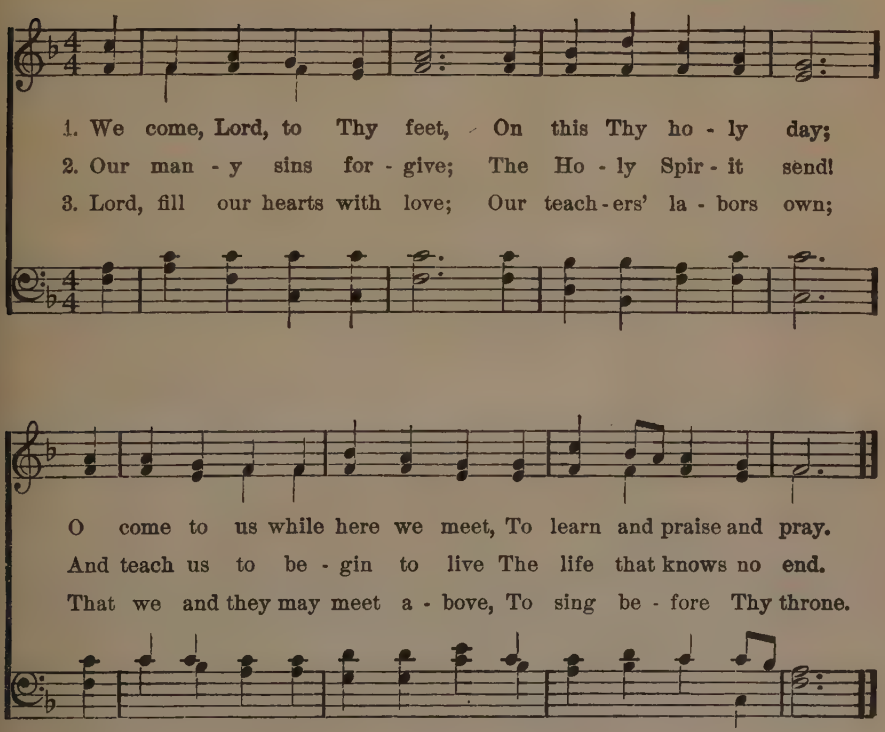
PART ONE.

SONGS FOR THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Opening.

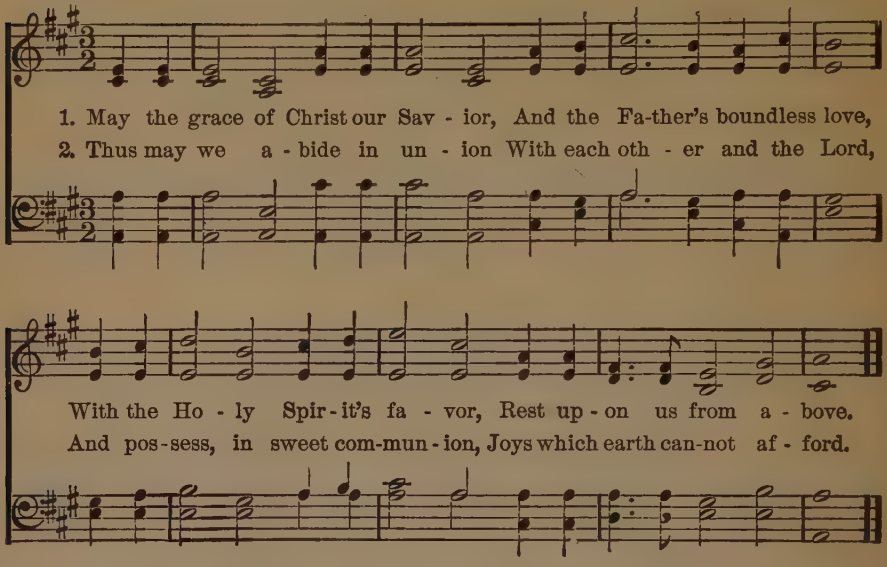
1 We Come, Lord, to Thy Feet.

Henry J. Gauntlet.


1. We come, Lord, to Thy feet, On this Thy ho - ly day;
2. Our man - y sins for - give; The Ho - ly Spir - it send!
3. Lord, fill our hearts with love; Our teach - ers' la - bors own;
O come to us while here we meet, To learn and praise and pray.
And teach us to be - gin to live The life that knows no end.
That we and they may meet a - bove, To sing be - fore Thy throne.

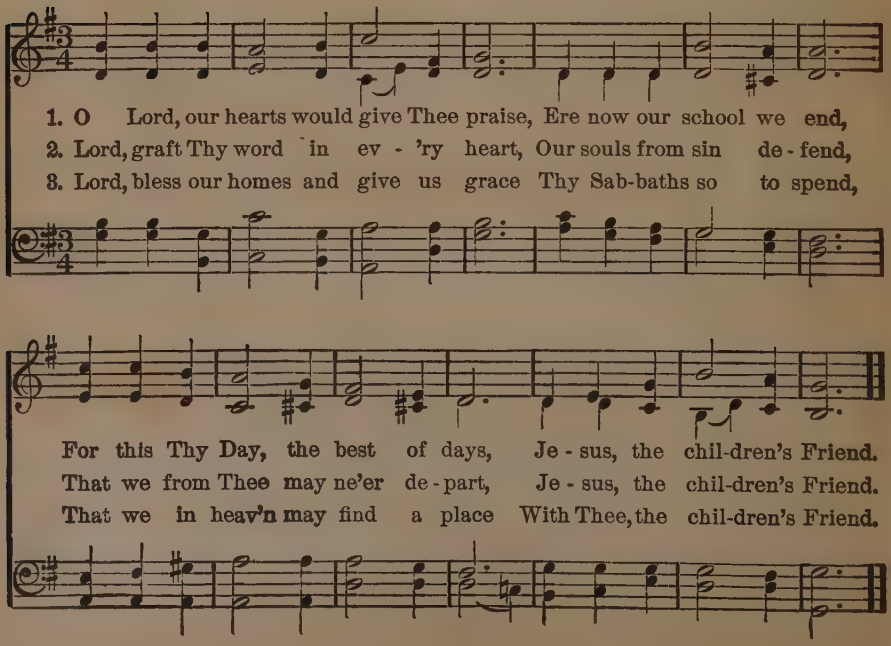
2 May the Grace of Christ, Our Savior.

Newton. L. Mason.


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,
With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos-sess, in sweet com-mun - ion, Joys which earth can-not af - ford.

3 O Lord, Our Hearts Would Give Thee Praise.

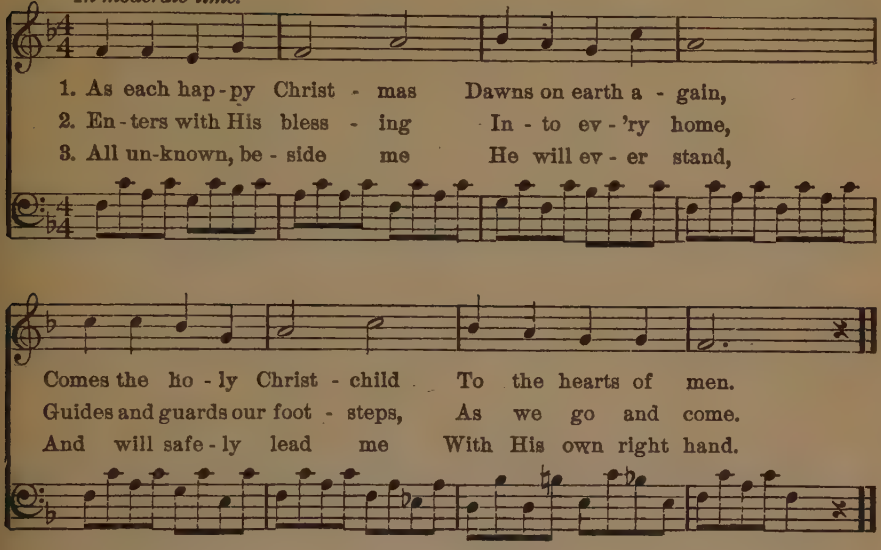
Rev. J. B. Dykes.


1. O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise, Ere now our school we end,
2. Lord, graft Thy word in ev - 'ry heart, Our souls from sin de - fend,
3. Lord, bless our homes and give us grace Thy Sab-baths so to spend,
For this Thy Day, the best of days, Je - sus, the chil-dren's Friend.
That we from Thee may ne'er de - part, Je - sus, the chil-dren's Friend.
That we in heav'n may find a place With Thee, the chil-dren's Friend.

4 As Each Happy Christmas.

Harriet Spaeth. Emanuel Poppen.

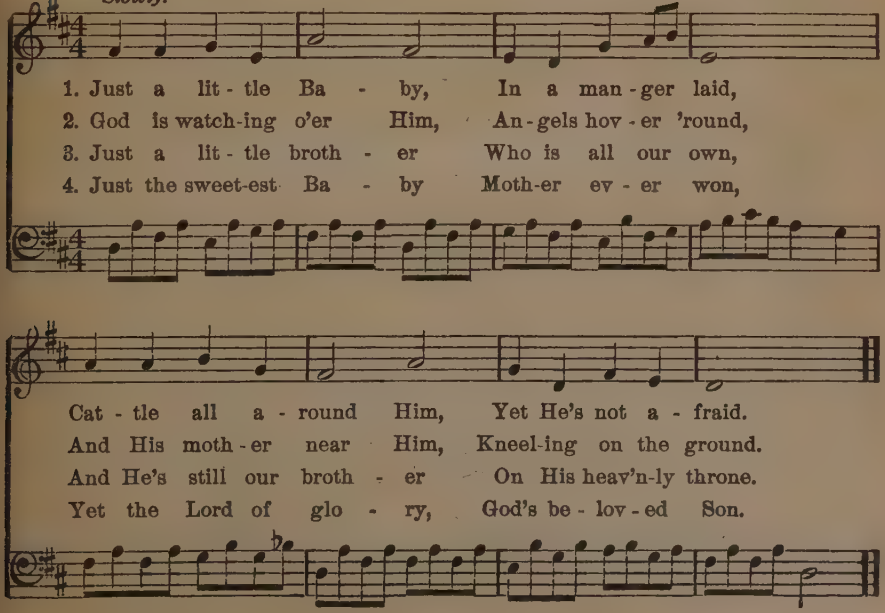
In moderate time.


1. As each hap-py Christ - mas Dawns on earth a - gain,
2. En-ters with His bless - ing In - to ev - 'ry home,
3. All un-known, be - side me He will ev - er stand,
Comes the ho - ly Christ - child To the hearts of men.
Guides and guards our foot - steps, As we go and come.
And will safe - ly lead me With His own right hand.

5 In a Manger Laid.

Elizabeth K. Boss. 3rd verse J. H. K. Emanuel Poppen.

Slowly.


1. Just a lit - tle Ba - by, In a man - ger laid,
2. God is watch-ing o'er Him, An-gels hov - er 'round,
3. Just a lit - tle broth - er Who is all our own,
4. Just the sweet-est Ba - by Moth-er ev - er won,
Cat - tle all a - round Him, Yet He's not a - fraid.
And His moth - er near Him, Kneel-ing on the ground.
And He's still our broth - er On His heav'n-ly throne.
Yet the Lord of glo - ry, God's be - lov - ed Son.

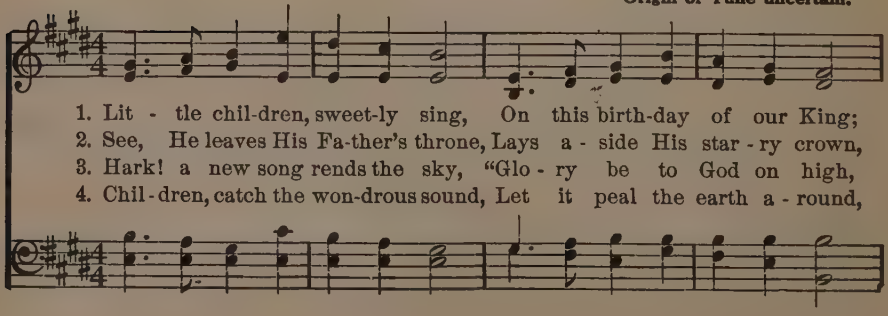
6 Luther's Cradle Hymn.

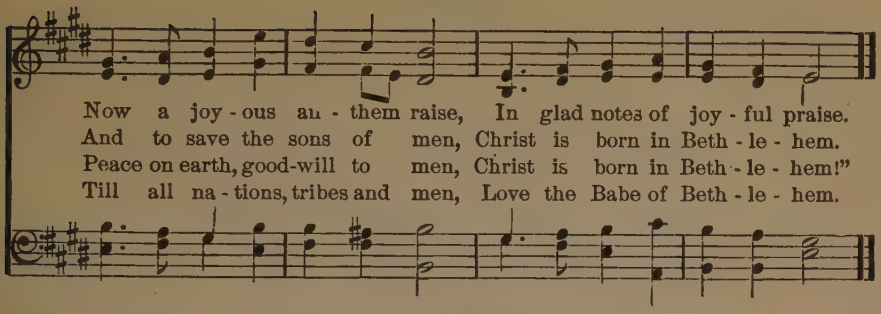
Martin Luther. Carl Mueller.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor Ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-
Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky... Looked
Je - sus No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In
down where He lay,— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle Till morn - ing is nigh.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

7 Little Children, Sweetly Sing.

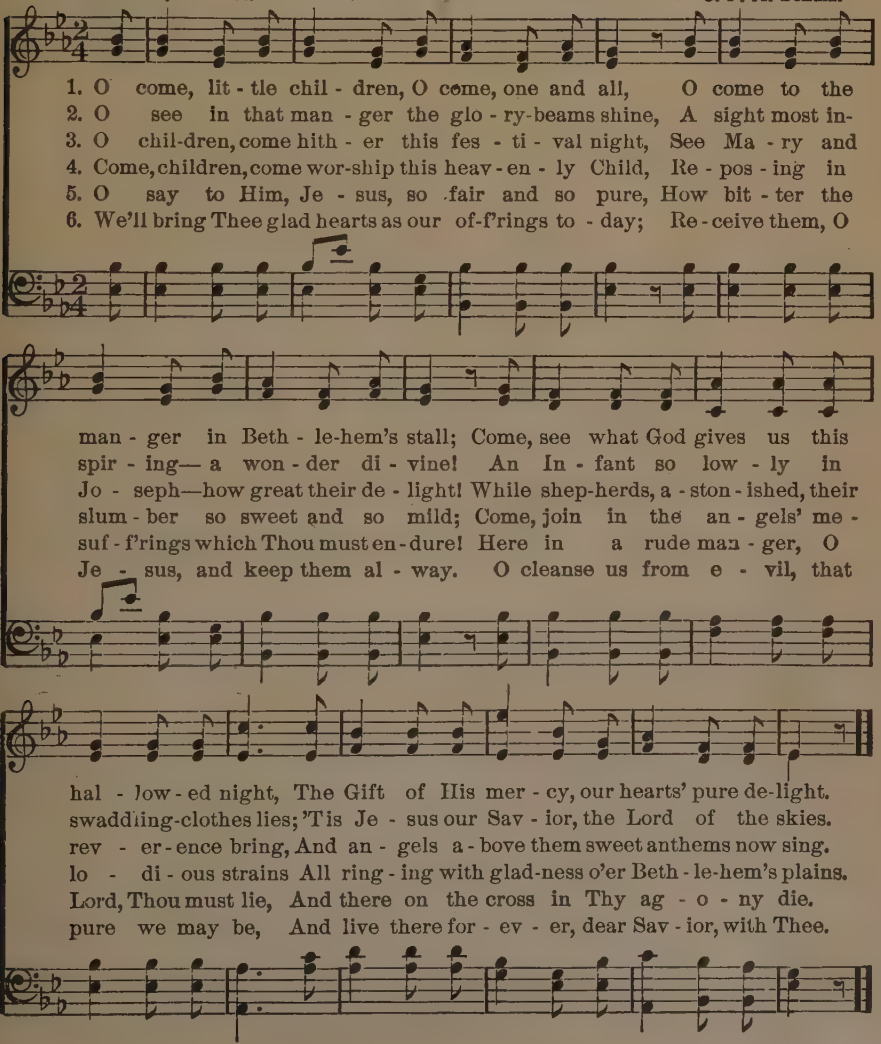
Origin of Tune uncertain.


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, sweet - ly sing, On this birth - day of our King;
2. See, He leaves His Fa - ther's throne, Lays a - side His star - ry crown,
3. Hark! a new song rends the sky, "Glo - ry be to God on high,
4. Chil - dren, catch the won - drous sound, Let it peal the earth a - round,

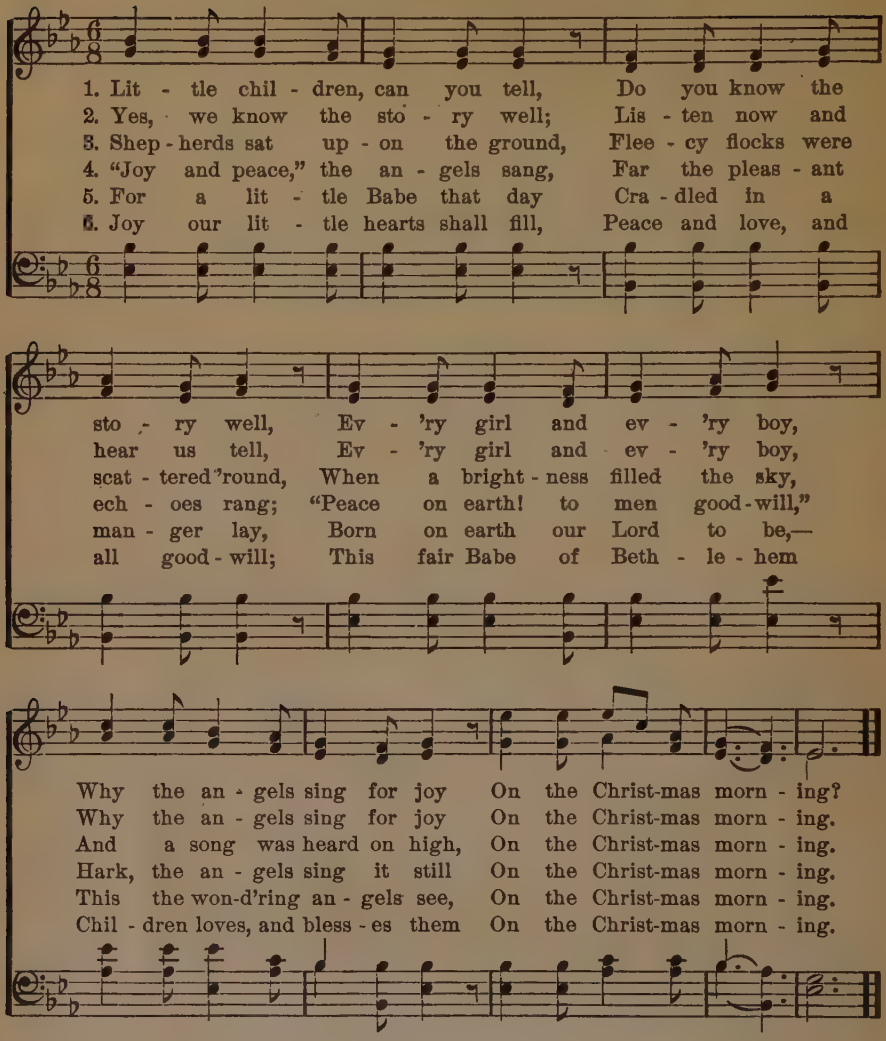

Now a joy - ous an - them raise, In glad notes of joy - ful praise.
And to save the sons of men, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Peace on earth, good-will to men, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Till all na - tions, tribes and men, Love the Babe of Beth - le - hem.

8 O Come, Little Children.

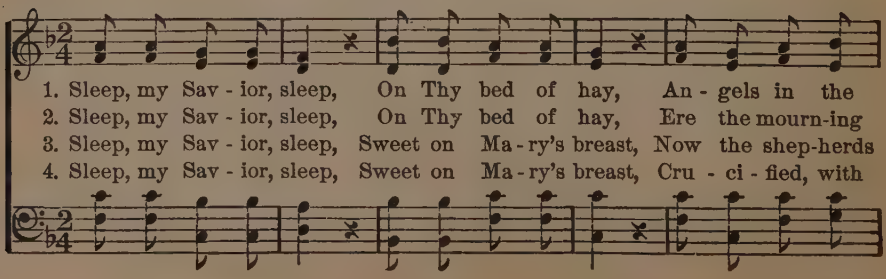
Ihr Kinderlein, kommet. **J. P. A. Schulz.**

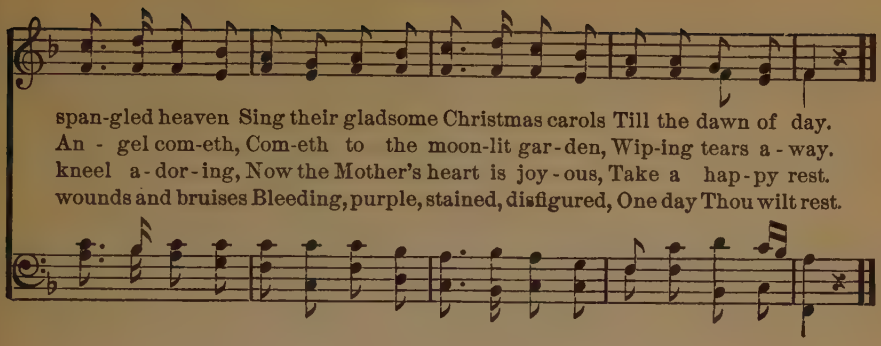

1. O come, lit - tle chil - dren, O come, one and all, O come to the
2. O see in that man - ger the glo - ry-beams shine, A sight most in-
3. O chil-dren, come hith - er this fes - ti - val night, See Ma - ry and
4. Come, children, come wor-ship this heav - en - ly Child, Re - pos - ing in
5. O say to Him, Je - sus, so fair and so pure, How bit - ter the
6. We'll bring Thee glad hearts as our of-f'rings to - day; Re - ceive them, O
man - ger in Beth - le-hem's stall; Come, see what God gives us this
spir - ing— a won - der di - vine! An In - fant so low - ly in
Jo - seph—how great their de - light! While shep-herds, a - ston - ished, their
slum - ber so sweet and so mild; Come, join in the an - gels' me -
suf - f'rings which Thou must en - dure! Here in a rude man - ger, O
Je - sus, and keep them al - way. O cleanse us from e - vil, that
hal - low - ed night, The Gift of His mer - cy, our hearts' pure de-light.
swadd'ling-clothes lies; 'T is Je - sus our Sav - ior, the Lord of the skies.
rev - er - ence bring, And an - gels a - bove them sweet anthems now sing.
lo - di - ous strains All ring - ing with glad-ness o'er Beth - le-hem's plains.
Lord, Thou must lie, And there on the cross in Thy ag - o - ny die.
pure we may be, And live there for - ev - er, dear Sav - ior, with Thee.

9 Little Children, Can You Tell?


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, can you tell, Do you know the
2. Yes, we know the sto - ry well; Lis - ten now and
3. Shep - herds sat up - on the ground, Flee - cy flocks were
4. "Joy and peace," the an - gels sang, Far the pleas - ant
5. For a lit - tle Babe that day Cra - dled in a
6. Joy our lit - tle hearts shall fill, Peace and love, and
sto - ry well, Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy,
hear us tell, Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy,
scat - tered 'round, When a bright - ness filled the sky,
ech - oes rang; "Peace on earth! to men good - will,"
man - ger lay, Born on earth our Lord to be,—
all good - will; This fair Babe of Beth - le - hem
Why the an - gels sing for joy On the Christ-mas morn - ing?
Why the an - gels sing for joy On the Christ-mas morn - ing.
And a song was heard on high, On the Christ-mas morn - ing.
Hark, the an - gels sing it still On the Christ-mas morn - ing.
This the won-d'ring an - gels see, On the Christ-mas morn - ing.
Chil - dren loves, and bless - es them On the Christ-mas morn - ing.

10 Infants' Carol.

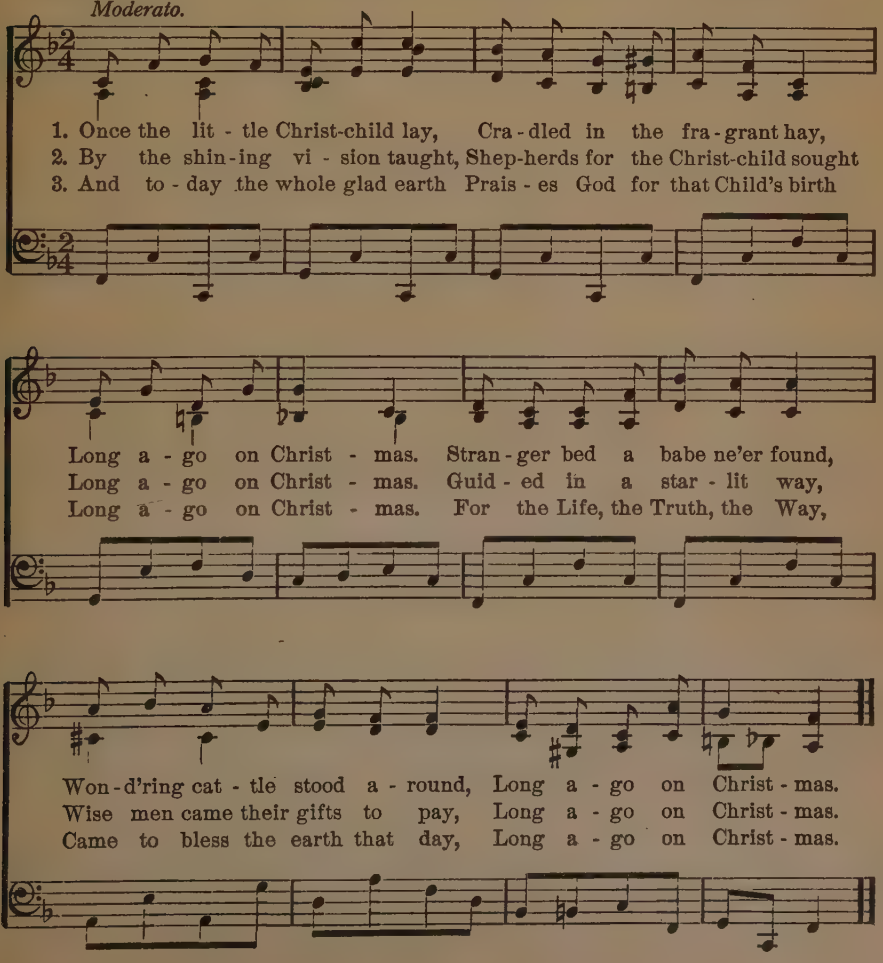

1. Sleep, my Sav - ior, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, An - gels in the
2. Sleep, my Sav - ior, sleep, On Thy bed of hay, Ere the mourn-ing
3. Sleep, my Sav - ior, sleep, Sweet on Ma - ry's breast, Now the shep-herds
4. Sleep, my Sav - ior, sleep, Sweet on Ma - ry's breast, Cru - ci - fied, with


span-gled heaven Sing their gladsome Christmas carols Till the dawn of day.
An - gel com-eth, Com-eth to the moon-lit gar-den, Wip-ing tears a - way.
kneel a-dor-ing, Now the Mother's heart is joy-ous, Take a hap-py rest.
wounds and bruises Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured, One day Thou wilt rest.

11 Long Ago on Christmas.

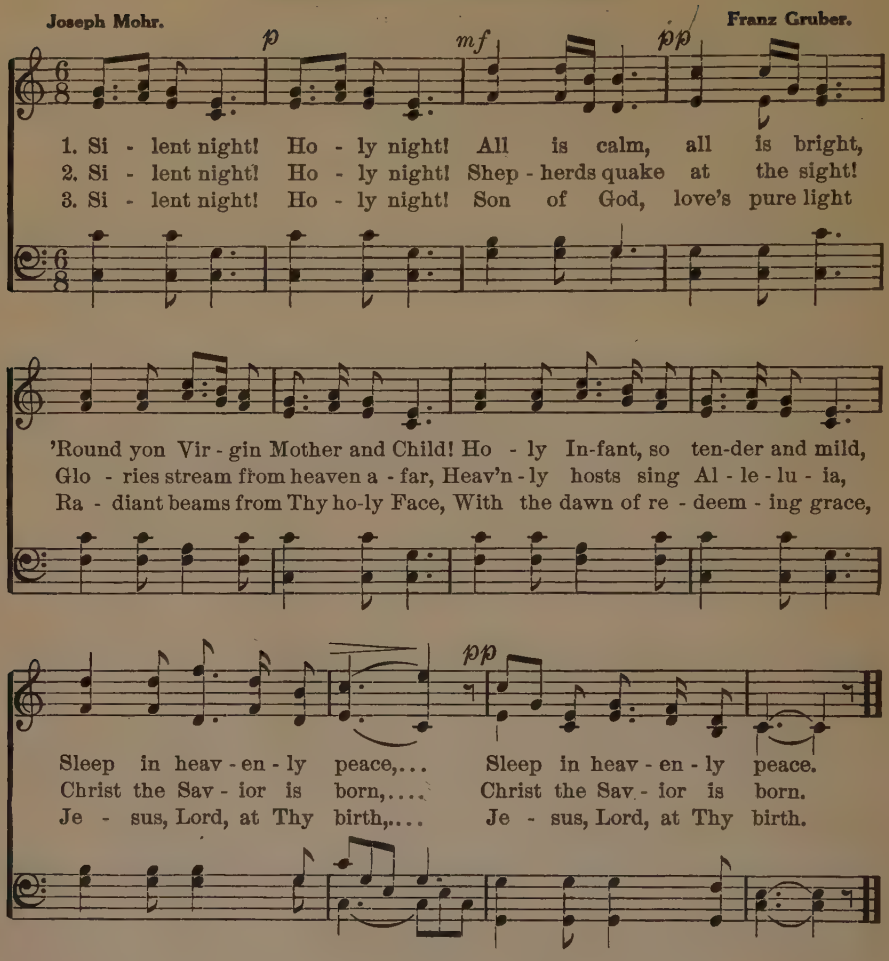
Emilie Poulson. **Emanuel Poppen.**

Moderato.


1. Once the lit - tle Christ-child lay, Cra-dled in the fra-grant hay,
2. By the shin-ing vi - sion taught, Shep-herds for the Christ-child sought
3. And to - day the whole glad earth Prais-es God for that Child's birth
Long a - go on Christ - mas. Stran-ger bed a babe ne'er found,
Long a - go on Christ - mas. Guid-ed in a star - lit way,
Long a - go on Christ - mas. For the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Won-d'ring cat - tle stood a - round, Long a - go on Christ - mas.
Wise men came their gifts to pay, Long a - go on Christ - mas.
Came to bless the earth that day, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

12 Silent Night! Holy Night!

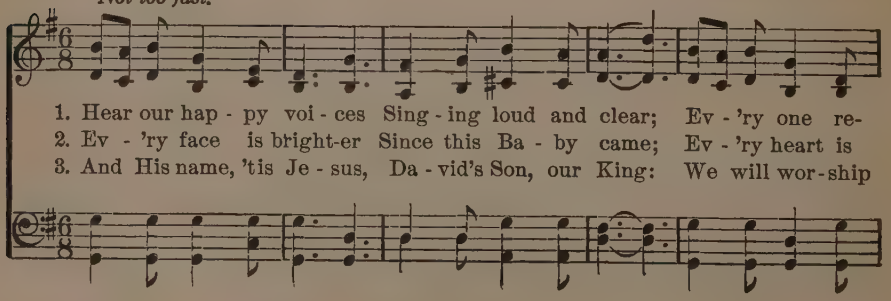
Joseph Mohr. Franz Gruber.

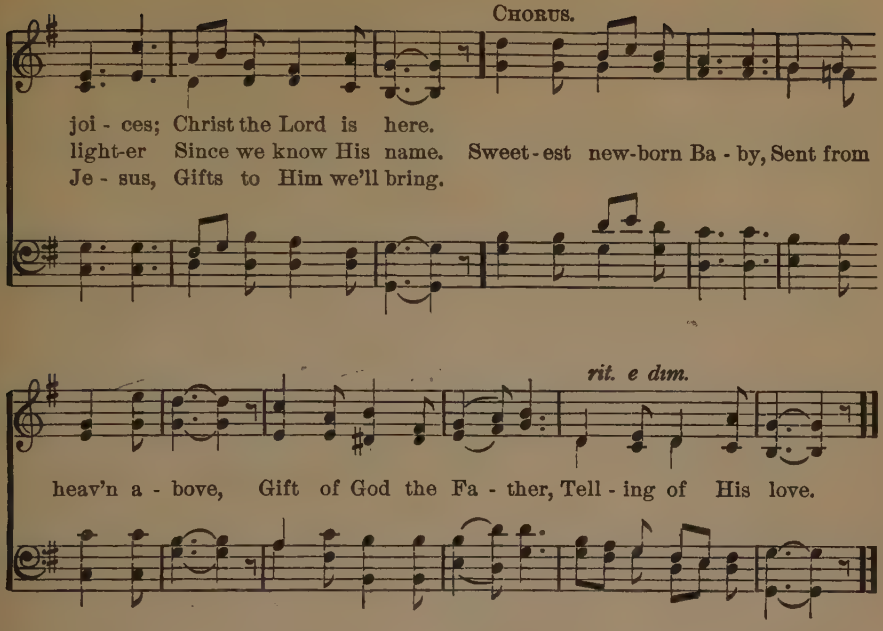

p
mf
pp
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light
'Round yon Vir - gin Mother and Child! Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heaven a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia,
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho-ly Face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
pp
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,... Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior is born,.... Christ the Sav - ior is born.
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth,.... Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

13 Sweetest New-Born Baby.

Harry P. Long. Emanuel Poppen.

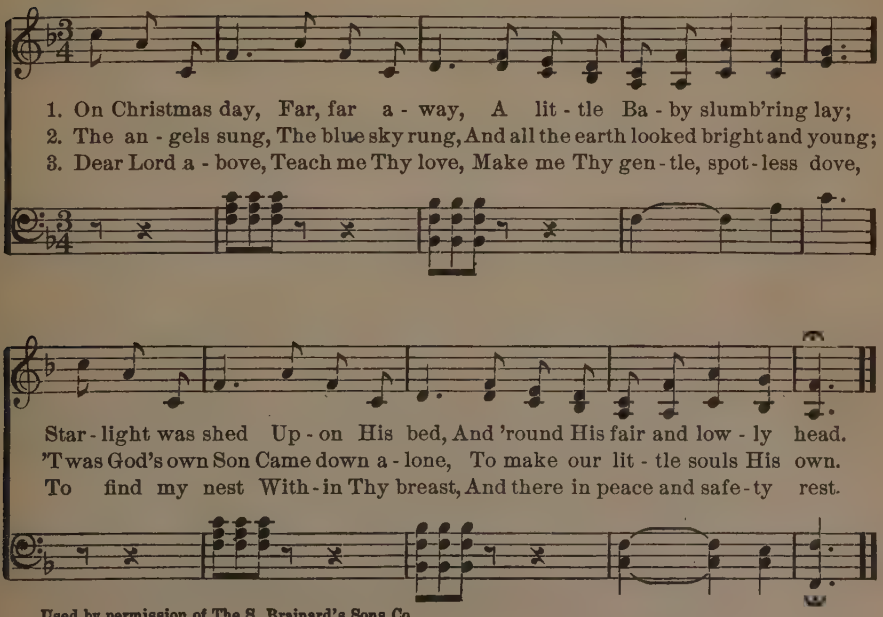
Not too fast.


1. Hear our hap - py voi - ces Sing - ing loud and clear; Ev - 'ry one re-
2. Ev - 'ry face is bright-er Since this Ba - by came; Ev - 'ry heart is
3. And His name, 'tis Je - sus, Da - vid's Son, our King: We will wor - ship


CHORUS.
joi - ces; Christ the Lord is here.
light-er Since we know His name. Sweet-est new-born Ba - by, Sent from
Je - sus, Gifts to Him we'll bring.
rit. e dim.
heav'n a - bove, Gift of God the Fa - ther, Tell - ing of His love.

14 On Christmas Day.

Rose Terry. J. B. Herbert.


1. On Christmas day, Far, far a - way, A lit - tle Ba - by slumb'ring lay;
2. The an - gels sung, The blue sky rung, And all the earth looked bright and young;
3. Dear Lord a - bove, Teach me Thy love, Make me Thy gen - tle, spot - less dove,
Star - light was shed Up - on His bed, And 'round His fair and low - ly head.
'T was God's own Son Came down a - lone, To make our lit - tle souls His own.
To find my nest With - in Thy breast, And there in peace and safe - ty rest.

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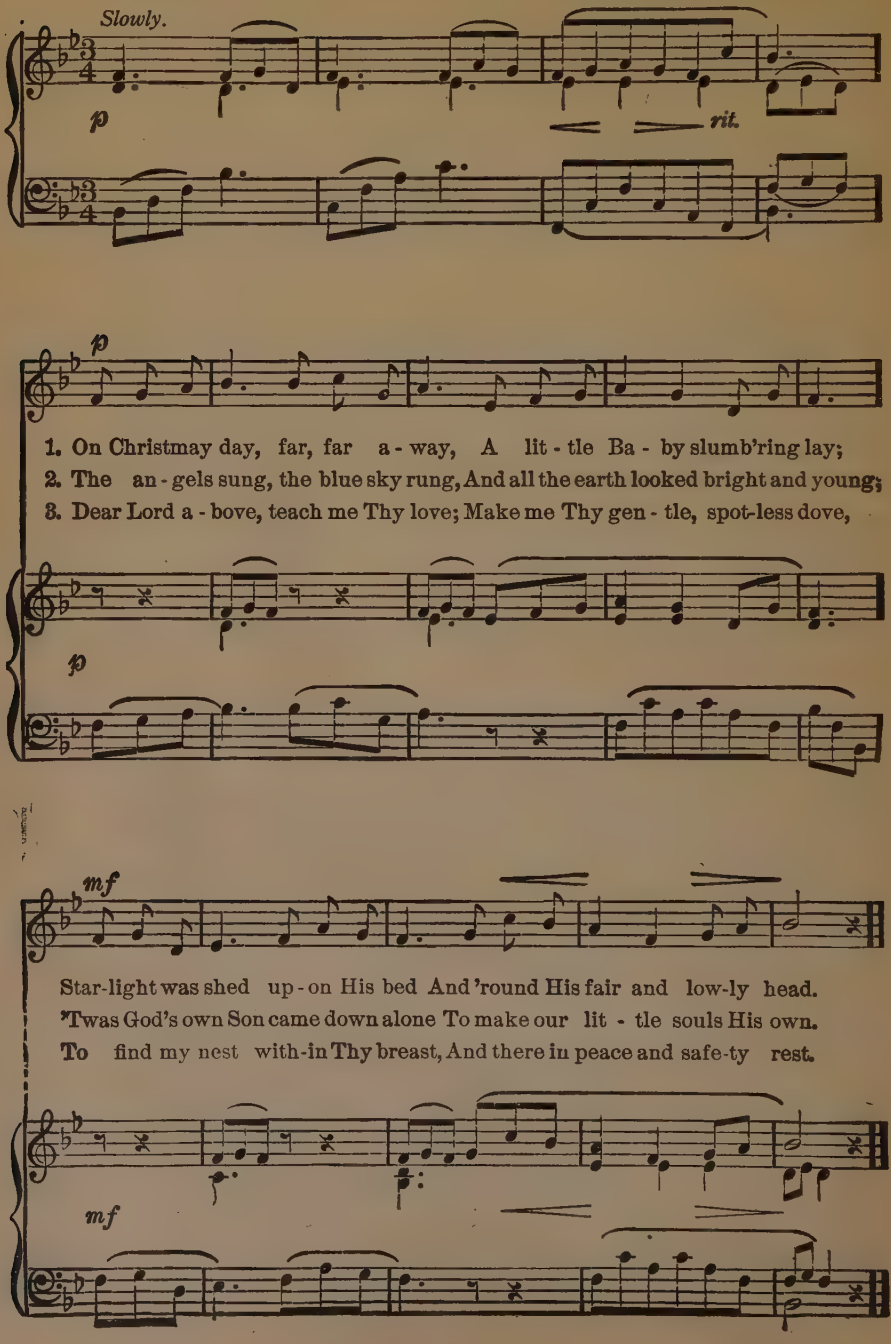
15 On Christmas Day.

Rose Terry Cooke. Marion Poppen. Arr. by E. P.

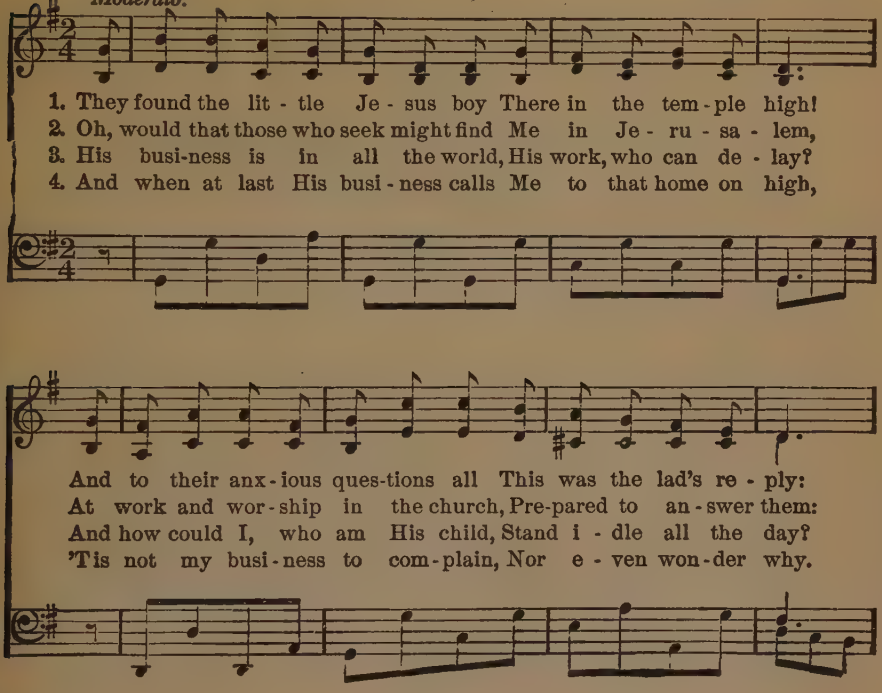

Slowly.
p
rit.
p
1. On Christmay day, far, far a - way, A lit - tle Ba - by slumb'ring lay;
2. The an - gels sung, the blue sky rung, And all the earth looked bright and young;
3. Dear Lord a - bove, teach me Thy love; Make me Thy gen - tle, spot-less dove,
p
mf
Star-light was shed up - on His bed And 'round His fair and low-ly head.
'Twas God's own Son came down alone To make our lit - tle souls His own.
To find my nest with-in Thy breast, And there in peace and safe-ty rest.
mf

16

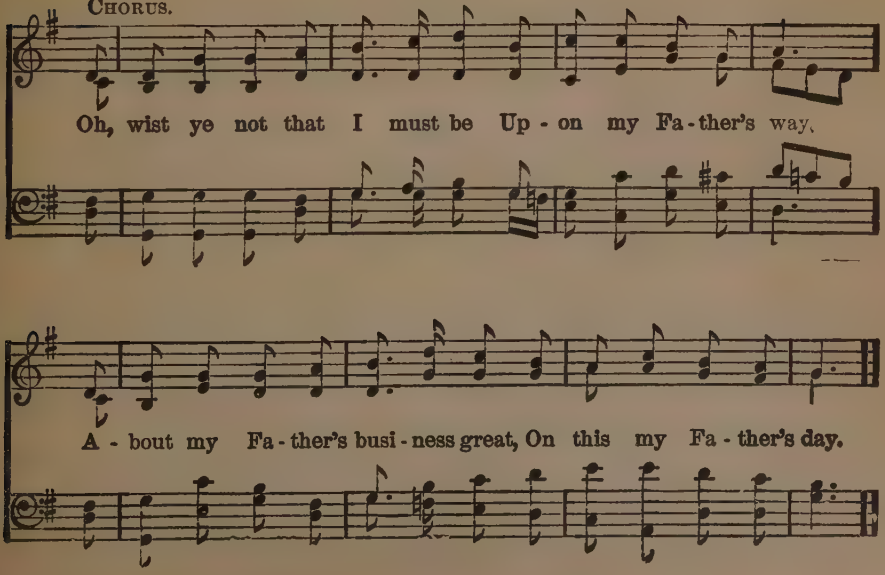
Oh, Wist Ye Not?

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.

Moderato.


1. They found the lit - tle Je - sus boy There in the tem - ple high!
2. Oh, would that those who seek might find Me in Je - ru - sa - lem,
3. His busi-ness is in all the world, His work, who can de - lay?
4. And when at last His busi - ness calls Me to that home on high,
And to their anx - ious ques-tions all This was the lad's re - ply:
At work and wor - ship in the church, Pre-pared to an - swer them:
And how could I, who am His child, Stand i - dle all the day?
'Tis not my busi - ness to com - plain, Nor e - ven won - der why.

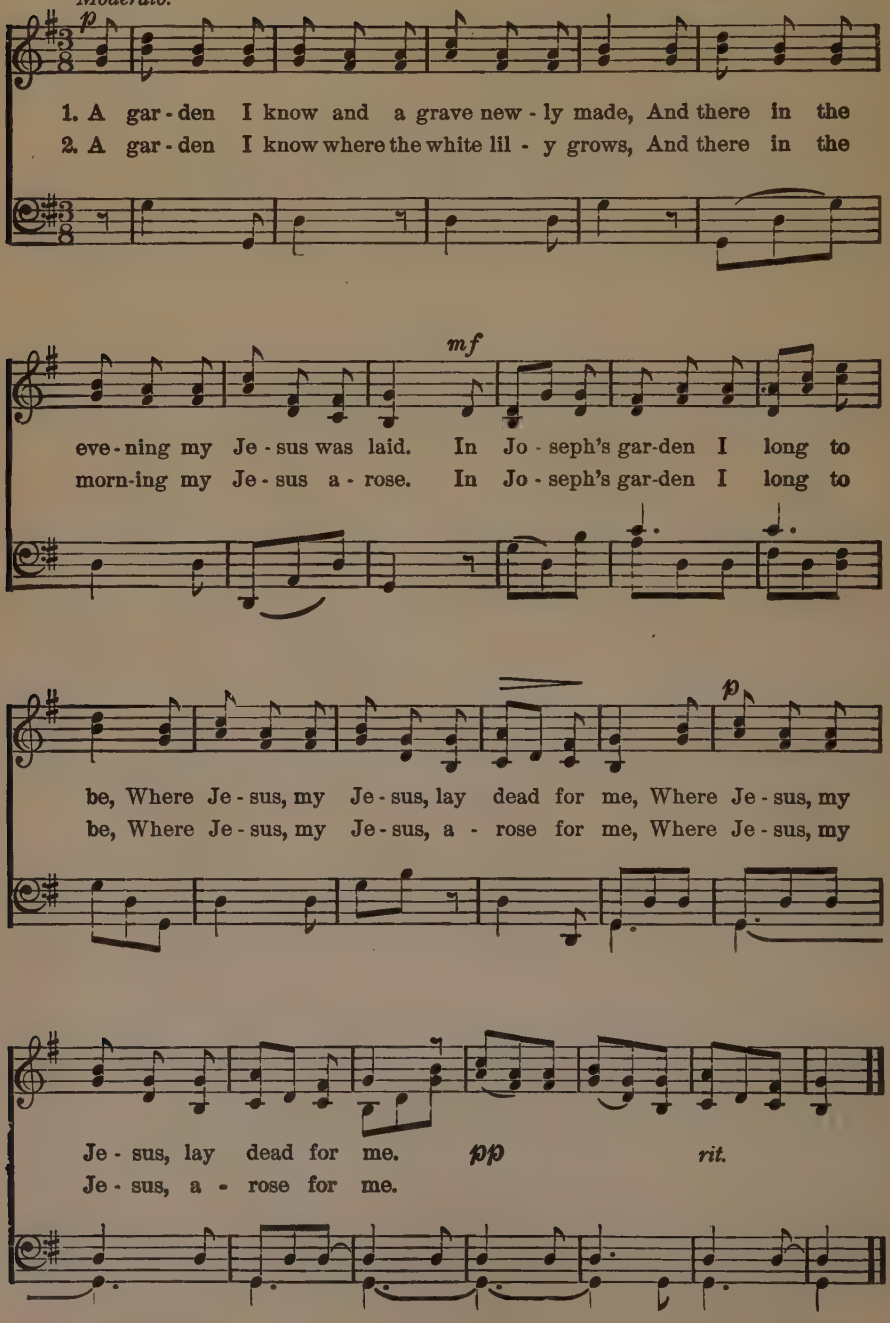
CHORUS.



17 In Joseph's Garden.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Silesian Folk-Song.

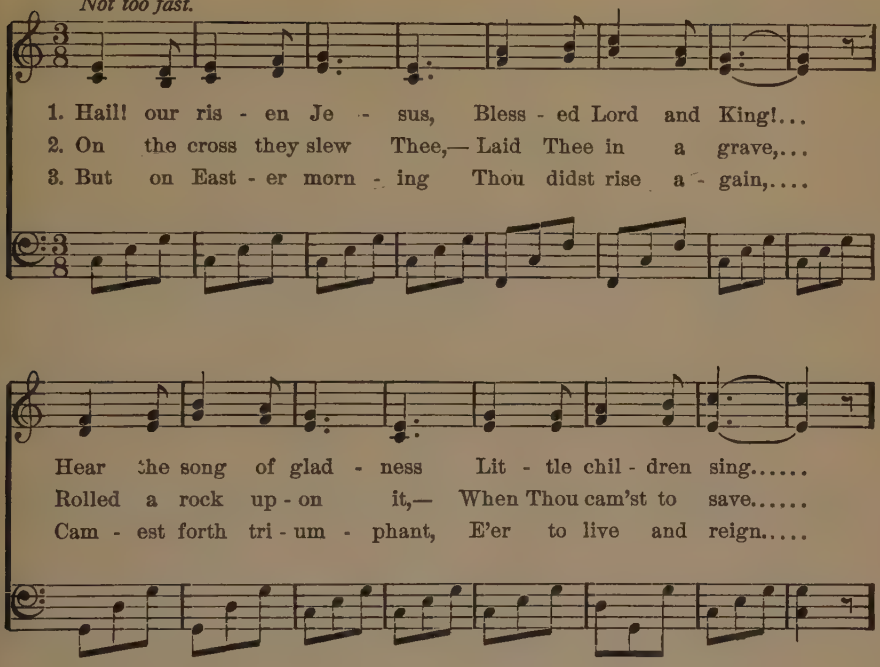
Moderato.


p
1. A gar - den I know and a grave new - ly made, And there in the
2. A gar - den I know where the white lil - y grows, And there in the
mf
eve - ning my Je - sus was laid. In Jo - seph's gar-den I long to
morn-ing my Je - sus a - rose. In Jo - seph's gar-den I long to
p
be, Where Je - sus, my Je - sus, lay dead for me, Where Je - sus, my
be, Where Je - sus, my Je - sus, a - rose for me, Where Je - sus, my
Je - sus, lay dead for me. pp rit.
Je - sus, a - rose for me.

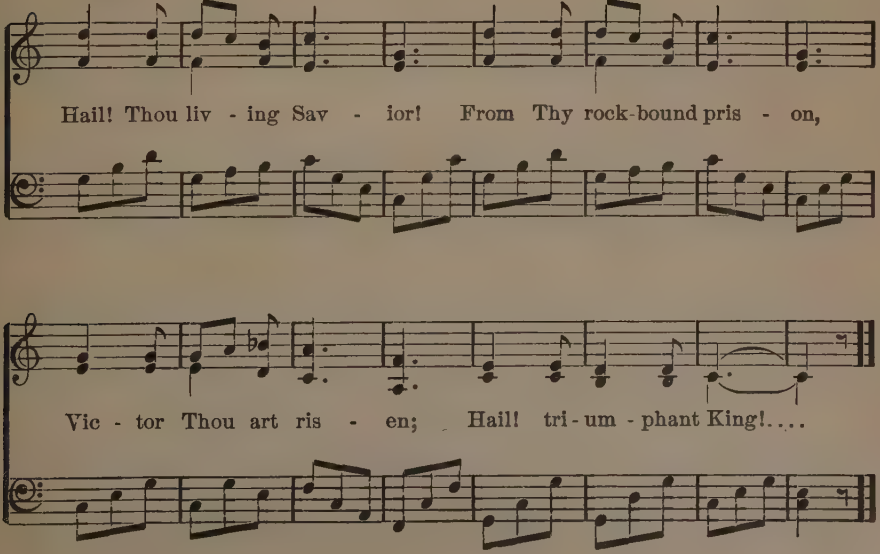
18 Hail! Our Risen Jesus.

L. H. Burry. Luther Coffman.

Not too fast.

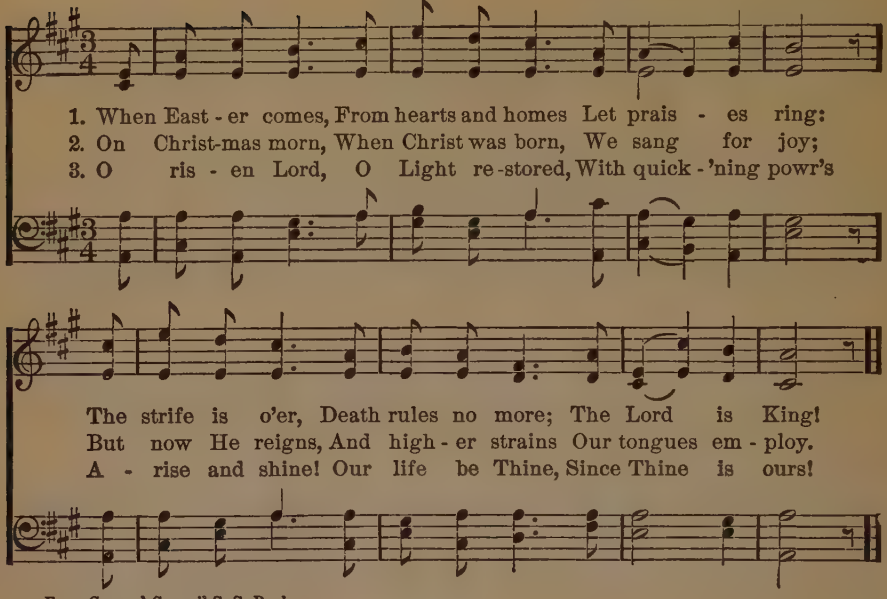

1. Hail! our ris - en Je - sus, Bless - ed Lord and King!...
2. On the cross they slew Thee,— Laid Thee in a grave,...
3. But on East - er morn - ing Thou didst rise a - gain,....
Hear the song of glad - ness Lit - tle chil - dren sing.....
Rolled a rock up - on it,— When Thou cam'st to save.....
Cam - est forth tri - um - phant, E'er to live and reign.....

CHORUS.



19 When Easter Comes.

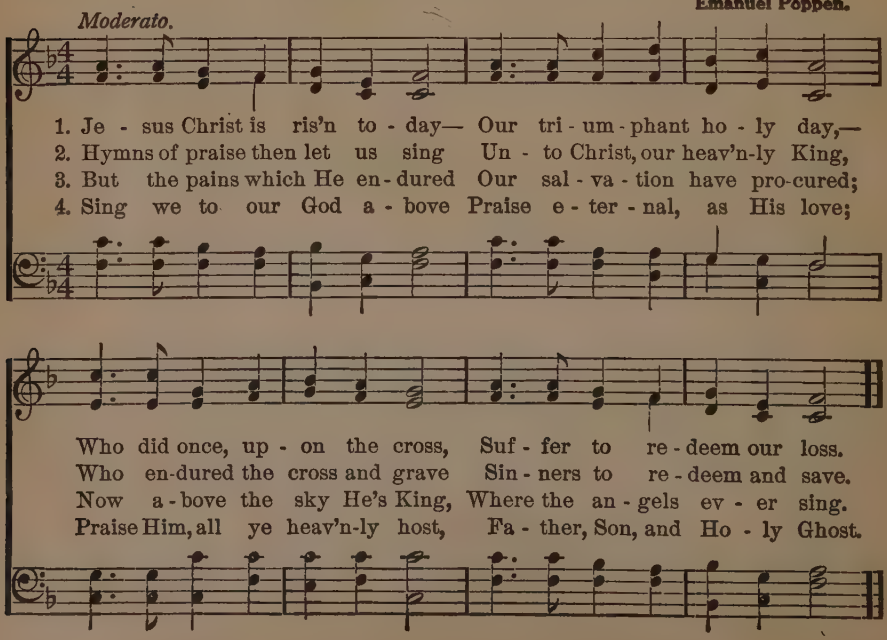
Adapted from W. S. Roddie.


1. When East - er comes, From hearts and homes Let prais - es ring:
2. On Christ-mas morn, When Christ was born, We sang for joy;
3. O ris - en Lord, O Light re-stored, With quick - 'ning powr's
The strife is o'er, Death rules no more; The Lord is King!
But now He reigns, And high - er strains Our tongues em - ploy.
A - rise and shine! Our life be Thine, Since Thine is ours!

From General Council S. S. Book.

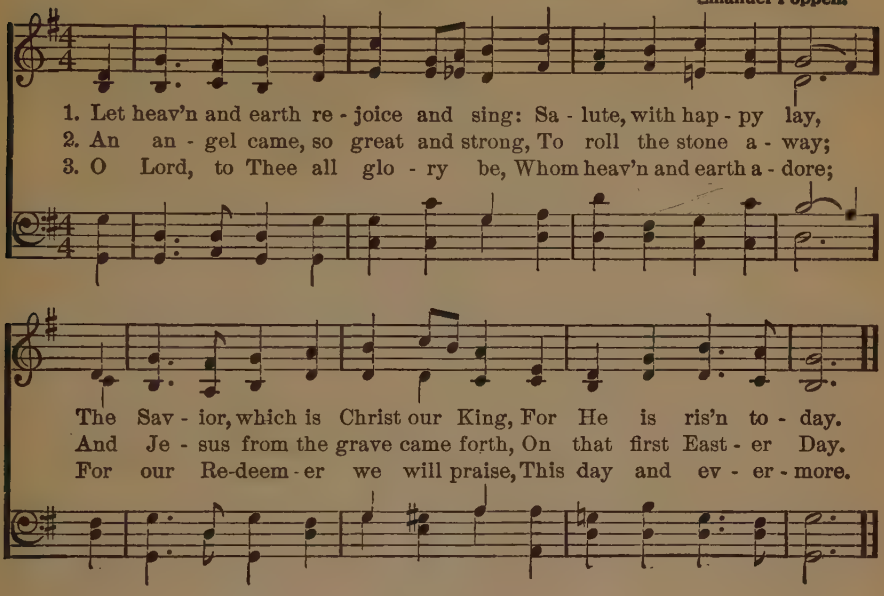
20 Jesus Christ is Risen To-day.

Emanuel Poppen.


Moderato.
1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day— Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day,—
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King,
3. But the pains which He en - dured Our sal - va - tion have pro-cured;
4. Sing we to our God a - bove Praise e - ter - nal, as His love;
Who did once, up - on the cross, Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
Who en-dured the cross and grave Sin - ners to re - deem and save.
Now a - bove the sky He's King, Where the an - gels ev - er sing.
Praise Him, all ye heav'n-ly host, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

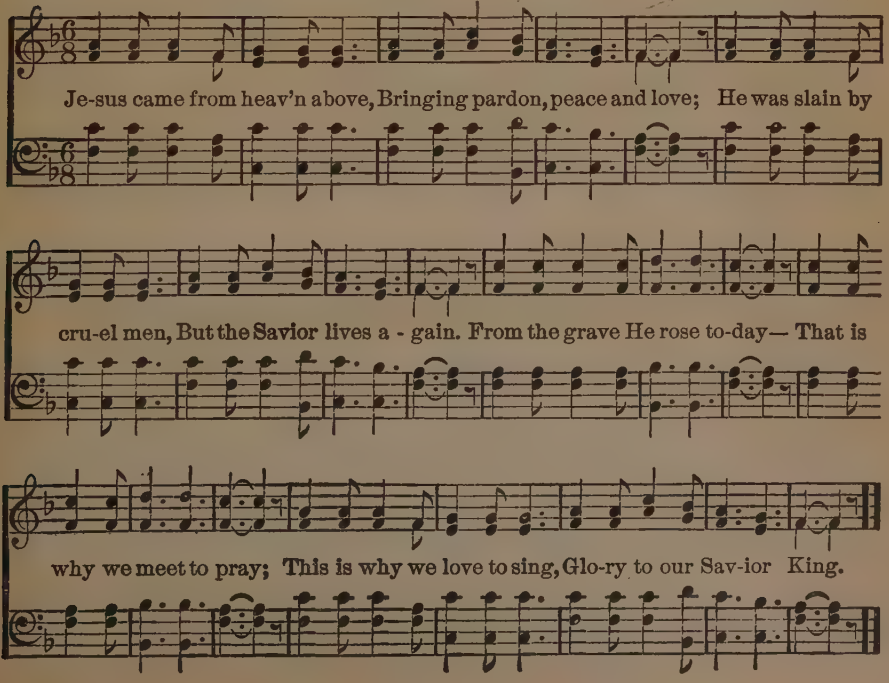
21 Let Heaven and Earth Rejoice and Sing.

Emanuel Poppen.


1. Let heav'n and earth re - joice and sing: Sa - lute, with hap - py lay,
2. An an - gel came, so great and strong, To roll the stone a - way;
3. O Lord, to Thee all glo - ry be, Whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
The Sav - ior, which is Christ our King, For He is ris'n to - day.
And Je - sus from the grave came forth, On that first East - er Day.
For our Re-deem - er we will praise, This day and ev - er - more.

22 Jesus Lives Again.

S. B. Marsh.


Je-sus came from heav'n above, Bringing pardon, peace and love; He was slain by
cru-el men, But the Savior lives a - gain. From the grave He rose to-day— That is
why we meet to pray; This is why we love to sing, Glo-ry to our Sav-ior King.

Pentecost.

23 Holy Spirit! Hear Us.

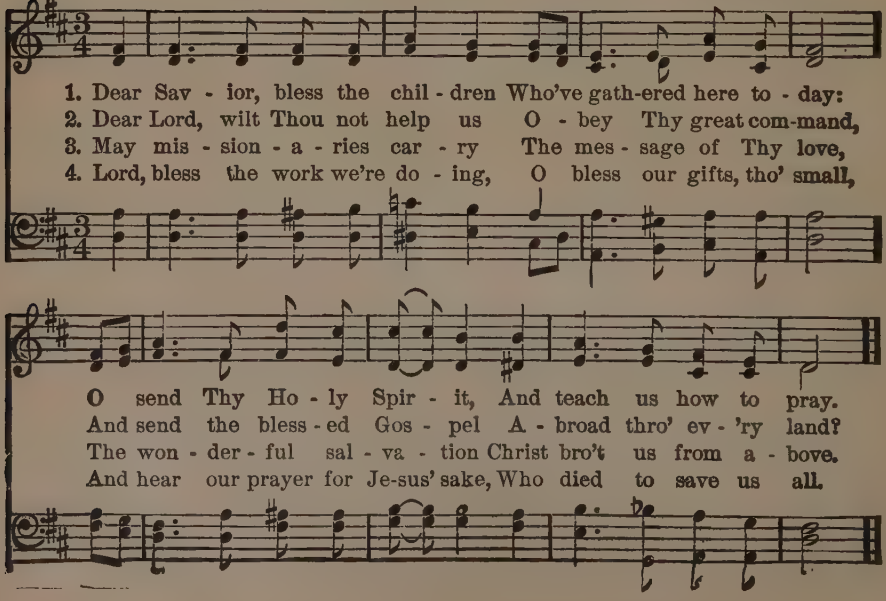
Claudia F. Hernaman. (?) Joh. C. H. Rink.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! hear us On this sa - cred day;
2. Come, as once Thou cam - est To the faith - ful few,
3. Up to heav'n as - cend - ing Our dear Lord has gone;
4. To His bless - ed prom - ise Now in faith we cling:—
5. Light-en Thou our dark - ness, Be Thy - self our light;
Come to us with bless - ing, Come with us to stay.
Pa - tient - ly a - wait - ing Je - sus' prom-ise true.
Yet His lit - tle chil - dren Leaves He not a - lone.
Com - fort - er, most ho - ly! Spread o'er us Thy wing.
Strengthen Thou our weak - ness, Spir - it of all might. A - MEN.

Missions.

24 Dear Savior, Bless the Children.

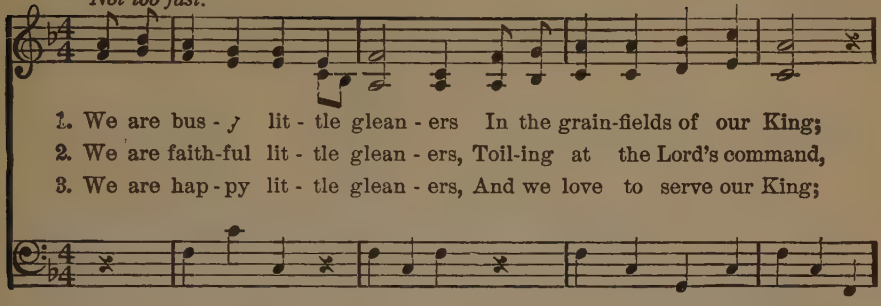
St. Albans T. B.

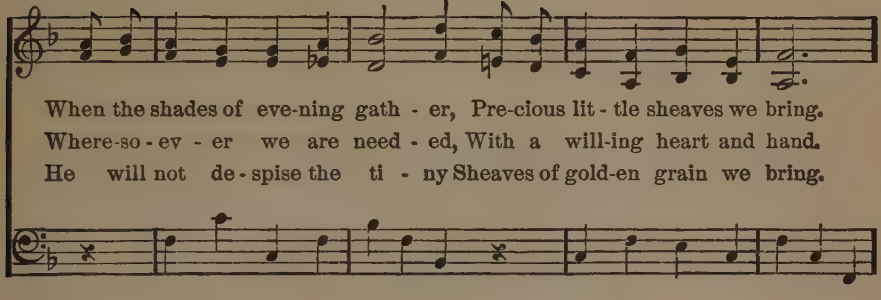

1. Dear Sav - ior, bless the chil - dren Who've gath-ered here to - day:
2. Dear Lord, wilt Thou not help us O - bey Thy great com-mand,
3. May mis - sion - a - ries car - ry The mes - sage of Thy love,
4. Lord, bless the work we're do - ing, O bless our gifts, tho' small,
O send Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, And teach us how to pray.
And send the bless - ed Gos - pel A - broad thro' ev - 'ry land?
The won - der - ful sal - va - tion Christ bro't us from a - bove.
And hear our prayer for Je-sus' sake, Who died to save us all.

25 Little Gleaners.

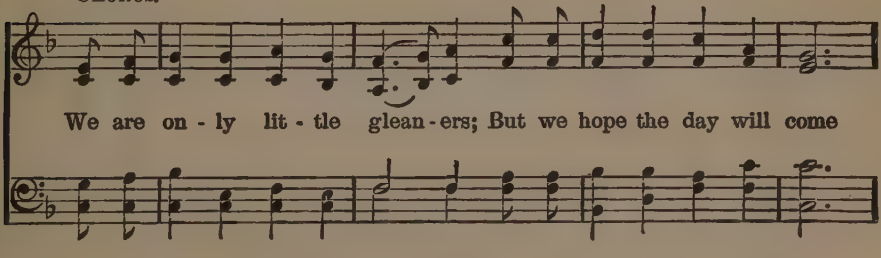
Minnie A. Greiner. Emanuel Poppen.

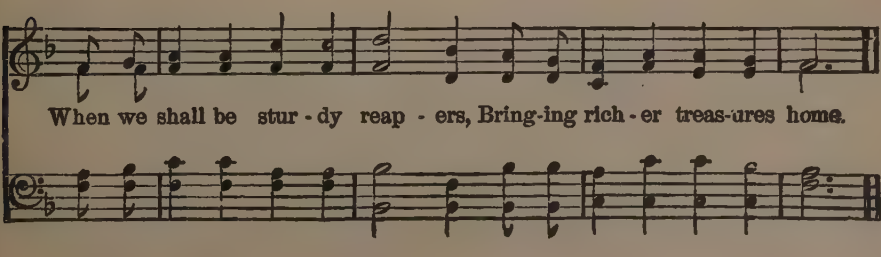
Not too fast.


1. We are bus - y lit - tle glean - ers In the grain-fields of our King;
2. We are faith-ful lit - tle glean - ers, Toil-ing at the Lord's command,
3. We are hap - py lit - tle glean - ers, And we love to serve our King;


When the shades of eve-ning gath - er, Pre-cious lit - tle sheaves we bring.
Where-so - ev - er we are need - ed, With a will-ing heart and hand.
He will not de - spise the ti - ny Sheaves of gold-en grain we bring.

CHORUS.





26 Our Hands Are So Small.

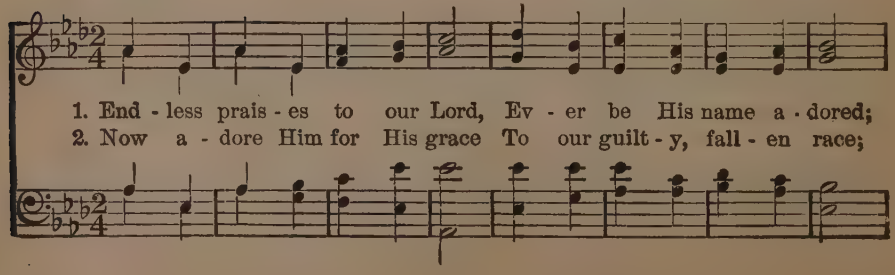
Adapted from the German.

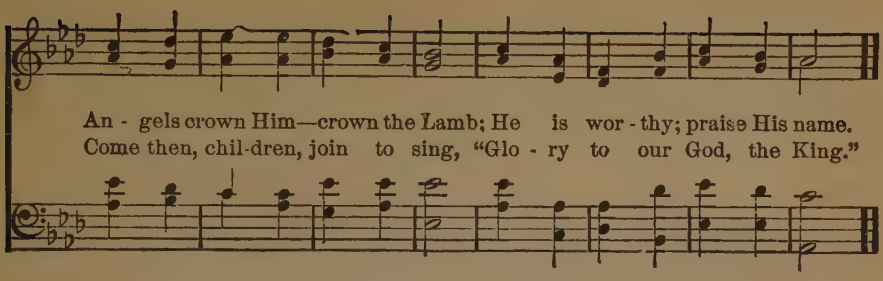
1. Our hands are so small And our words are so weak,
2. We'll work by our prayers, By the pen - nies we bring,
3. Un - til, by and by, As the years pass at length,
We can - not teach oth - ers; How then shall we seek To
By small self - de - ni - als; The least lit - tle thing May
We too may be reap - ers, And go forth in strength To
work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest?
work for our Lord, May work for our Lord in His har - vest.
work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest.

Praise.

27 Endless Praises to Our God.

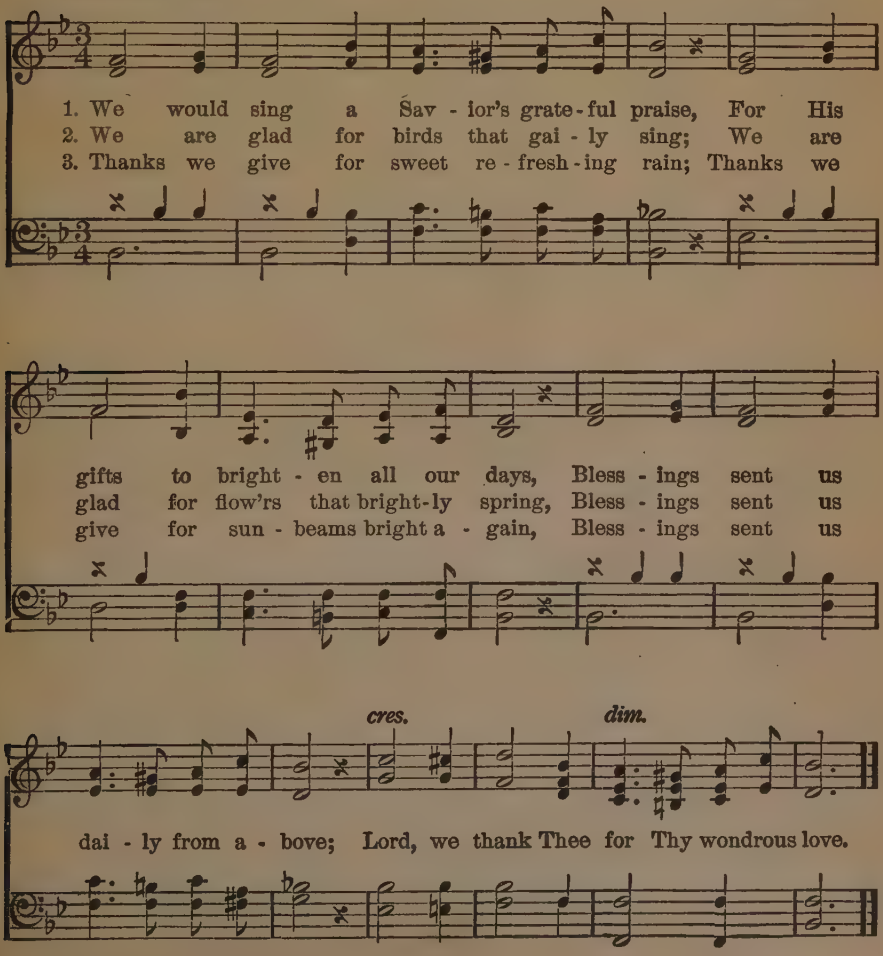
Thomas Kelly. Henry T. Leslie, Mus. Doc.





28 Lord, We Thank Thee.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. J. H. Fillmore.


1. We would sing a Sav - ior's grate - ful praise, For His
2. We are glad for birds that gai - ly sing; We are
3. Thanks we give for sweet re - fresh - ing rain; Thanks we
gifts to bright - en all our days, Bless - ings sent us
glad for flow'rs that bright-ly spring, Bless - ings sent us
give for sun - beams bright a - gain, Bless - ings sent us
cres.
dim.
dai - ly from a - bove; Lord, we thank Thee for Thy wondrous love.

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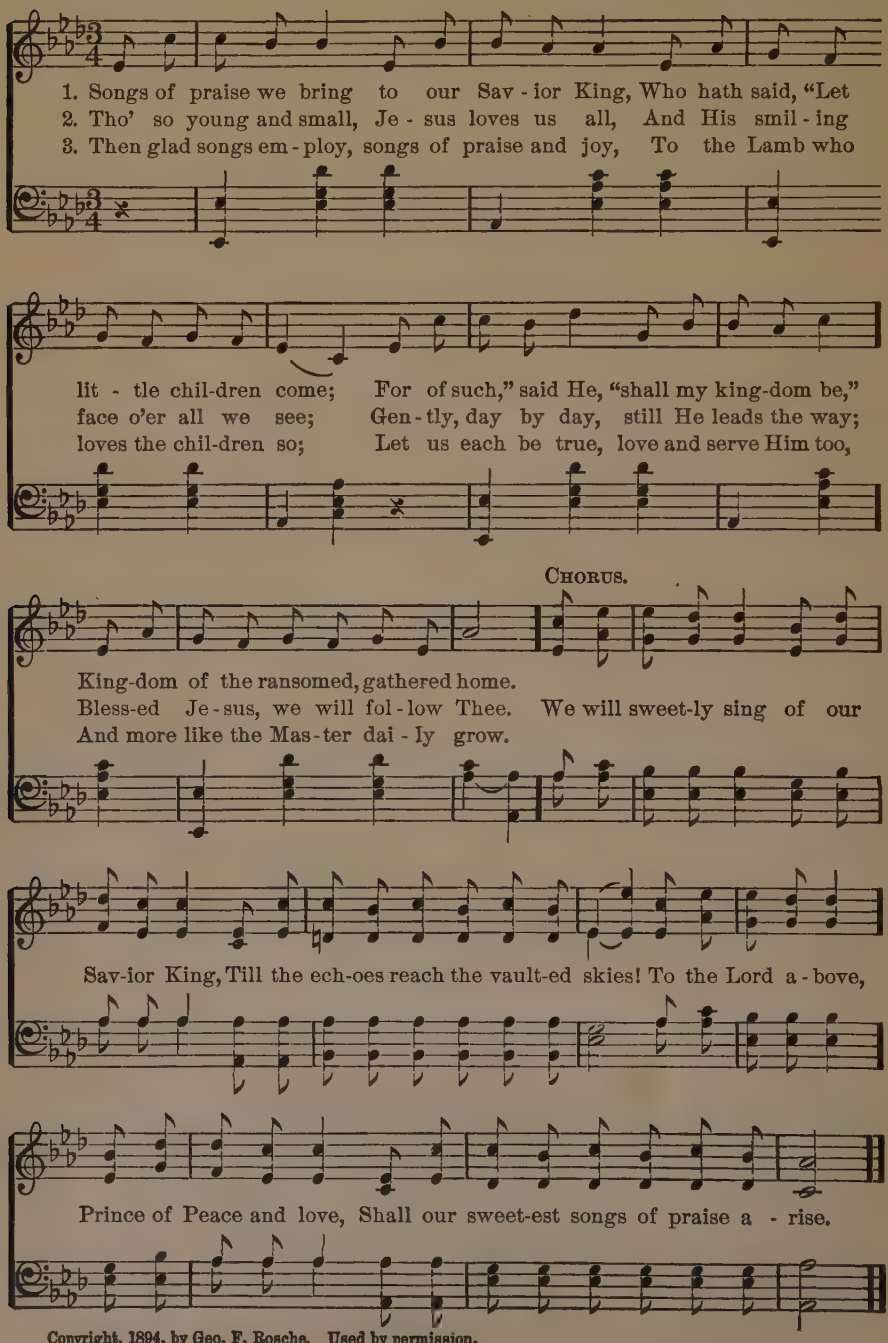
29 Children's Praise.

Charlotte G. Homer. Geo. F. Rosche.


1. Songs of praise we bring to our Sav - ior King, Who hath said, "Let
2. Tho' so young and small, Je - sus loves us all, And His smil - ing
3. Then glad songs em - ploy, songs of praise and joy, To the Lamb who
lit - tle chil-dren come; For of such," said He, "shall my king-dom be,"
face o'er all we see; Gen - tly, day by day, still He leads the way;
loves the chil-dren so; Let us each be true, love and serve Him too,
Chorus.
King-dom of the ransomed, gathered home.
Bless-ed Je - sus, we will fol - low Thee. We will sweet-ly sing of our
And more like the Mas-ter dai - ly grow.
Sav-ior King, Till the ech-oes reach the vault-ed skies! To the Lord a - bove,
Prince of Peace and love, Shall our sweet-est songs of praise a - rise.

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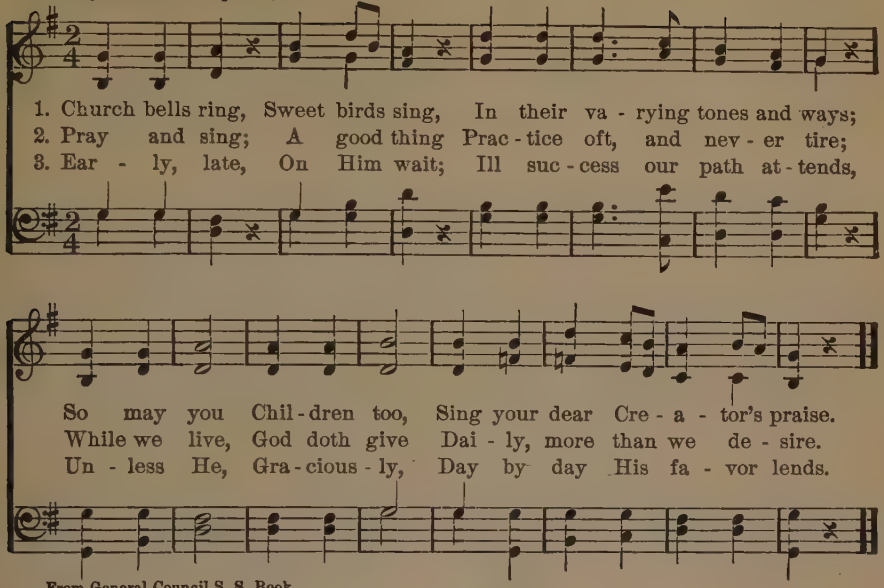
30 Church Bells Ring.

John W. Hey.
Tr. by Mrs. H. R. Spaeth.

German.


1. Church bells ring, Sweet birds sing, In their va - rying tones and ways;
2. Pray and sing; A good thing Prac - tice oft, and nev - er tire;
3. Ear - ly, late, On Him wait; Ill suc - cess our path at - tends,
So may you Chil - dren too, Sing your dear Cre - a - tor's praise.
While we live, God doth give Dai - ly, more than we de - sire.
Un - less He, Gra - cious - ly, Day by day His fa - vor lends.

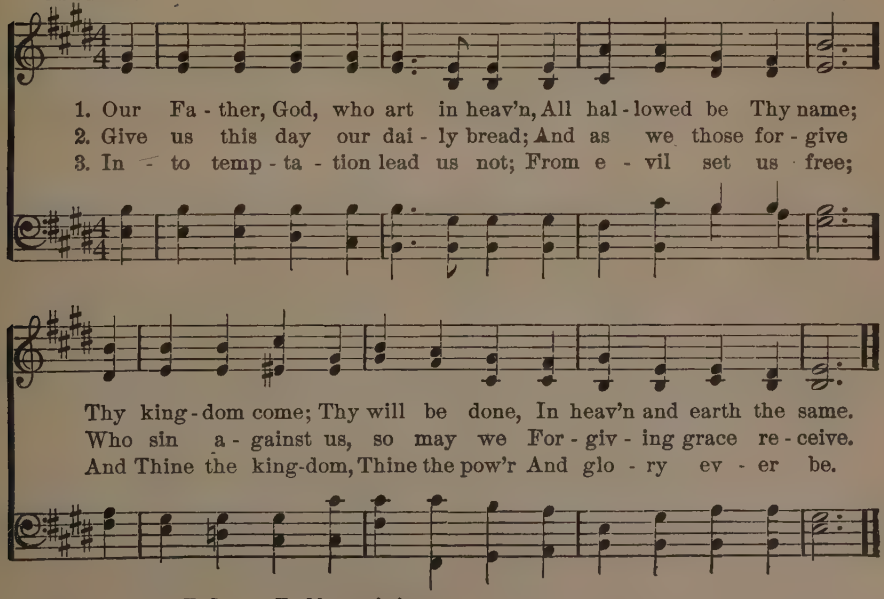
From General Council S. S. Book.

Prayer.

31 The Lord's Prayer.

A. Judson.

John H. Gower.


1. Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heav'n, All hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And as we those for - give
3. In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not; From e - vil set us free;
Thy king - dom come; Thy will be done, In heav'n and earth the same.
Who sin a - gainst us, so may we For - giv - ing grace re - ceive.
And Thine the king-dom, Thine the pow'r And glo - ry ev - er be.

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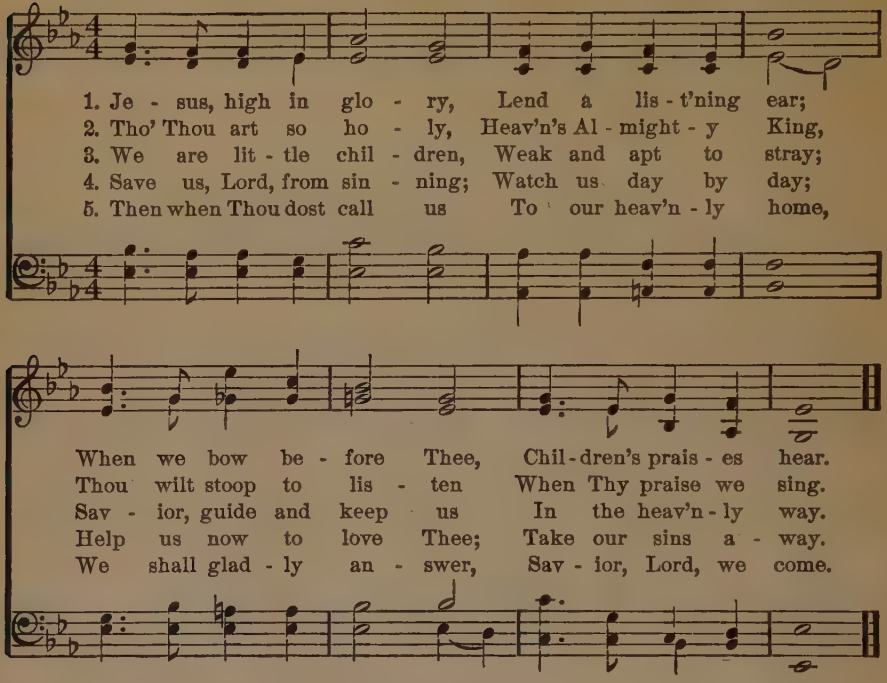
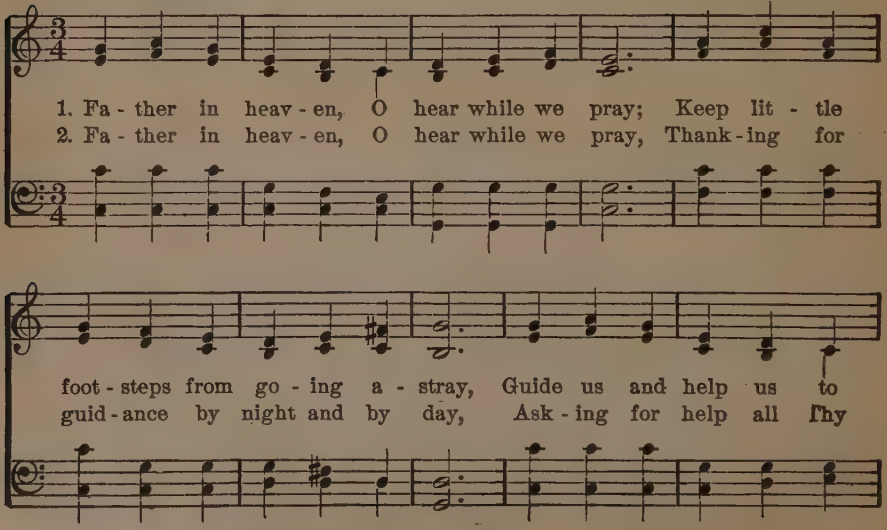
32 Jesus High in Glory.

F. W. Harris. Lord J. Butler.


1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a lis - t'ning ear;
2. Tho' Thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al - might - y King,
3. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray;
4. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning; Watch us day by day;
5. Then when Thou dost call us To our heav'n - ly home,
When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.
Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten When Thy praise we sing.
Sav - ior, guide and keep us In the heav'n - ly way.
Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way.
We shall glad - ly an - swer, Sav - ior, Lord, we come.

33 Hear While We Pray.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. J. H. Fillmore.


1. Fa - ther in heav - en, O hear while we pray; Keep lit - tle
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O hear while we pray, Thank - ing for
foot - steps from go - ing a - stray, Guide us and help us to
guid - ance by night and by day, Ask - ing for help all Thy

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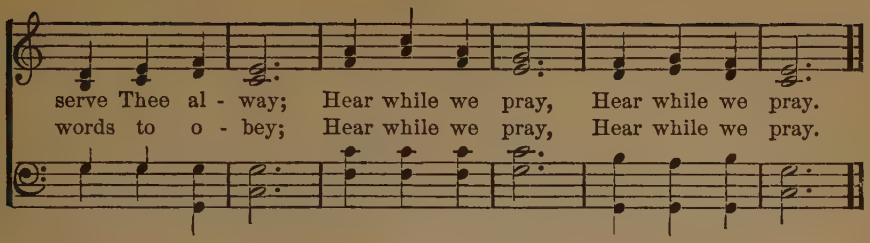
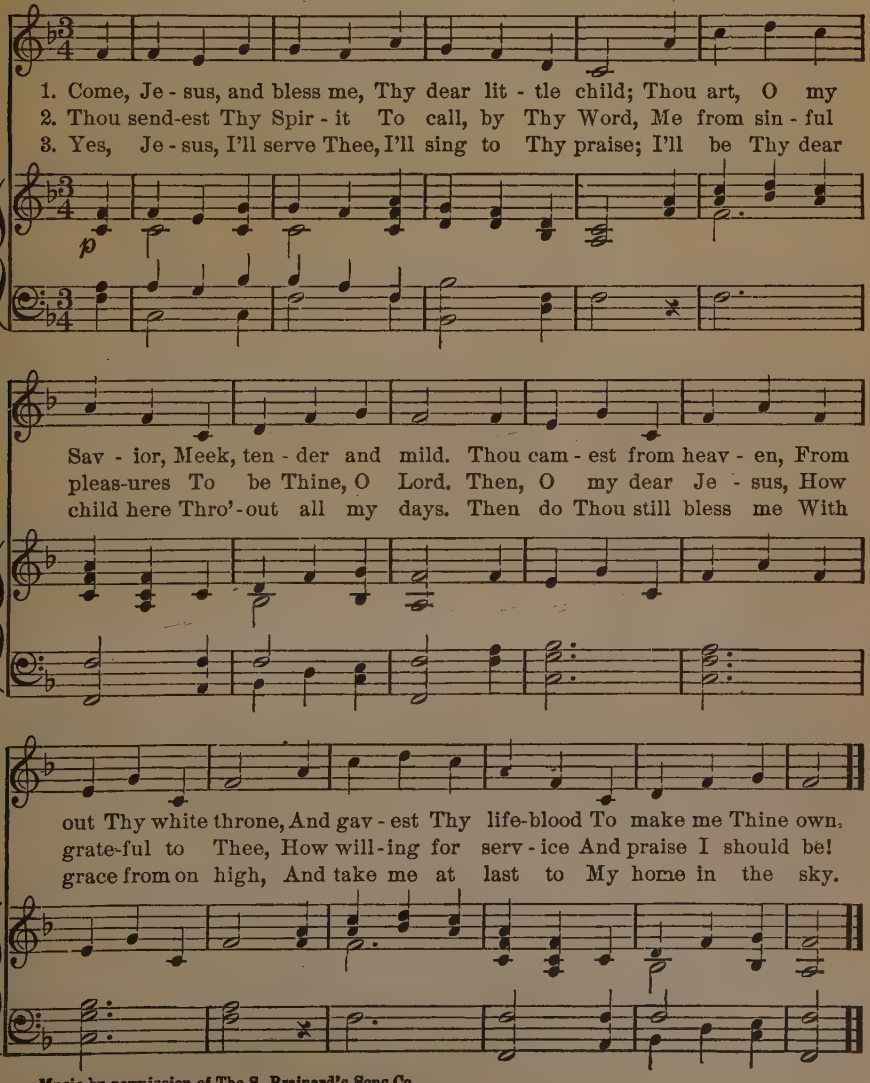


34 Come, Jesus, and Bless Me.

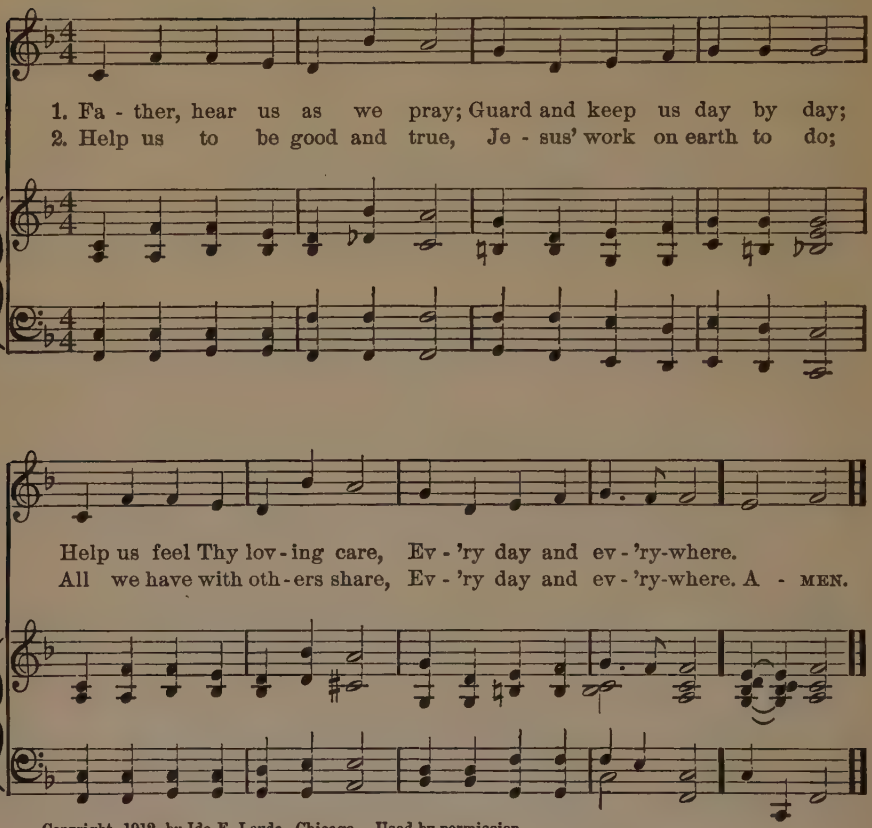
Carl Ackermann. J. B. Herbert.


1. Come, Je - sus, and bless me, Thy dear lit - tle child; Thou art, O my
2. Thou send-est Thy Spir - it To call, by Thy Word, Me from sin - ful
3. Yes, Je - sus, I'll serve Thee, I'll sing to Thy praise; I'll be Thy dear
p
Sav - ior, Meek, ten - der and mild. Thou cam - est from heav - en, From
pleas-ures To be Thine, O Lord. Then, O my dear Je - sus, How
child here Thro'-out all my days. Then do Thou still bless me With
out Thy white throne, And gav - est Thy life-blood To make me Thine own.
grate-ful to Thee, How will-ing for serv - ice And praise I should be!
grace from on high, And take me at last to My home in the sky.

Music by permission of The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

35 Our Prayer.

I. F. Leyda. Lora M. Bell.


1. Fa - ther, hear us as we pray; Guard and keep us day by day;
2. Help us to be good and true, Je - sus' work on earth to do;
Help us feel Thy lov - ing care, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry-where.
All we have with oth - ers share, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry-where. A - MEN.

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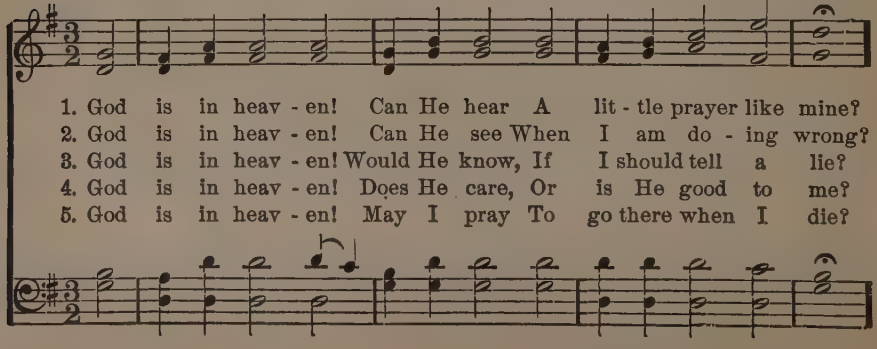
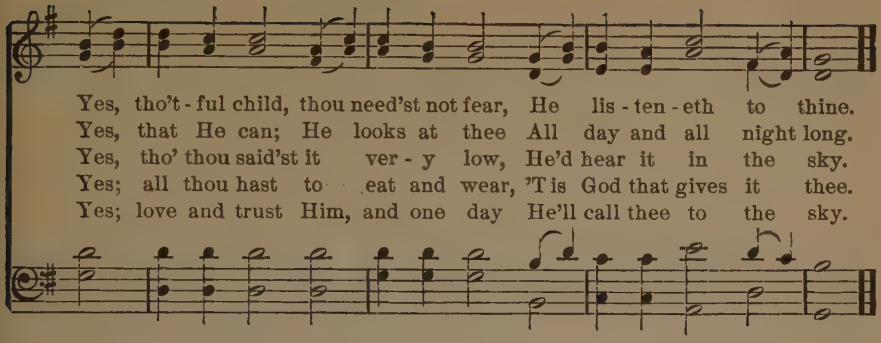
36 God Heareth Prayer.

Ann Taylor Gilbert. From the German.

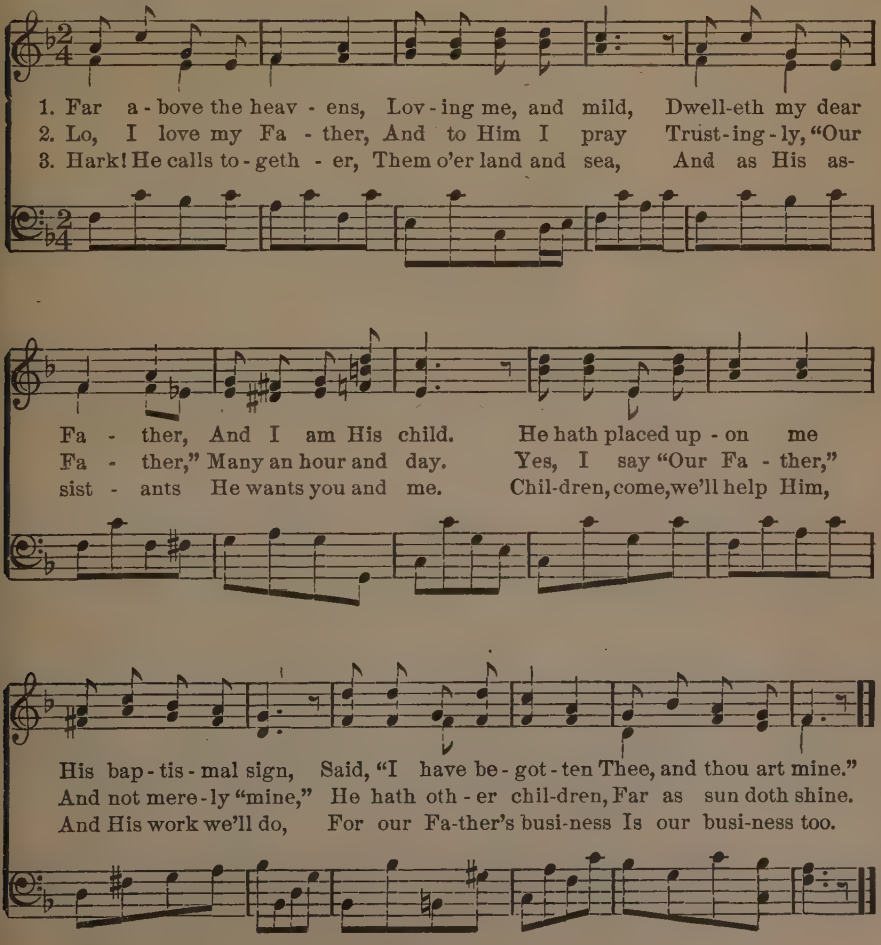

1. God is in heav - en! Can He hear A lit - tle prayer like mine?
2. God is in heav - en! Can He see When I am do - ing wrong?
3. God is in heav - en! Would He know, If I should tell a lie?
4. God is in heav - en! Does He care, Or is He good to me?
5. God is in heav - en! May I pray To go there when I die?


Yes, tho't - ful child, thou need'st not fear, He lis - ten - eth to thine.
Yes, that He can; He looks at thee All day and all night long.
Yes, tho' thou said'st it ver - y low, He'd hear it in the sky.
Yes; all thou hast to eat and wear, 'T is God that gives it thee.
Yes; love and trust Him, and one day He'll call thee to the sky.

37 Our Father.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.

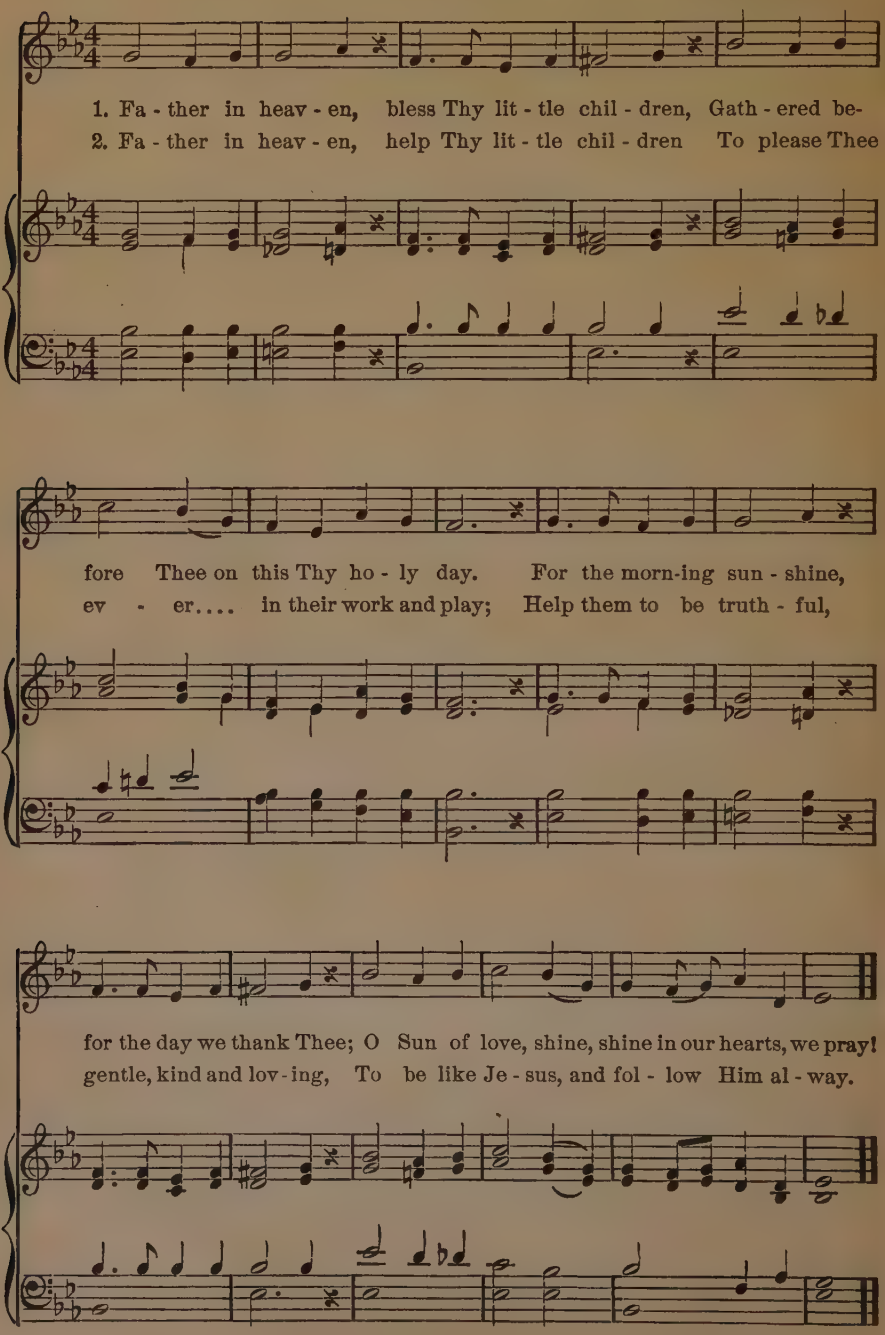
Moderato.


1. Far a - bove the heav - ens, Lov - ing me, and mild, Dwell-eth my dear
2. Lo, I love my Fa - ther, And to Him I pray Trust - ing - ly, "Our
3. Hark! He calls to - geth - er, Them o'er land and sea, And as His as-
Fa - ther, And I am His child. He hath placed up - on me
Fa - ther," Many an hour and day. Yes, I say "Our Fa - ther,"
sist - ants He wants you and me. Chil-dren, come, we'll help Him,
His bap - tis - mal sign, Said, "I have be - got - ten Thee, and thou art mine."
And not mere - ly "mine," He hath oth - er chil-dren, Far as sun doth shine.
And His work we'll do, For our Fa-ther's busi-ness Is our busi-ness too.

38

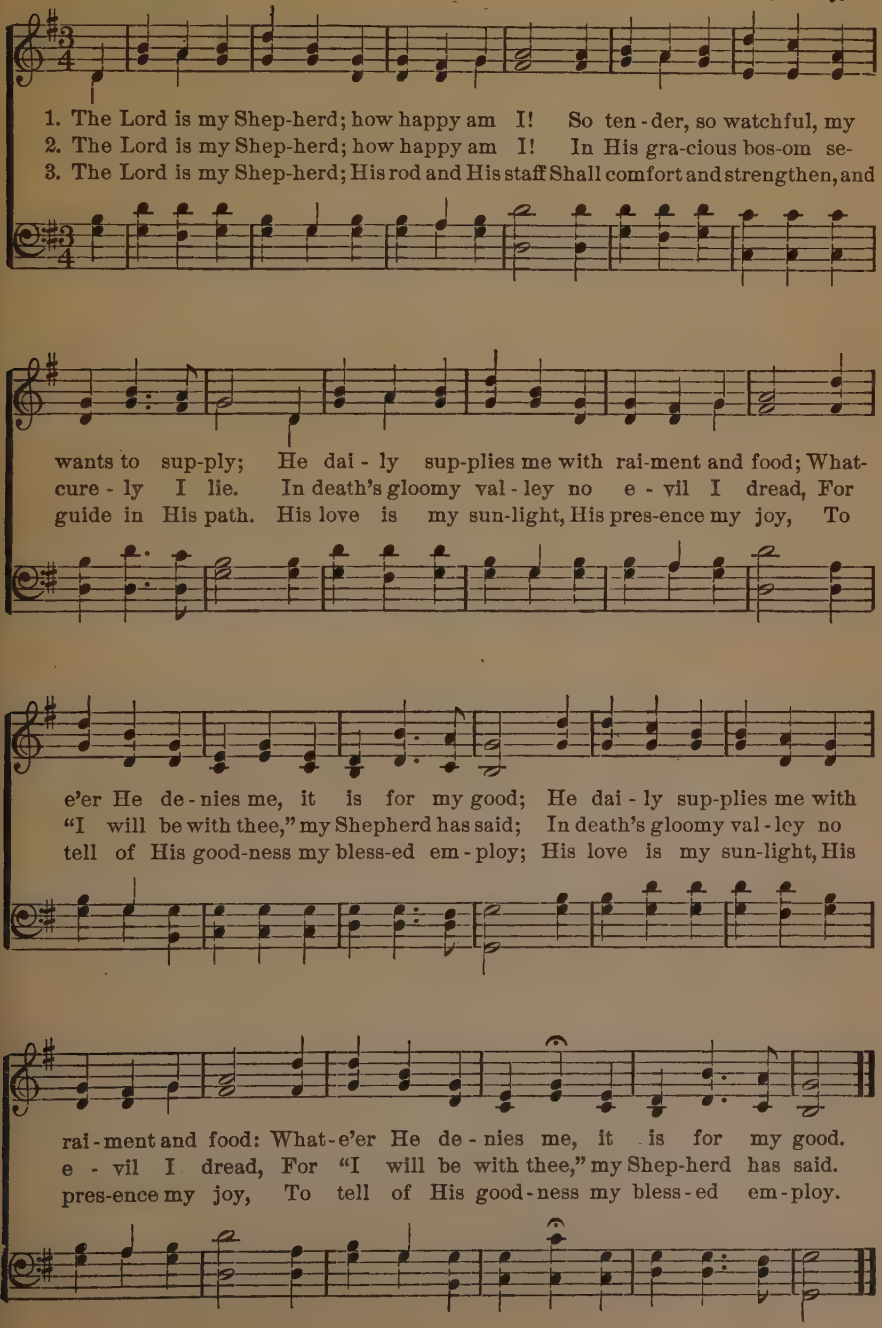
Father in Heaven.

Adapted from Kuhlau.


1. Fa - ther in heav - en, bless Thy lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - ered be-
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, help Thy lit - tle chil - dren To please Thee
fore Thee on this Thy ho - ly day. For the morn-ing sun - shine,
ev - er.... in their work and play; Help them to be truth - ful,
for the day we thank Thee; O Sun of love, shine, shine in our hearts, we pray!
gentle, kind and lov - ing, To be like Je - sus, and fol - low Him al - way.

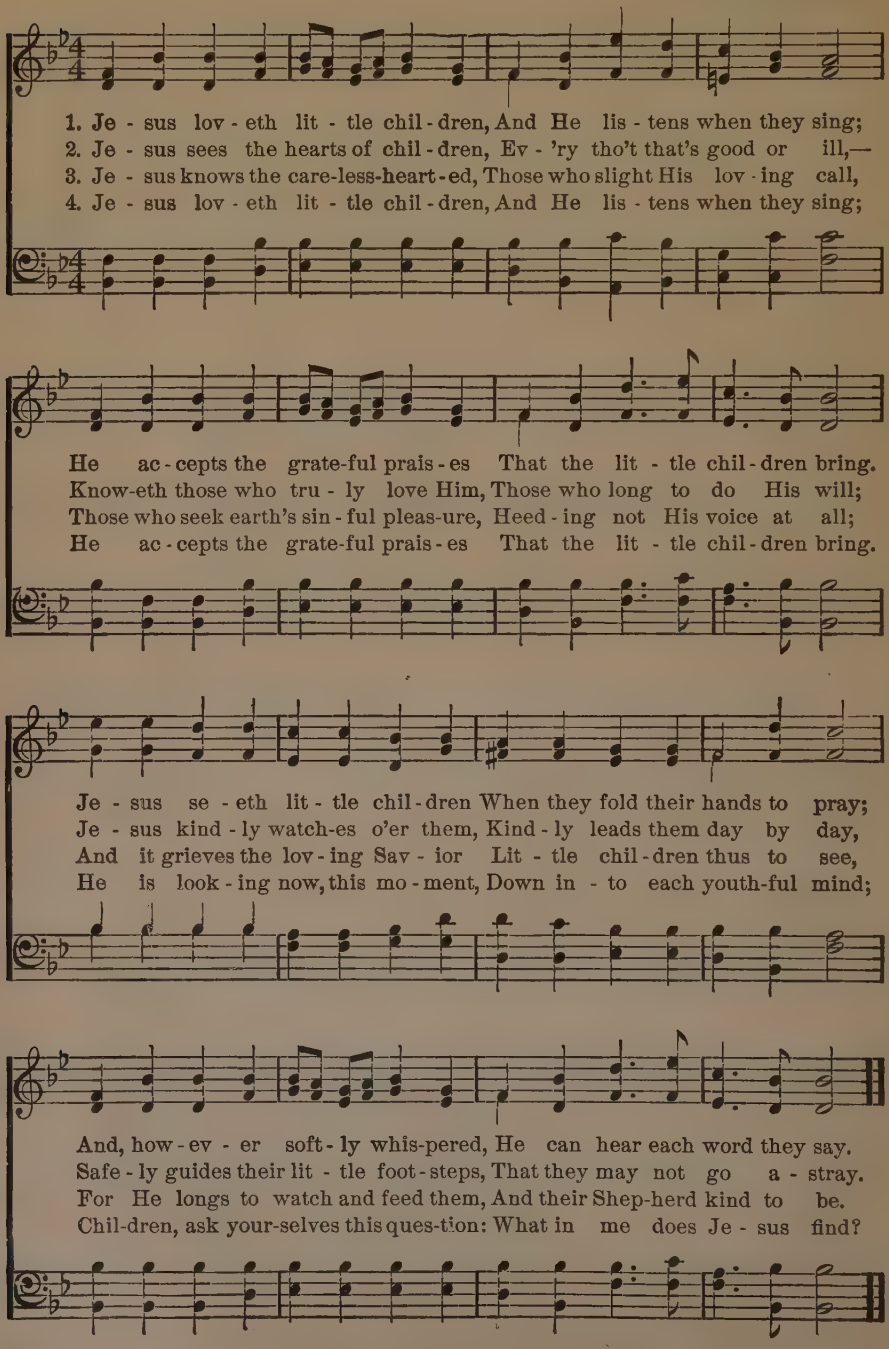
39 The Lord is My Shepherd.

From Church Porch. Arr. from J. A. Handy.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd; how happy am I! So ten-der, so watchful, my
2. The Lord is my Shep-herd; how happy am I! In His gra-cious bos-om se-
3. The Lord is my Shep-herd; His rod and His staff Shall comfort and strengthen, and
wants to sup-ply; He dai-ly sup-plies me with rai-ment and food; What-
cure-ly I lie. In death's gloomy val-ley no e-vil I dread, For
guide in His path. His love is my sun-light, His pres-ence my joy, To
e'er He de-nies me, it is for my good; He dai-ly sup-plies me with
"I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said; In death's gloomy val-ley no
tell of His good-ness my bless-ed em-ploy; His love is my sun-light, His
rai-ment and food: What-e'er He de-nies me, it is for my good.
e-vil I dread, For "I will be with thee," my Shep-herd has said.
pres-ence my joy, To tell of His good-ness my bless-ed em-ploy.

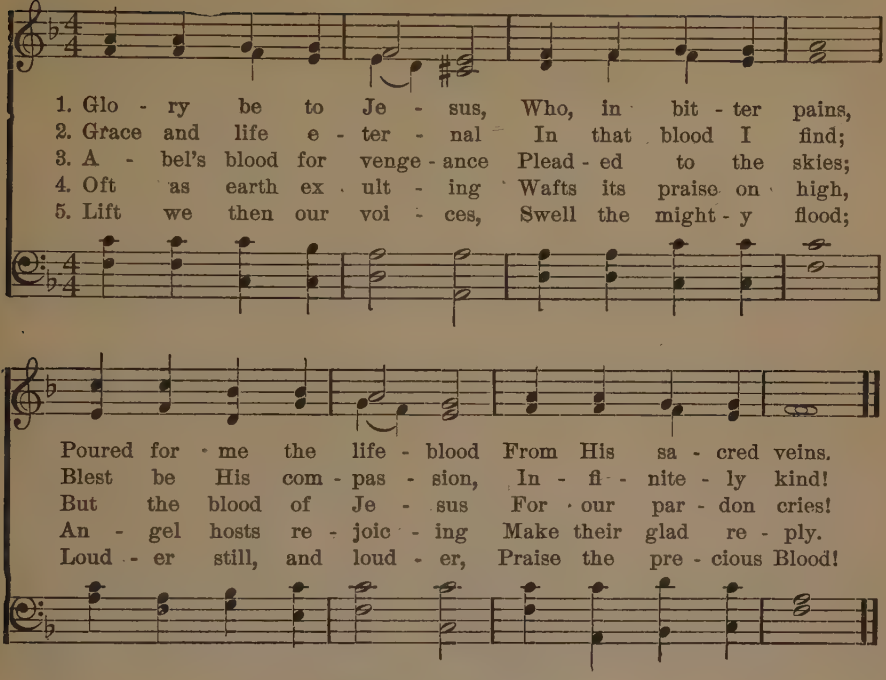
40 Jesus Loveth Little Children.

From Casket.


1. Je - sus lov - eth lit - tle chil - dren, And He lis - tens when they sing;
2. Je - sus sees the hearts of chil - dren, Ev - 'ry tho't that's good or ill,—
3. Je - sus knows the care-less-heart - ed, Those who slight His lov - ing call,
4. Je - sus lov - eth lit - tle chil - dren, And He lis - tens when they sing;
He ac - cepts the grate-ful prais - es That the lit - tle chil - dren bring.
Know-eth those who tru - ly love Him, Those who long to do His will;
Those who seek earth's sin - ful pleas-ure, Heed - ing not His voice at all;
He ac - cepts the grate-ful prais - es That the lit - tle chil - dren bring.
Je - sus se - eth lit - tle chil - dren When they fold their hands to pray;
Je - sus kind - ly watch-es o'er them, Kind - ly leads them day by day,
And it grieves the lov - ing Sav - ior Lit - tle chil - dren thus to see,
He is look - ing now, this mo - ment, Down in - to each youth-ful mind;
And, how - ev - er soft - ly whis-pered, He can hear each word they say.
Safe - ly guides their lit - tle foot - steps, That they may not go a - stray.
For He longs to watch and feed them, And their Shep-herd kind to be.
Chil-dren, ask your-selves this ques-tion: What in me does Je - sus find?

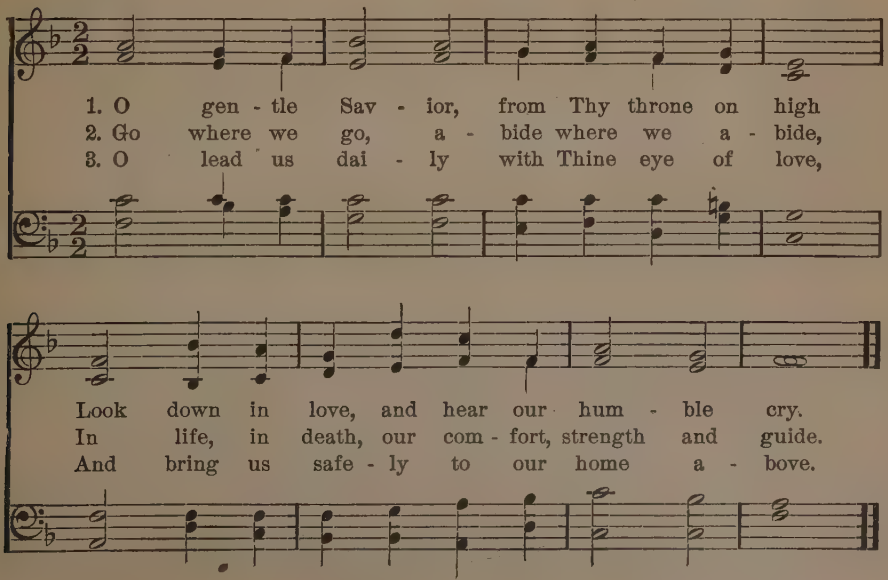
41 Glory Be to Jesus.

Fr. Filitz.


1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
3. A - bel's blood for venge - ance Plead - ed to the skies;
4. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high,
5. Lift we then our voi - ces, Swell the might - y flood;
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries!
An - gel hosts re - joic - ing Make their glad re - ply.
Loud - er still, and loud - er, Praise the pre - cious Blood!

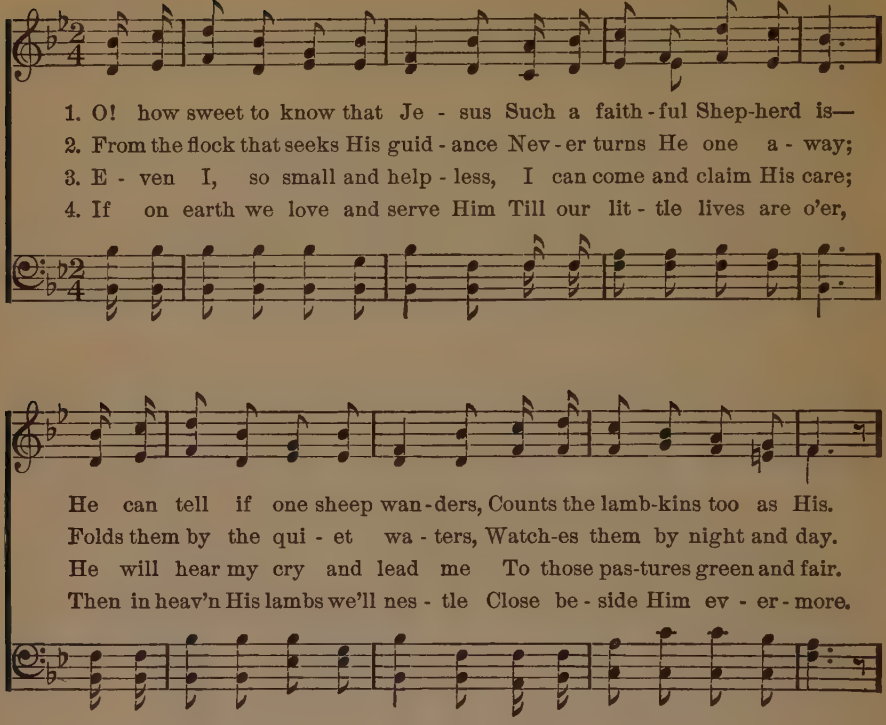
42 O Gentle Savior.

T. R. Birks. Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. O gen - tle Sav - ior, from Thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with Thine eye of love,
Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

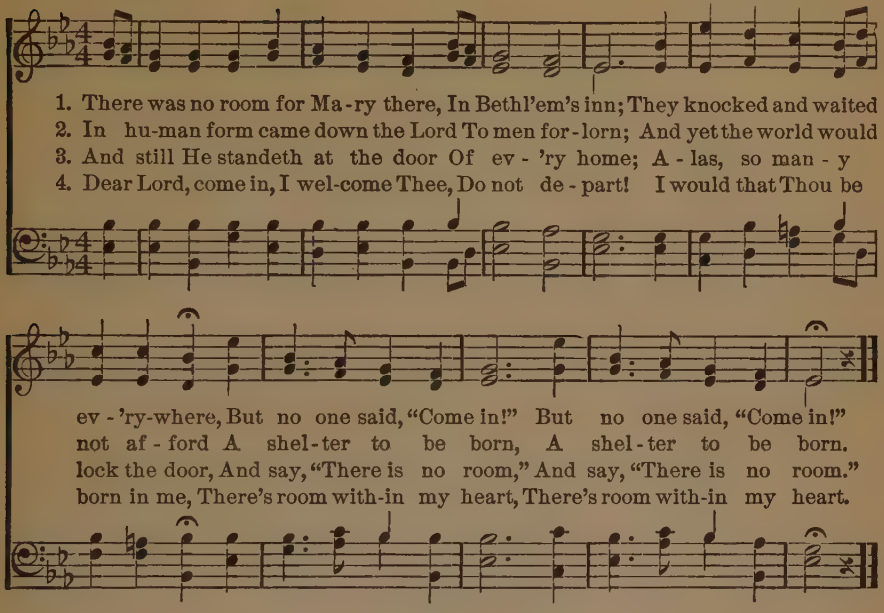
43 O! Be Glad, Ye Children.

M. Feary. W. F. Sherwin.


1. O! how sweet to know that Je - sus Such a faith - ful Shep-herd is—
2. From the flock that seeks His guid - ance Nev - er turns He one a - way;
3. E - ven I, so small and help - less, I can come and claim His care;
4. If on earth we love and serve Him Till our lit - tle lives are o'er,
He can tell if one sheep wan - ders, Counts the lamb-kins too as His.
Folds them by the qui - et wa - ters, Watch-es them by night and day.
He will hear my cry and lead me To those pas-tures green and fair.
Then in heav'n His lambs we'll nes - tle Close be - side Him ev - er - more.
Chorus.
O! be glad, ye chil - dren, Bless - ed lit - tle chil - dren;
Yes, be glad, ye chil - dren, For such a faith - ful Friend.

44 Dear Lord, Come In!

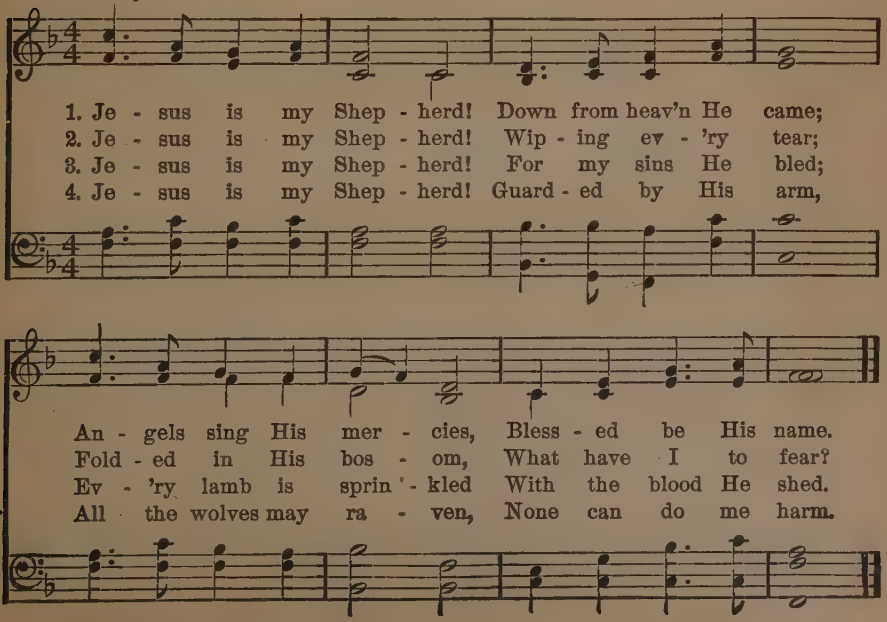
J. H. Kuhlmann. Franz Graf von Pocci.


1. There was no room for Ma-ry there, In Bethl'em's inn; They knocked and waited
2. In hu-man form came down the Lord To men for-lorn; And yet the world would
3. And still He standeth at the door Of ev-'ry home; A-las, so man-y
4. Dear Lord, come in, I wel-come Thee, Do not de-part! I would that Thou be
ev-'ry-where, But no one said, "Come in!" But no one said, "Come in!"
not af-ford A shel-ter to be born, A shel-ter to be born.
lock the door, And say, "There is no room," And say, "There is no room."
born in me, There's room with-in my heart, There's room with-in my heart.

45 Jesus is My Shepherd.

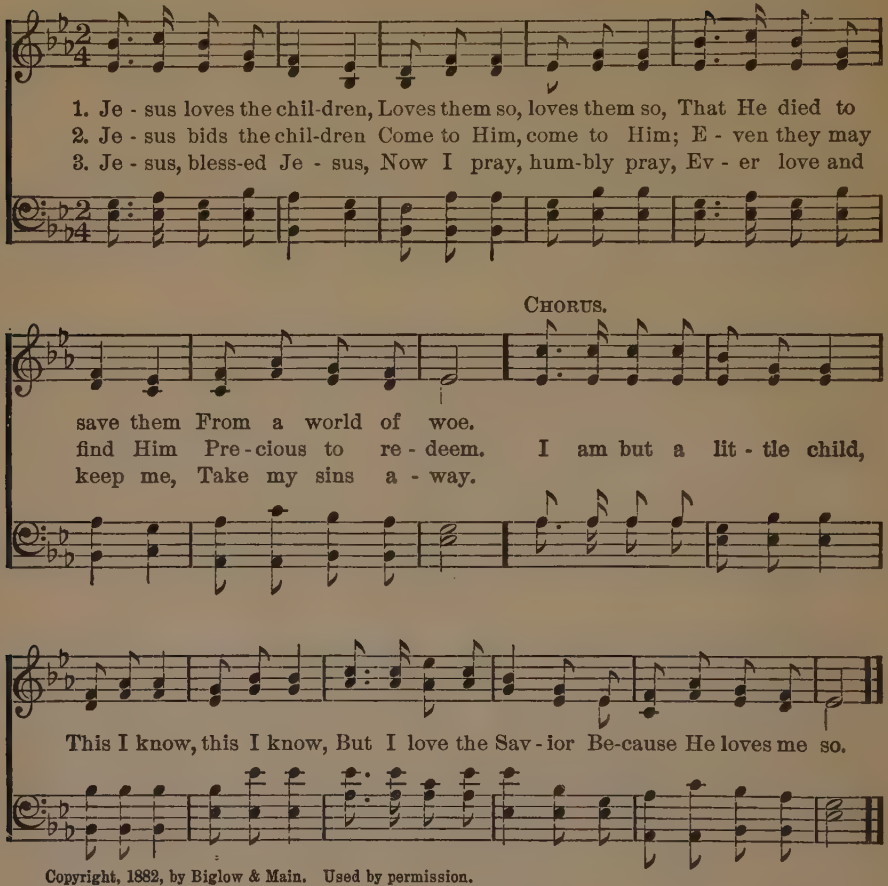
Hugh Stowell, altered. Carl Ackermann.

Lively.


1. Je-sus is my Shep-herd! Down from heav'n He came;
2. Je-sus is my Shep-herd! Wip-ing ev-'ry tear;
3. Je-sus is my Shep-herd! For my sins He bled;
4. Je-sus is my Shep-herd! Guard-ed by His arm,
An-gels sing His mer-cies, Bless-ed be His name.
Fold-ed in His bos-om, What have I to fear?
Ev-'ry lamb is sprin'-kled With the blood He shed.
All the wolves may ra-ven, None can do me harm.

46 Jesus Loves the Children.

From "Evangel Echoes." D. B. Purinton.


1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Loves them so, loves them so, That He died to
2. Je - sus bids the chil-dren Come to Him, come to Him; E - ven they may
3. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Now I pray, hum-bly pray, Ev - er love and
CHORUS.
save them From a world of woe.
find Him Pre-cious to re - deem. I am but a lit - tle child,
keep me, Take my sins a - way.
This I know, this I know, But I love the Sav - ior Be-cause He loves me so.

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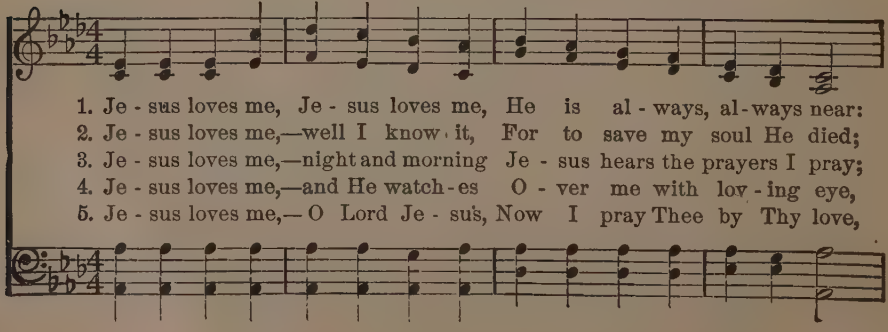
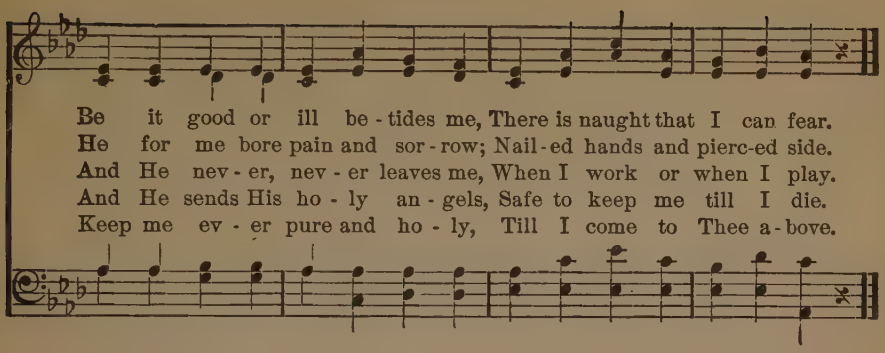
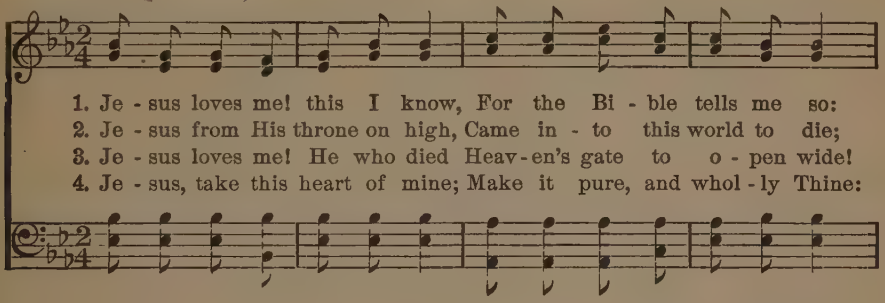
47 Jesus Loves Me.


1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al - ways, al - ways near:
2. Je - sus loves me,—well I know it, For to save my soul He died;
3. Je - sus loves me,—night and morning Je - sus hears the prayers I pray;
4. Je - sus loves me,—and He watch - es O - ver me with lov - ing eye,
5. Je - sus loves me,— O Lord Je - sus, Now I pray Thee by Thy love,

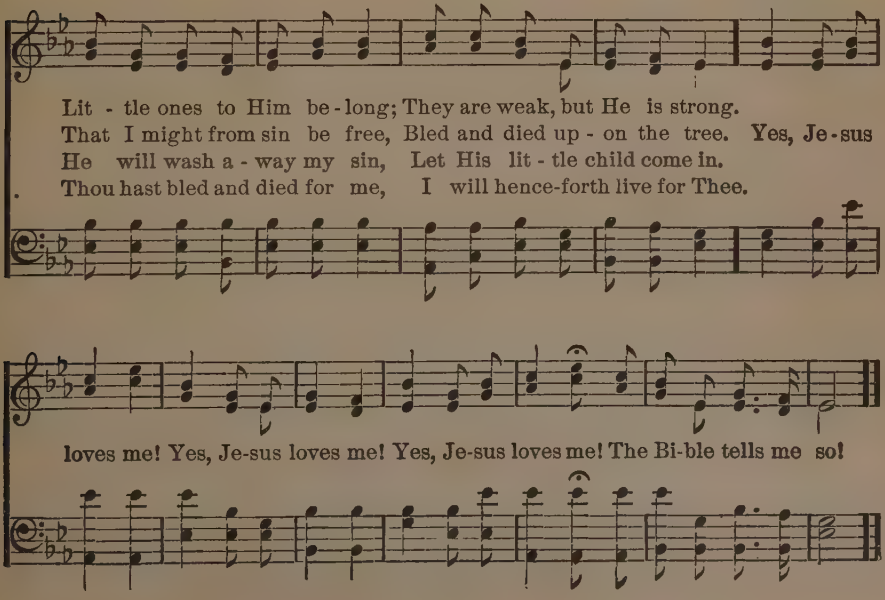

Be it good or ill be - tides me, There is naught that I can fear.
He for me bore pain and sor - row; Nail - ed hands and pierc-ed side.
And He nev - er, nev - er leaves me, When I work or when I play.
And He sends His ho - ly an - gels, Safe to keep me till I die.
Keep me ev - er pure and ho - ly, Till I come to Thee a - bove.

48 Jesus Loves Me!

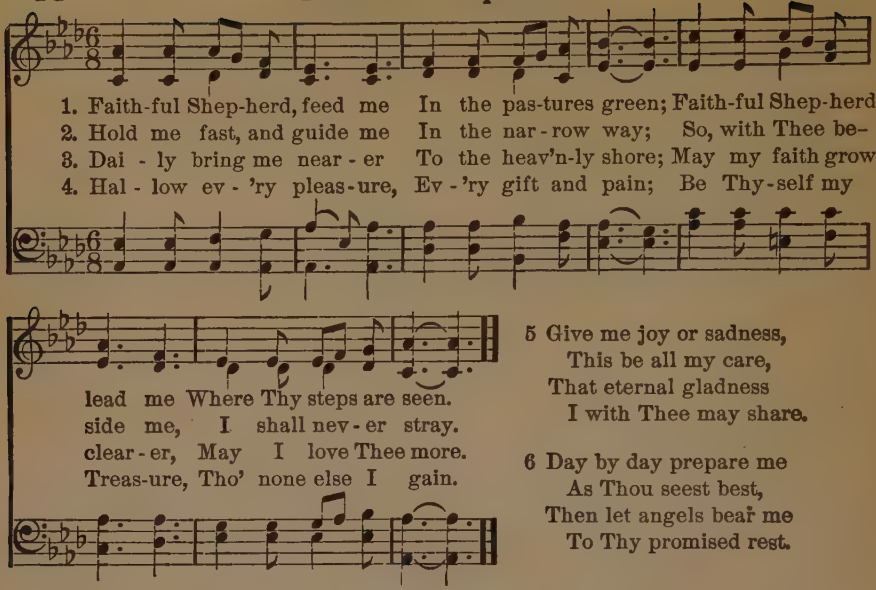
Anna B. Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so:
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die;
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide!
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol - ly Thine:

CHORUS.


Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
That I might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree. Yes, Je - sus
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
Thou hast bled and died for me, I will hence-forth live for Thee.
loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so!

49 Faithful Shepherd.


1. Faith-ful Shep-herd, feed me In the pas-tures green; Faith-ful Shep-herd
2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar-row way; So, with Thee be-
3. Dai-ly bring me near-er To the heav'n-ly shore; May my faith grow
4. Hal-low ev-'ry pleas-ure, Ev-'ry gift and pain; Be Thy-self my
lead me Where Thy steps are seen.
side me, I shall nev-er stray.
clear-er, May I love Thee more.
Treas-ure, Tho' none else I gain.

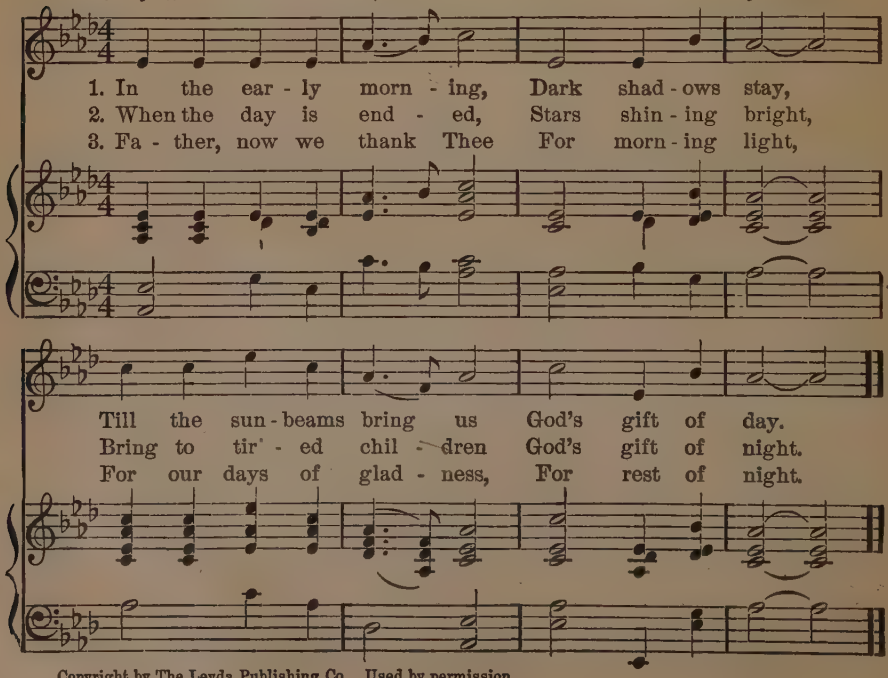
5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

6 Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.

Morning.

50 God's Gift of Day and Night.

Ida F. Leyda. Fanny B. Earle.


1. In the ear-ly morn-ing, Dark shad-ows stay,
2. When the day is end-ed, Stars shin-ing bright,
3. Fa-ther, now we thank Thee For morn-ing light,
Till the sun-beams bring us God's gift of day.
Bring to tir-ed chil-dren God's gift of night.
For our days of glad-ness, For rest of night.

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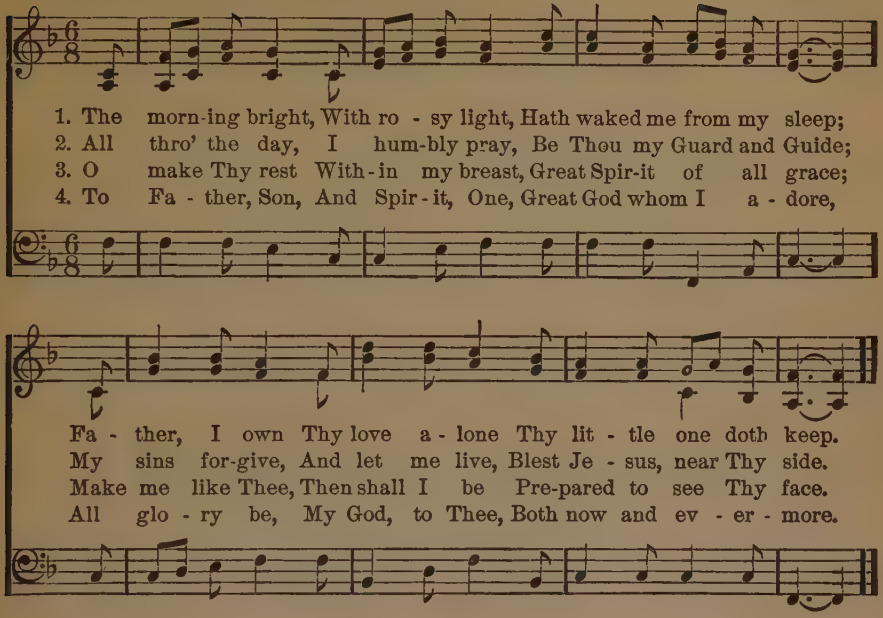
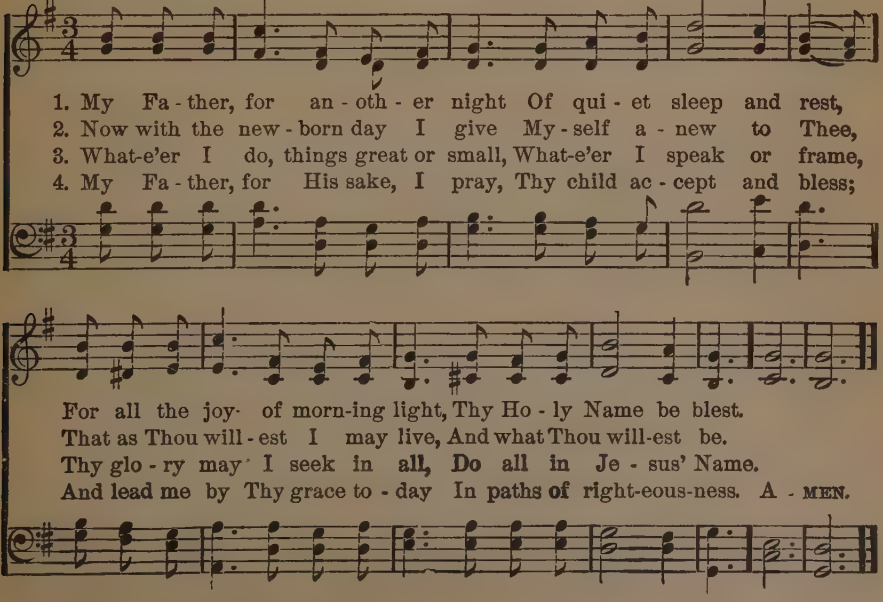
51 The Morning Bright.

Thos. O. Summers. 4th verse, Godfrey Thring. F. Silcher.


1. The morn-ing bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep;
2. All thro' the day, I hum-bly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
3. O make Thy rest With-in my breast, Great Spir-it of all grace;
4. To Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, One, Great God whom I a - dore,
Fa - ther, I own Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
My sins for-give, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Pre-pared to see Thy face.
All glo - ry be, My God, to Thee, Both now and ev - er - more.

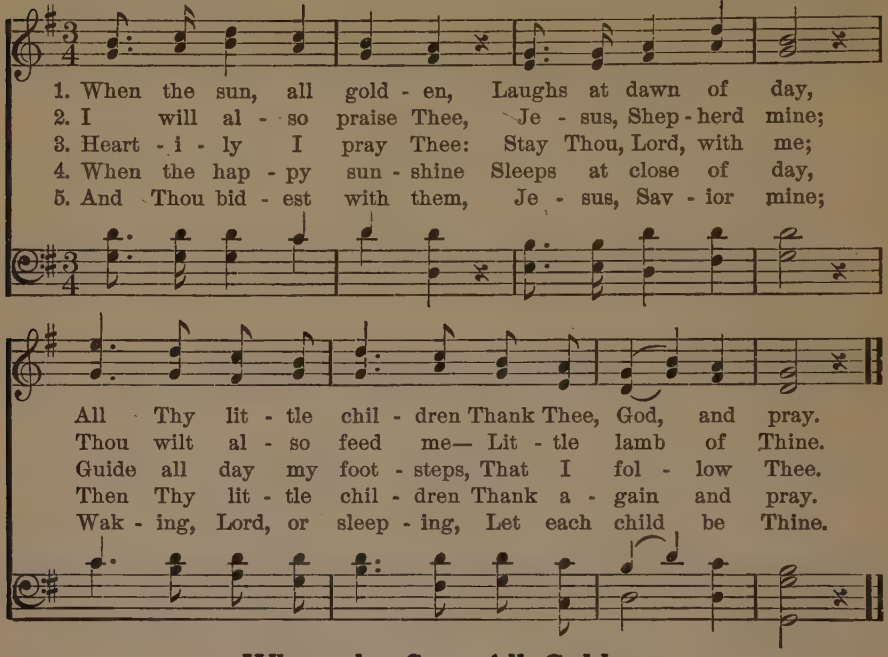
52 My Father, for Another Night.

Sir Henry W. Baker. Samuel Webbe. (?)


1. My Fa - ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,
2. Now with the new - born day I give My - self a - new to Thee,
3. What-e'er I do, things great or small, What-e'er I speak or frame,
4. My Fa - ther, for His sake, I pray, Thy child ac - cept and bless;
For all the joy- of morn-ing light, Thy Ho - ly Name be blest.
That as Thou will - est I may live, And what Thou will-est be.
Thy glo - ry may I seek in all, Do all in Je - sus' Name.
And lead me by Thy grace to - day In paths of right-eous-ness. A - MEN.

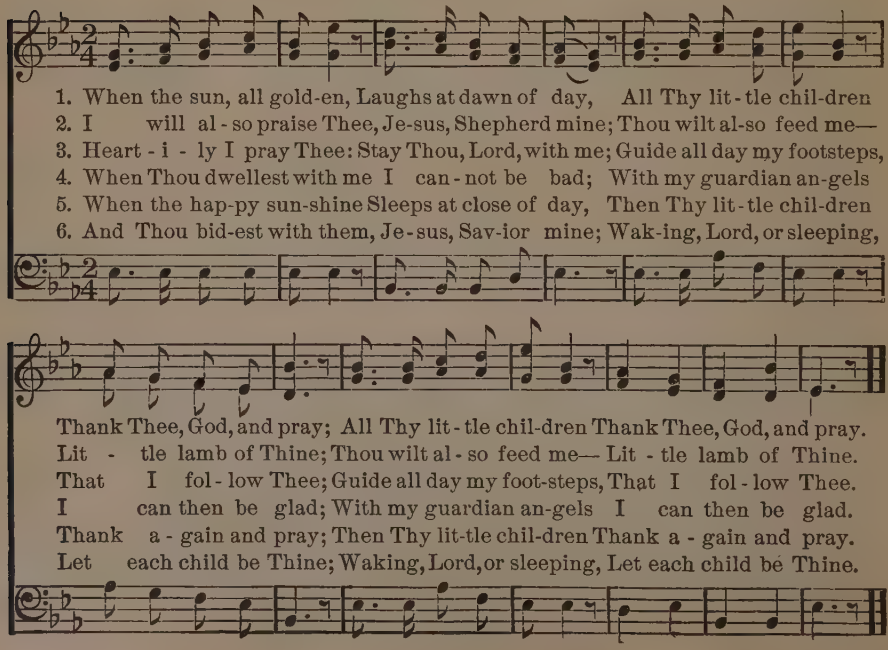
53 When the Sun, All Golden.

Tr. by E. Cronenwett. H. G. Nægeli.


1. When the sun, all gold - en, Laughs at dawn of day,
2. I will al - so praise Thee, Je - sus, Shep - herd mine;
3. Heart - i - ly I pray Thee: Stay Thou, Lord, with me;
4. When the hap - py sun - shine Sleeps at close of day,
5. And Thou bid - est with them, Je - sus, Sav - ior mine;
All Thy lit - tle chil - dren Thank Thee, God, and pray.
Thou wilt al - so feed me— Lit - tle lamb of Thine.
Guide all day my foot - steps, That I fol - low Thee.
Then Thy lit - tle chil - dren Thank a - gain and pray.
Wak - ing, Lord, or sleep - ing, Let each child be Thine.

When the Sun, All Golden.

(*Second Melody.*) From Casket.


1. When the sun, all gold-en, Laughs at dawn of day, All Thy lit - tle chil-dren
2. I will al - so praise Thee, Je-sus, Shepherd mine; Thou wilt al-so feed me—
3. Heart - i - ly I pray Thee: Stay Thou, Lord, with me; Guide all day my footsteps,
4. When Thou dwellest with me I can - not be bad; With my guardian an-gels
5. When the hap-py sun-shine Sleeps at close of day, Then Thy lit - tle chil-dren
6. And Thou bid-est with them, Je-sus, Sav-ior mine; Wak-ing, Lord, or sleeping,
Thank Thee, God, and pray; All Thy lit - tle chil-dren Thank Thee, God, and pray.
Lit - tle lamb of Thine; Thou wilt al - so feed me— Lit - tle lamb of Thine.
That I fol - low Thee; Guide all day my foot-steps, That I fol - low Thee.
I can then be glad; With my guardian an-gels I can then be glad.
Thank a - gain and pray; Then Thy lit-tle chil-dren Thank a - gain and pray.
Let each child be Thine; Waking, Lord, or sleeping, Let each child be Thine.

54 Golden Sun of Evening.

(*Same Melody as 53.*)

1 Golden sun of evening,
Beautiful and bright,
Never without pleasure
I behold thy light.

2 Art thou, sun, departing
With thy beauteous ray,
Sinking o'er the ocean
And the hills away?

3 Vesper-chimes are ringing
From the belfry's height,
As if farewell saying
To thy parting light.

4 Now are hands uplifted
Where each lone heart dwells;
Evening prayers ascending
With the evening bells.

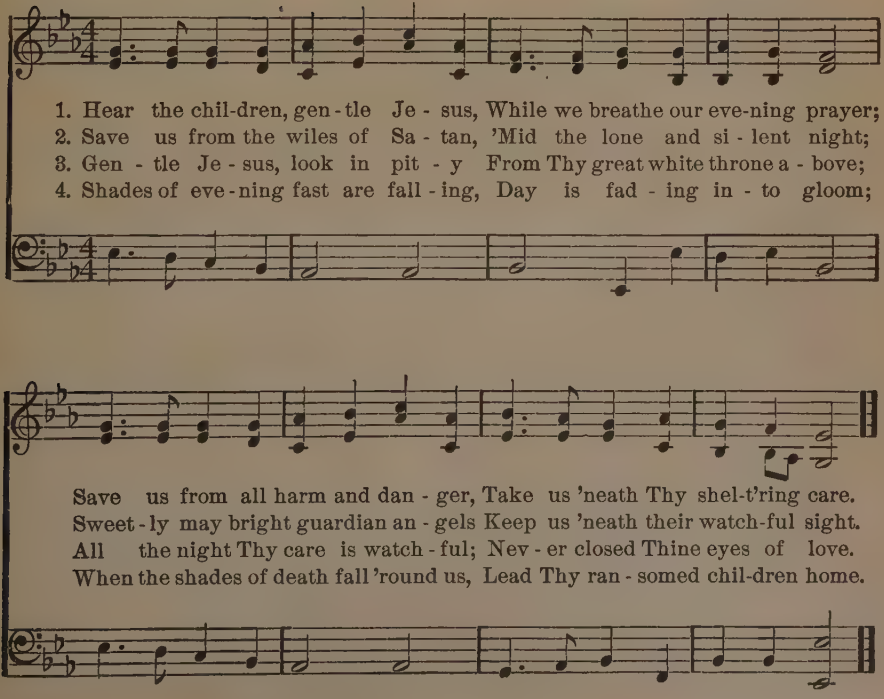
5 Thou, O God and Father,
Art in heaven yet:
Thy love never faileth,
Thy sun doth not set.

6 Through the hours of darkness
Turn Thy face to me,
That my face for comfort
May be turned to Thee.

Dr. G. C. Barth.
Tr. by J. H. Kuhlmann.

55 Hear the Children.

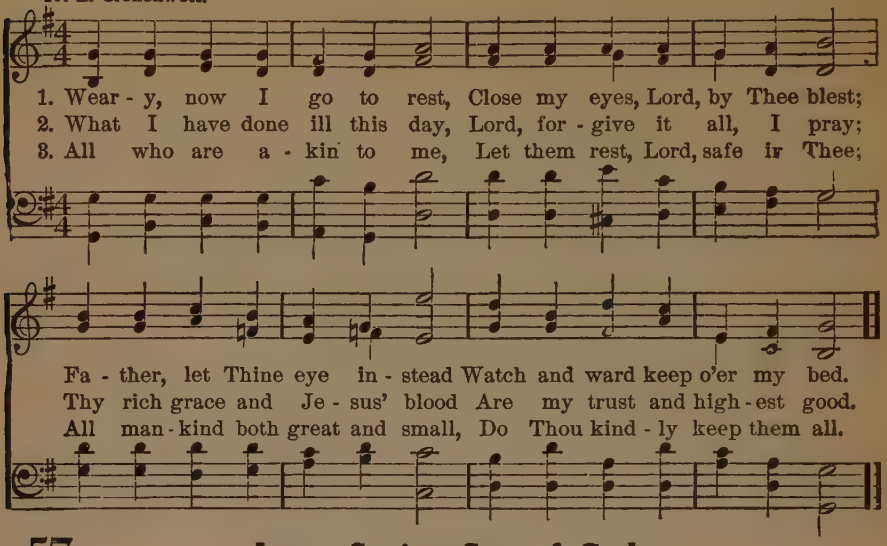
Stonefield. (?) Carl Ackermann.


1. Hear the chil-dren, gen-tle Je-sus, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer;
2. Save us from the wiles of Sa-tan, 'Mid the lone and si-lent night;
3. Gen-tle Je-sus, look in pit-y From Thy great white throne a-bove;
4. Shades of eve-ning fast are fall-ing, Day is fad-ing in-to gloom;
Save us from all harm and dan-ger, Take us 'neath Thy shel-t'ring care.
Sweet-ly may bright guardian an-gels Keep us 'neath their watch-ful sight.
All the night Thy care is watch-ful; Nev-er closed Thine eyes of love.
When the shades of death fall 'round us, Lead Thy ran-somed chil-dren home.

56 Weary, Now I Go to Rest.

Louise Hensel.
Tr. E. Cronenwett.

J. G. Witthauer.


1. Wear - y, now I go to rest, Close my eyes, Lord, by Thee blest;
2. What I have done ill this day, Lord, for - give it all, I pray;
3. All who are a - kin to me, Let them rest, Lord, safe in Thee;
Fa - ther, let Thine eye in - stead Watch and ward keep o'er my bed.
Thy rich grace and Je - sus' blood Are my trust and high - est good.
All man - kind both great and small, Do Thou kind - ly keep them all.

57 Jesus, Savior, Son of God.

(*Same Melody as 56.*)

1 Jesus, Savior, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek and mild.

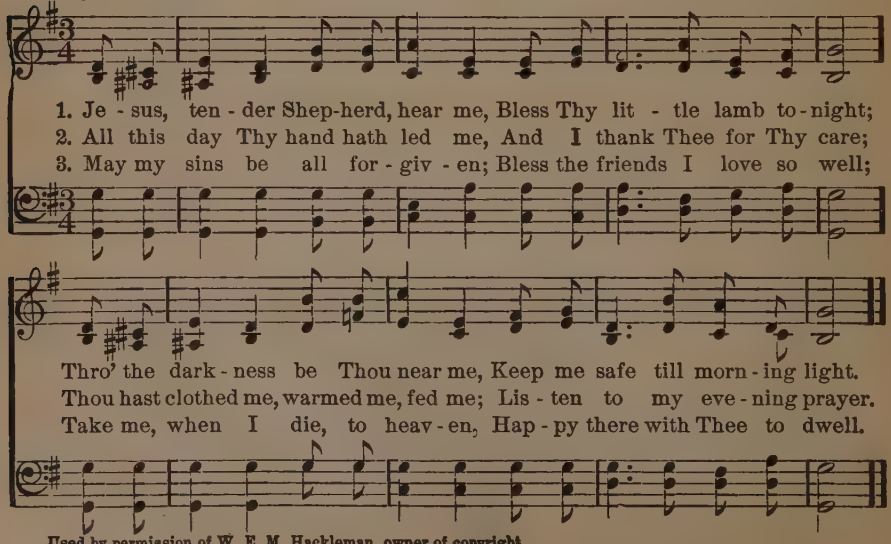
2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

Bickersteth's Christian Psalmody.

58 Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Mary L. Dunton.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me; Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

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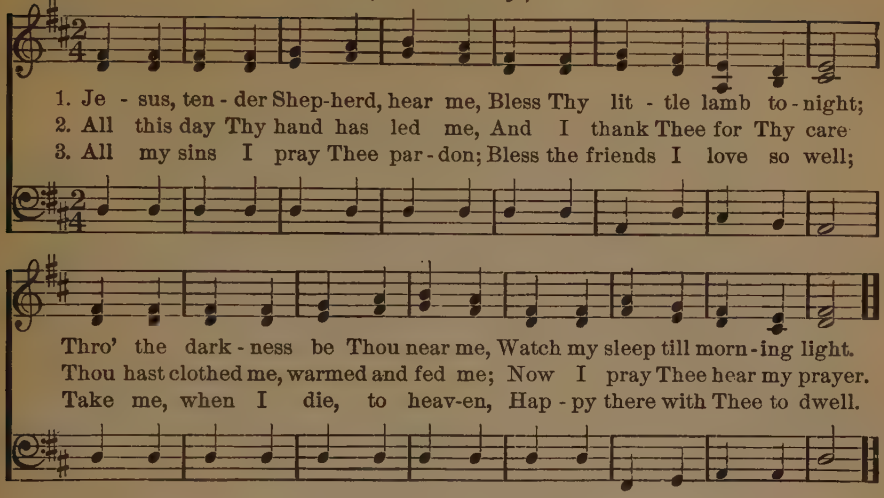
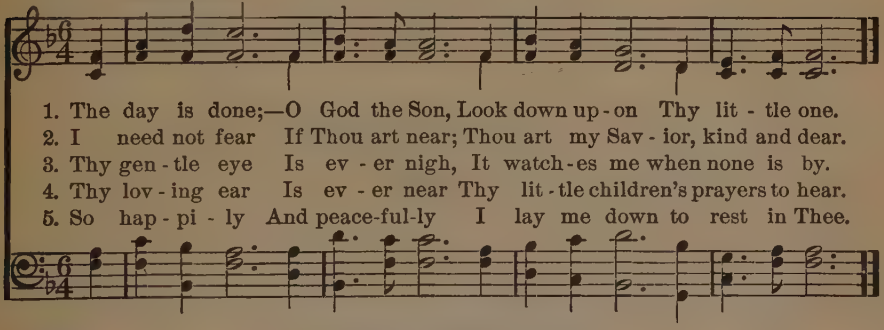
Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Mary Dunton. (*Second Melody.*)


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care
3. All my sins I pray Thee par - don; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me; Now I pray Thee hear my prayer.
Take me, when I die, to heav-en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

59 The Day is Done.

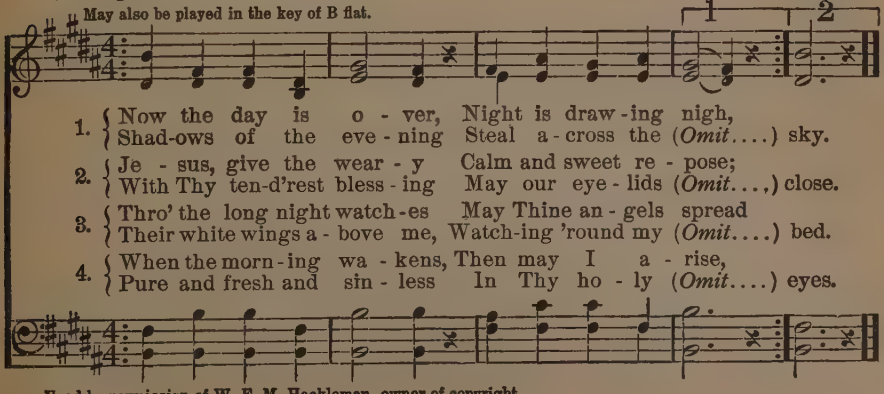
George Rundle Bynne.


1. The day is done;—O God the Son, Look down up - on Thy lit - tle one.
2. I need not fear If Thou art near; Thou art my Sav - ior, kind and dear.
3. Thy gen - tle eye Is ev - er nigh, It watch - es me when none is by.
4. Thy lov - ing ear Is ev - er near Thy lit - tle children's prayers to hear.
5. So hap - pi - ly And peace-ful-ly I lay me down to rest in Thee.

60 Now The Day is Over.

S. Baring-Gould. C. D. Evans.

May also be played in the key of B flat.


1
2
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the (*Omit....*) sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids (*Omit...,*) close.
3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing 'round my (*Omit....*) bed.
4. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise,
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly (*Omit....*) eyes.

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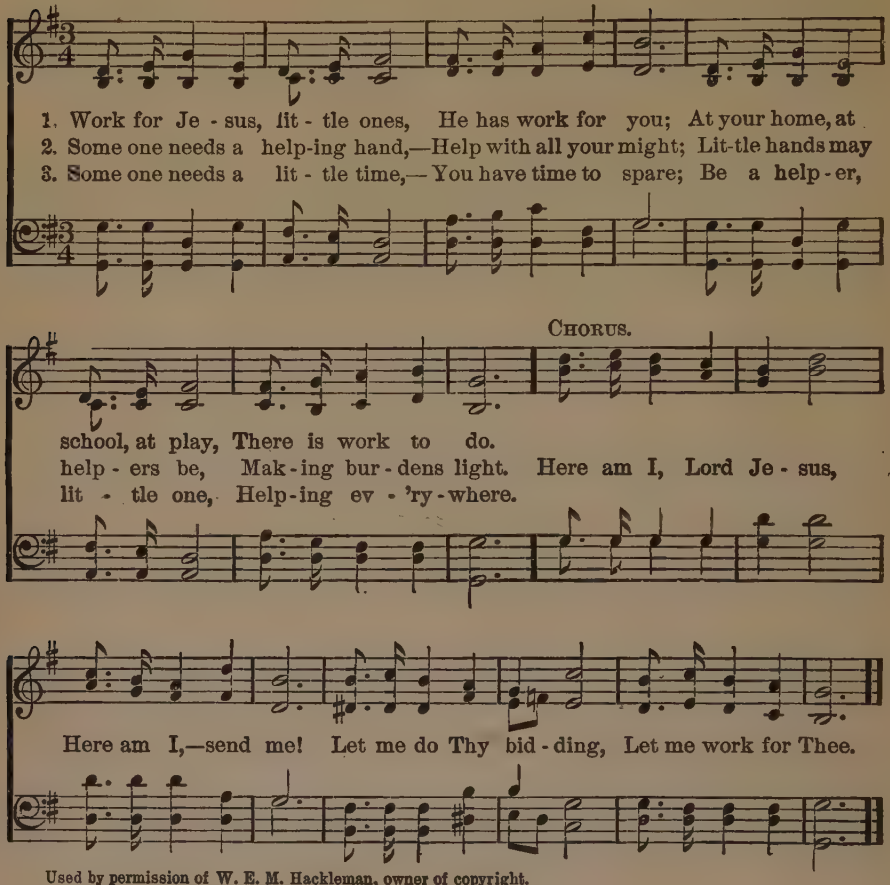
61 Here Am I.

Flora Kirkland. H. A. Henry.


1. Work for Je - sus, lit - tle ones, He has work for you; At your home, at
2. Some one needs a help-ing hand,—Help with all your might; Lit-tle hands may
3. Some one needs a lit - tle time,— You have time to spare; Be a help - er,
CHORUS.
school, at play, There is work to do.
help - ers be, Mak - ing bur - dens light. Here am I, Lord Je - sus,
lit - tle one, Help-ing ev - 'ry - where.
Here am I,—send me! Let me do Thy bid - ding, Let me work for Thee.

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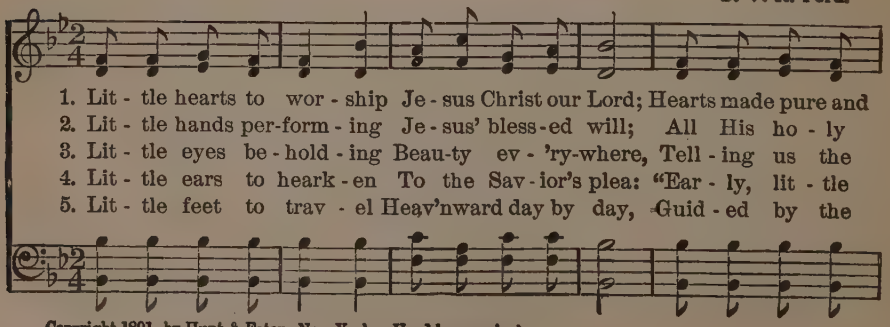
62 Little Hearts to Worship.

S. V. R. F. S. V. R. Ford.


1. Lit - tle hearts to wor - ship Je - sus Christ our Lord; Hearts made pure and
2. Lit - tle hands per-form - ing Je - sus' bless - ed will; All His ho - ly
3. Lit - tle eyes be - hold - ing Beau-ty ev - 'ry-where, Tell - ing us the
4. Lit - tle ears to heark - en To the Sav - ior's plea: "Ear - ly, lit - tle
5. Lit - tle feet to trav - el Heav'nward day by day, Guid - ed by the

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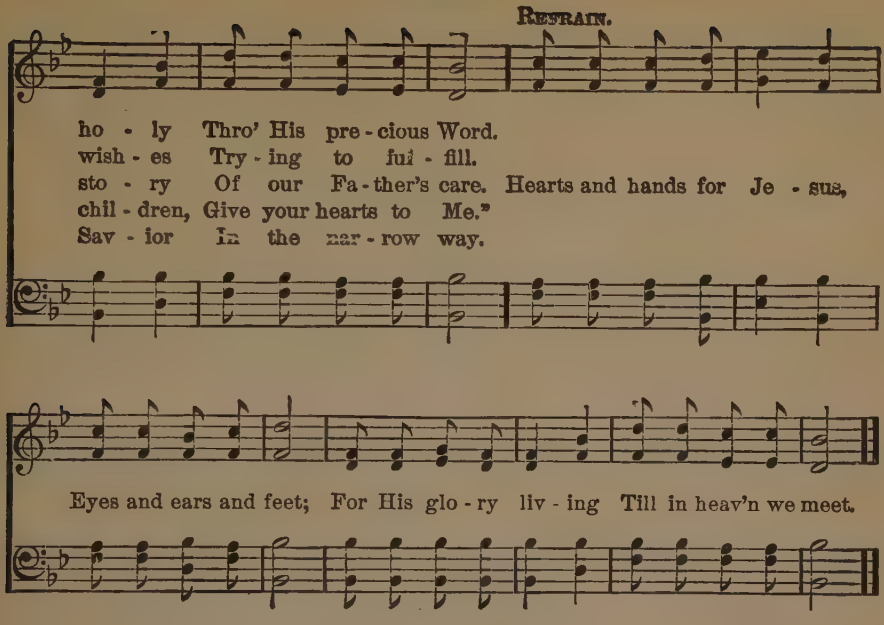
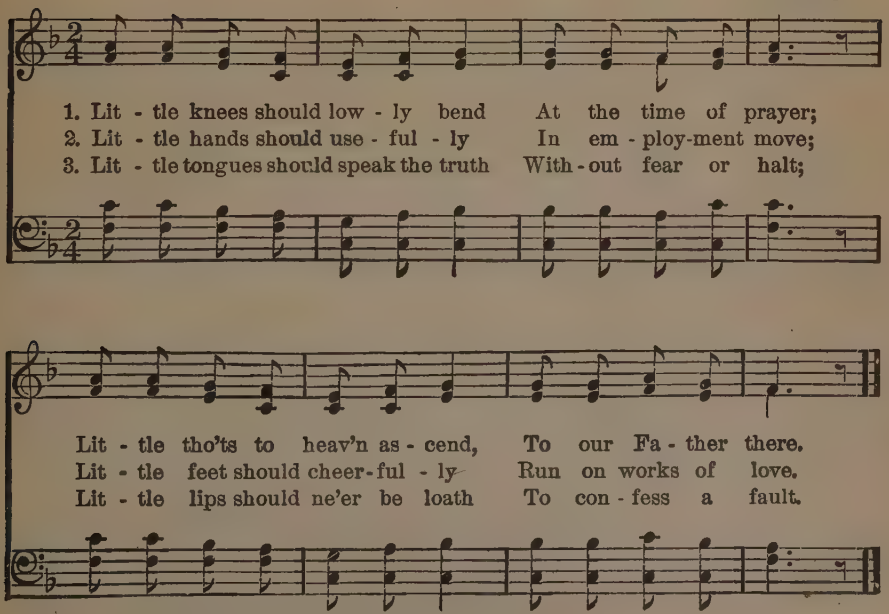

RESTRAIN.
ho - ly Thro' His pre - cious Word.
wish - es Try - ing to ful - fill.
sto - ry Of our Fa - ther's care. Hearts and hands for Je - sus,
chil - dren, Give your hearts to Me."
Sav - ior In the nar - row way.
Eyes and ears and feet; For His glo - ry liv - ing Till in heav'n we meet.

63 Little Servants.

Winthrop.


1. Lit - tle knees should low - ly bend At the time of prayer;
2. Lit - tle hands should use - ful - ly In em - ploy-ment move;
3. Lit - tle tongues should speak the truth With - out fear or halt;
Lit - tle tho'ts to heav'n as - cend, To our Fa - ther there.
Lit - tle feet should cheer - ful - ly Run on works of love.
Lit - tle lips should ne'er be loath To con - fess a fault.

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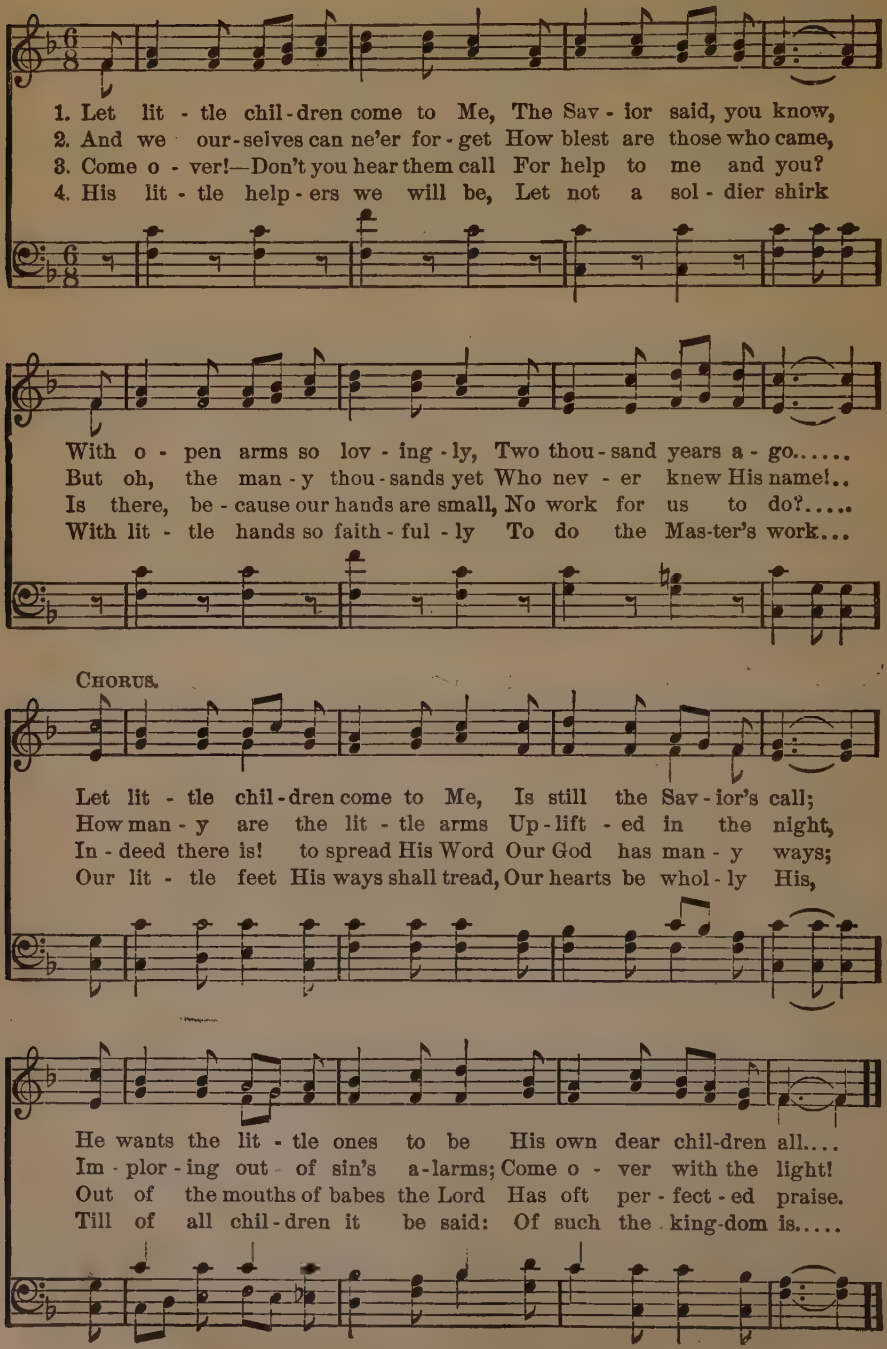
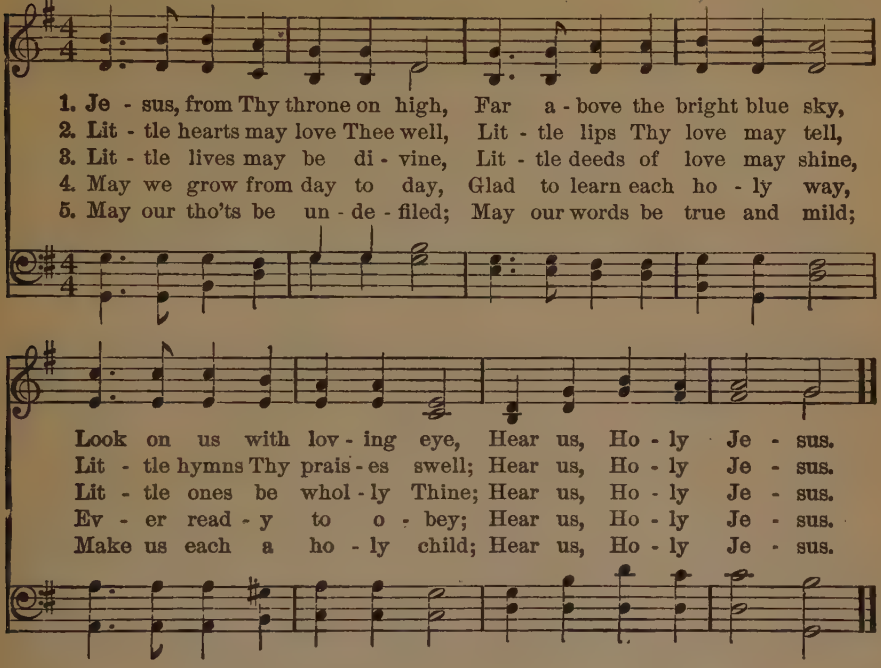
64 His Little Helpers We Would Be.

Emanuel Poppen.


1. Let lit - tle chil - dren come to Me, The Sav - ior said, you know,
2. And we our - selves can ne'er for - get How blest are those who came,
3. Come o - ver!—Don't you hear them call For help to me and you?
4. His lit - tle help - ers we will be, Let not a sol - dier shirk
With o - pen arms so lov - ing - ly, Two thou - sand years a - go.....
But oh, the man - y thou - sands yet Who nev - er knew His name!..
Is there, be - cause our hands are small, No work for us to do?.....
With lit - tle hands so faith - ful - ly To do the Mas-ter's work...
Chorus.
Let lit - tle chil - dren come to Me, Is still the Sav - ior's call;
How man - y are the lit - tle arms Up - lift - ed in the night,
In - deed there is! to spread His Word Our God has man - y ways;
Our lit - tle feet His ways shall tread, Our hearts be whol - ly His,
He wants the lit - tle ones to be His own dear chil-dren all....
Im - plor - ing out - of sin's a - larms; Come o - ver with the light!
Out of the mouths of babes the Lord Has oft per - fect - ed praise.
Till of all chil - dren it be said: Of such the king-dom is.....

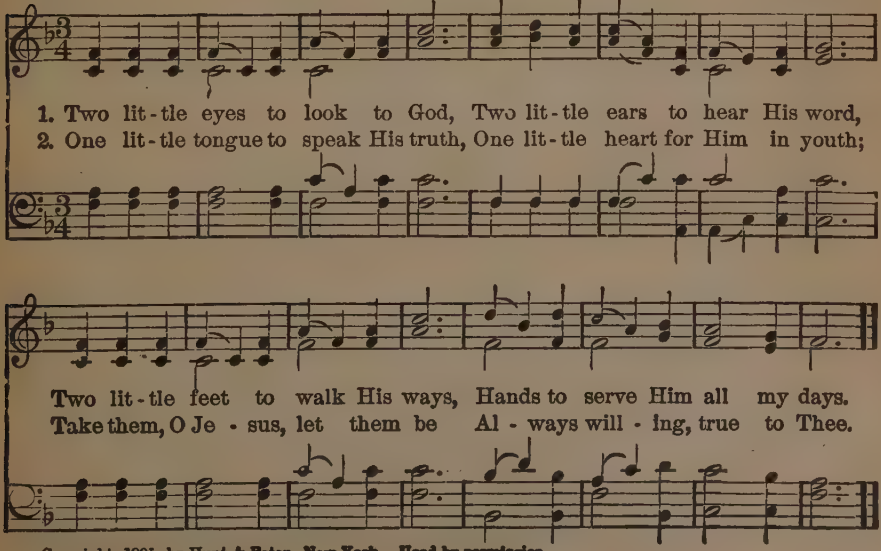
65 Jesus, From Thy Throne on High.

T. B. Pollock. W. S. Hoyte.


1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,
3. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine,
4. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho - ly way,
5. May our tho'ts be un - de - filed; May our words be true and mild;
Look on us with lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Lit - tle ones be whol - ly Thine; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Ev - er read - y to o - bey; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Make us each a ho - ly child; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

66 Two Little Eyes.

Anon. S. V. R. Ford.


1. Two lit - tle eyes to look to God, Two lit - tle ears to hear His word,
2. One lit - tle tongue to speak His truth, One lit - tle heart for Him in youth;
Two lit - tle feet to walk His ways, Hands to serve Him all my days.
Take them, O Je - sus, let them be Al - ways will - ing, true to Thee.

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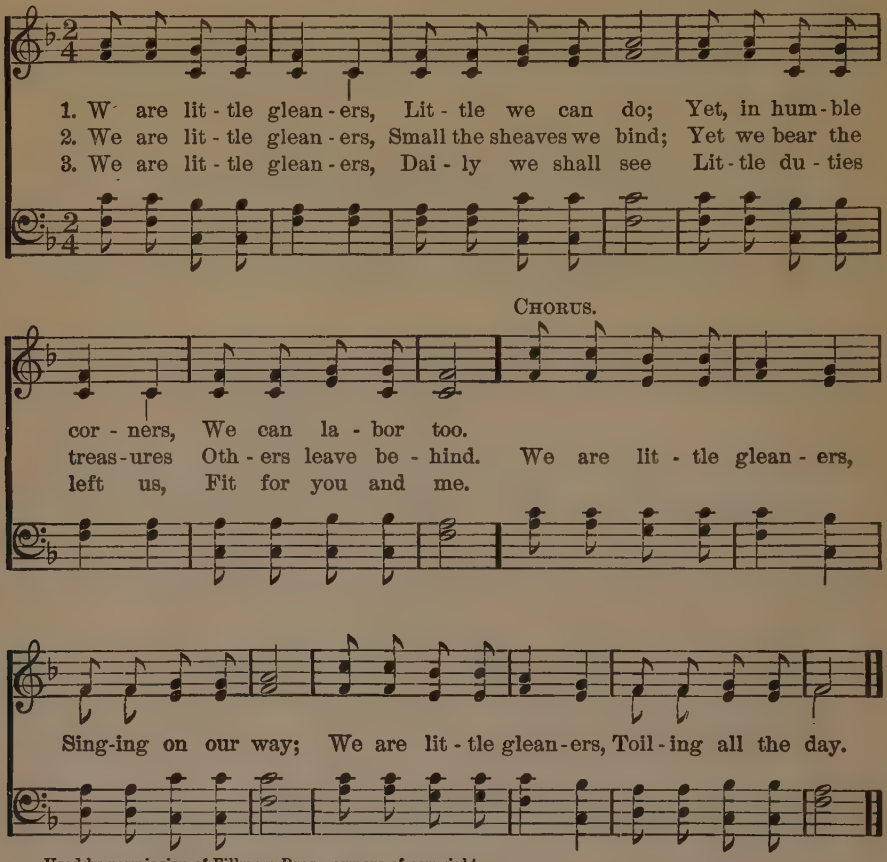
67 We Are Little Gleaners.

J. H. Fillmore.


1. We are lit - tle glean - ers, Lit - tle we can do; Yet, in hum - ble
2. We are lit - tle glean - ers, Small the sheaves we bind; Yet we bear the
3. We are lit - tle glean - ers, Dai - ly we shall see Lit - tle du - ties
Chorus.
cor - ners, We can la - bor too.
treas - ures Oth - ers leave be - hind. We are lit - tle glean - ers,
left us, Fit for you and me.
Sing-ing on our way; We are lit - tle glean - ers, Toil - ing all the day.

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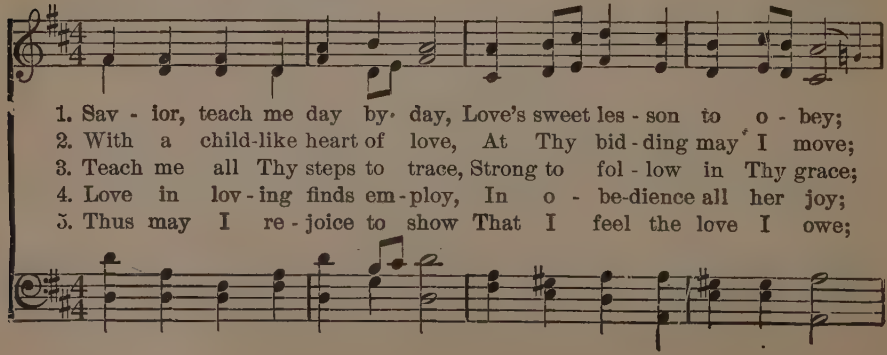
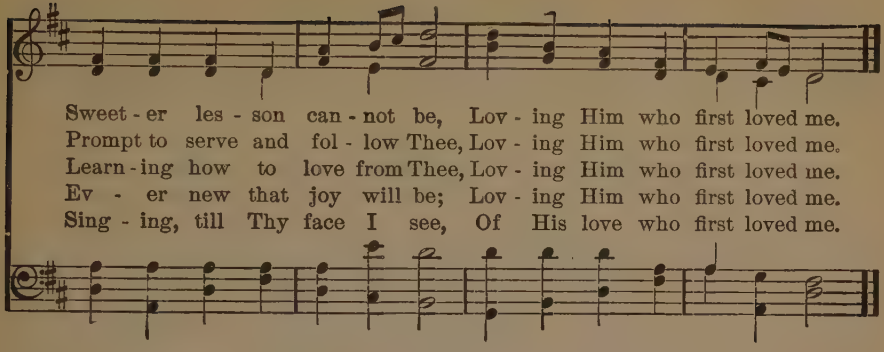
68 Savior, Teach Me Day by Day.

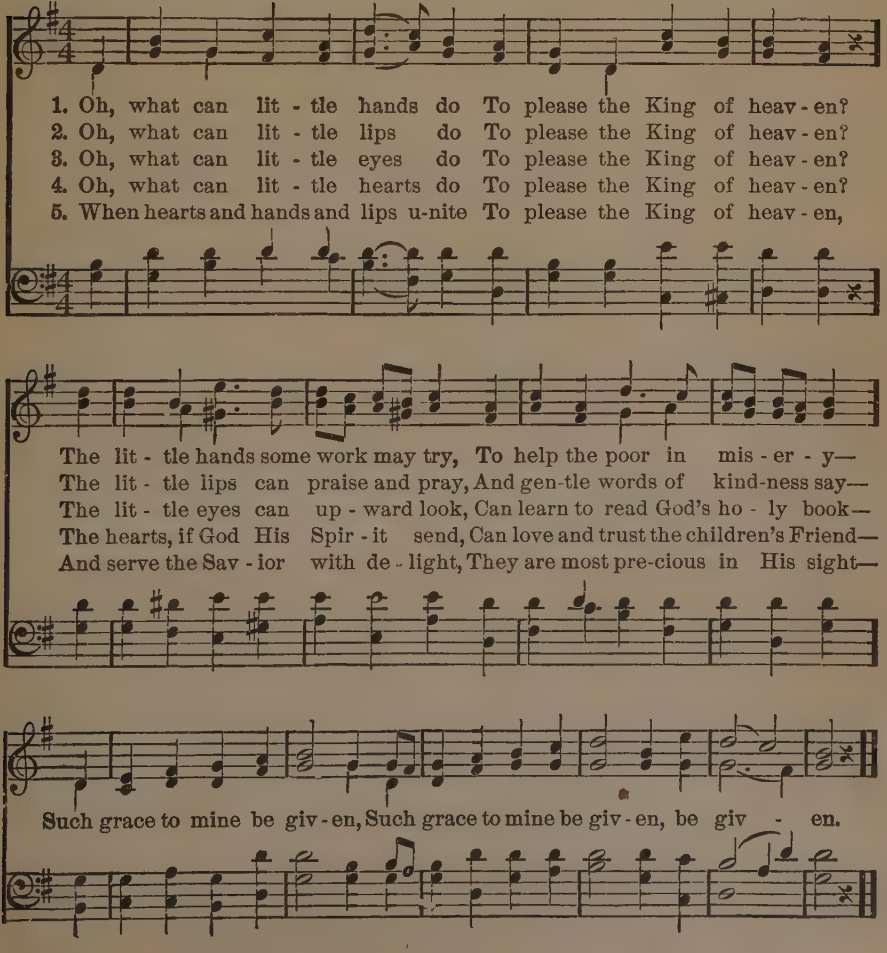
Jane E. Leason. Alt. and Abridged. J. B. Dykes.


1. Sav - ior, teach me day by - day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be-dience all her joy;
5. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;


Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be; Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

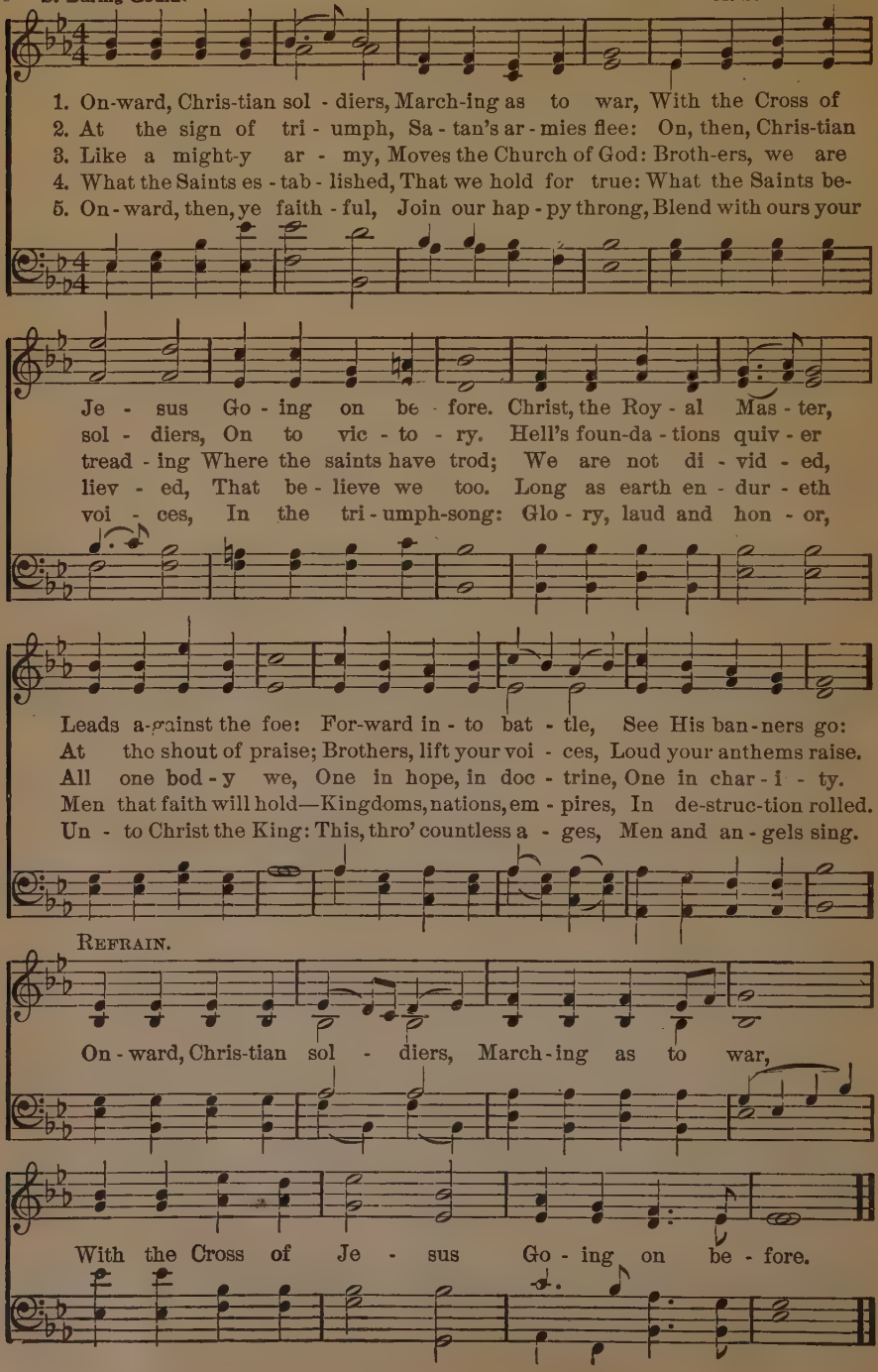
69 Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?

Grace W. Hinsdale. From the German.


1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heav - en?
2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heav - en?
3. Oh, what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heav - en?
4. Oh, what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heav - en?
5. When hearts and hands and lips u-nite To please the King of heav - en,
The lit - tle hands some work may try, To help the poor in mis - er - y—
The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen-tle words of kind-ness say—
The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly book—
The hearts, if God His Spir - it send, Can love and trust the children's Friend—
And serve the Sav - ior with de - light, They are most pre-cious in His sight—
Such grace to mine be giv - en, Such grace to mine be giv - en, be giv - en.

70 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

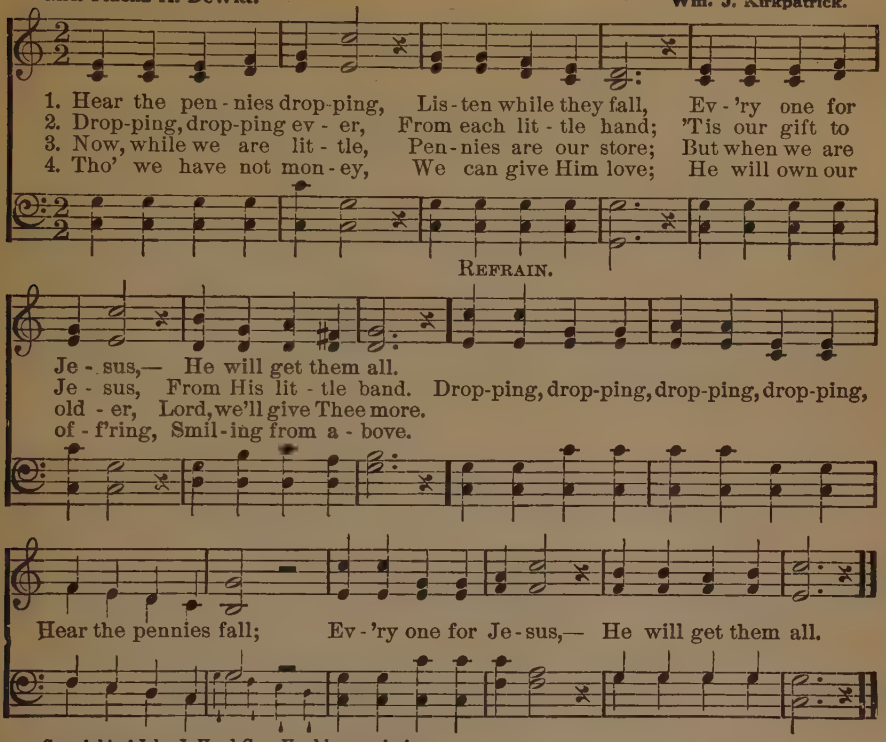
S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's ar - mies flee: On, then, Chris-tian
3. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are
4. What the Saints es - tab - lished, That we hold for true: What the Saints be-
5. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun-da - tions quiv - er
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
liev - ed, That be - lieve we too. Long as earth en - dur - eth
voi - ces, In the tri - umph-song: Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,
Leads a-gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go:
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Men that faith will hold—Kingdoms, nations, em - pires, In de-struc-tion rolled.
Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
Refrain.
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Offering.

71 Dropping Pennies.

Mrs. Fidelia H. DeWitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hear the pen - nies drop-ping, Lis - ten while they fall, Ev - 'ry one for
2. Drop-ping, drop-ping ev - er, From each lit - tle hand; 'Tis our gift to
3. Now, while we are lit - tle, Pen - nies are our store; But when we are
4. Tho' we have not mon - ey, We can give Him love; He will own our
REFRAIN.
Je - sus,— He will get them all.
Je - sus, From His lit - tle band. Drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping,
old - er, Lord, we'll give Thee more.
of - f'ring, Smil - ing from a - bove.
Hear the pennies fall; Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus,— He will get them all.

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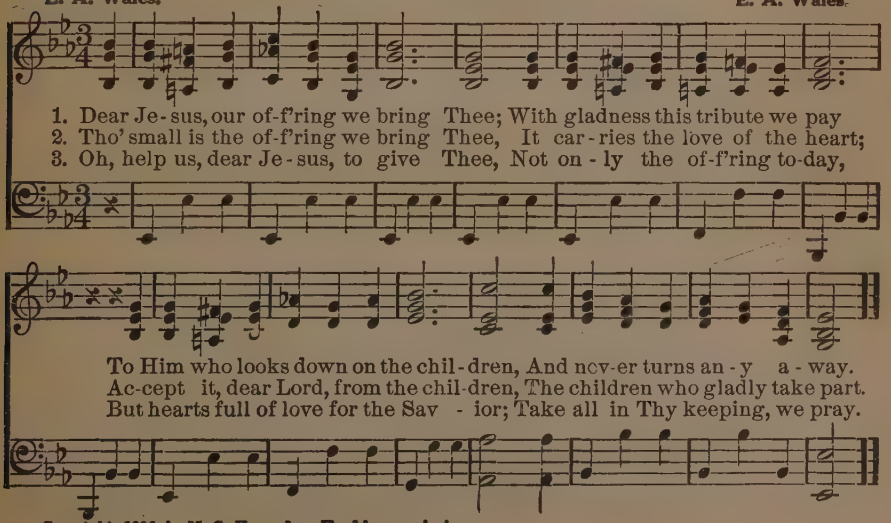
72 Offering Song.

E. A. Wales. E. A. Wales.


1. Dear Je - sus, our of-f'ring we bring Thee; With gladness this tribute we pay
2. Tho' small is the of-f'ring we bring Thee, It car - ries the love of the heart;
3. Oh, help us, dear Je - sus, to give Thee, Not on - ly the of-f'ring to-day,
To Him who looks down on the chil - dren, And nev-er turns an - y a - way.
Ac-cept it, dear Lord, from the chil-dren, The children who gladly take part.
But hearts full of love for the Sav - ior; Take all in Thy keeping, we pray.

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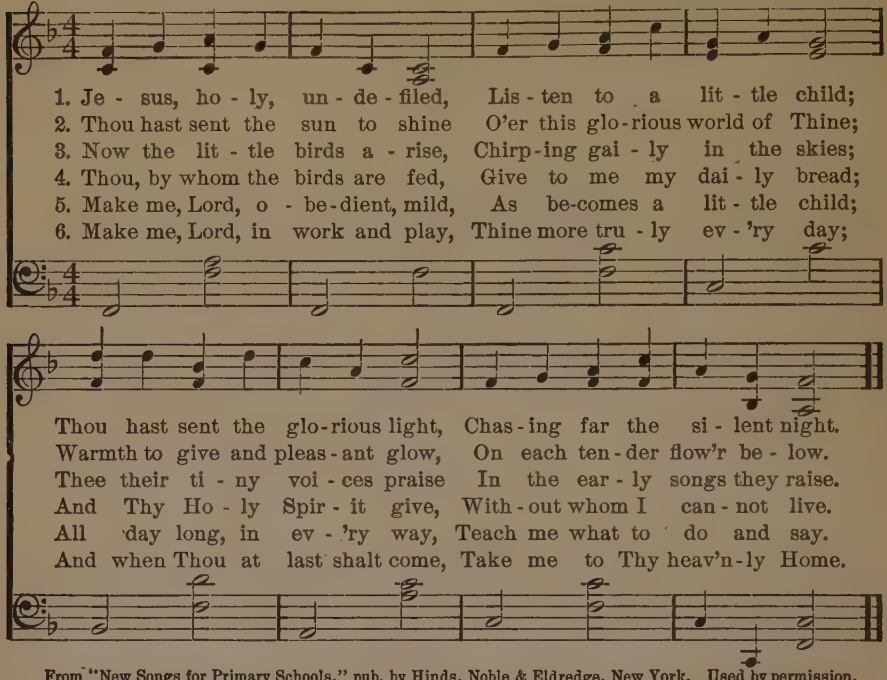
73 Jesus, Holy, Undefiled.

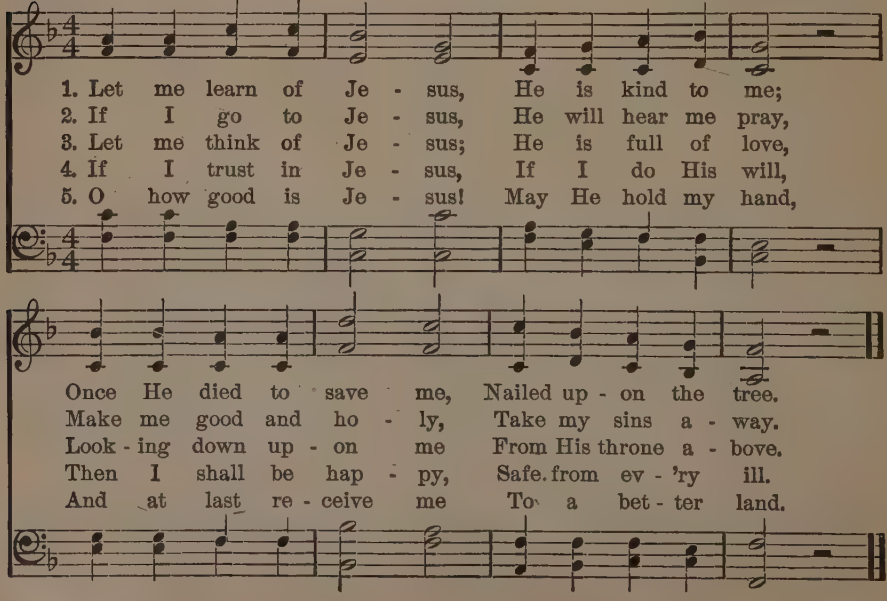
Mrs. E. Shepcote. Henrietta A. Halsey.


1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child;
2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine;
3. Now the lit - tle birds a - rise, Chirp - ing gai - ly in the skies;
4. Thou, by whom the birds are fed, Give to me my dai - ly bread;
5. Make me, Lord, o - be - dient, mild, As be - comes a lit - tle child;
6. Make me, Lord, in work and play, Thine more tru - ly ev - 'ry day;
Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
Warmth to give and pleas - ant glow, On each ten - der flow'r be - low.
Thee their ti - ny voi - ces praise In the ear - ly songs they raise.
And Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give, With - out whom I can - not live.
All day long, in ev - 'ry way, Teach me what to do and say.
And when Thou at last shalt come, Take me to Thy heav'n - ly Home.

From "New Songs for Primary Schools," pub. by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York. Used by permission.

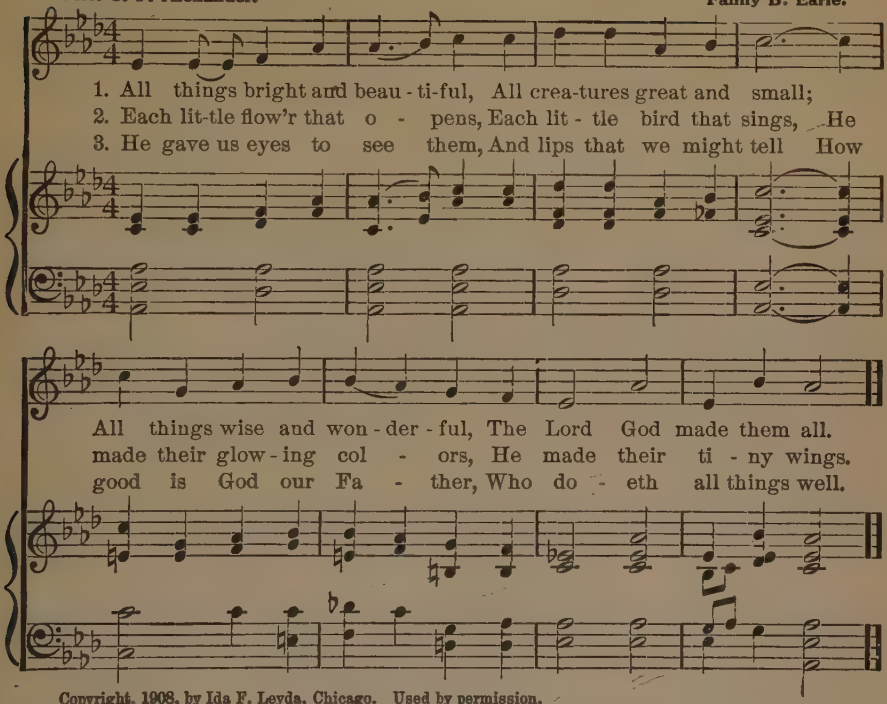
74 Let Me Learn of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. Joh. Chr. H. Rink.


1. Let me learn of Je - sus, He is kind to me;
2. If I go to Je - sus, He will hear me pray,
3. Let me think of Je - sus; He is full of love,
4. If I trust in Je - sus, If I do His will,
5. O how good is Je - sus! May He hold my hand,
Once He died to save me, Nailed up - on the tree.
Make me good and ho - ly, Take my sins a - way.
Look - ing down up - on me From His throne a - bove.
Then I shall be hap - py, Safe from ev - 'ry ill.
And at last re - ceive me To a bet - ter land.

75 God's Work.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Fanny B. Earle.


1. All things bright and beau - ti-ful, All crea-tures great and small;
2. Each lit-tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He
3. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.
made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
good is God our Fa - ther, Who do - eth all things well.

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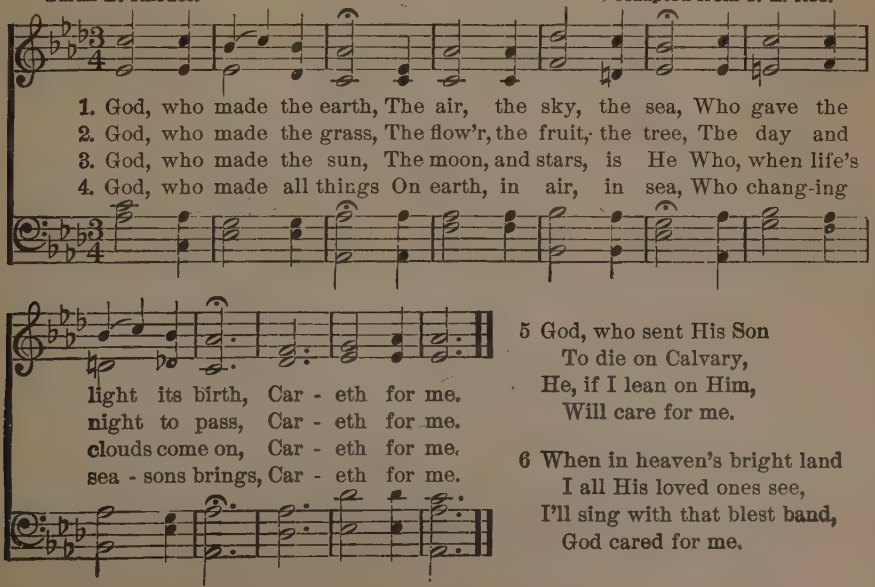
76 God, Who Made the Earth.

Sarah B. Rhodes. Adapted from J. E. Roe.

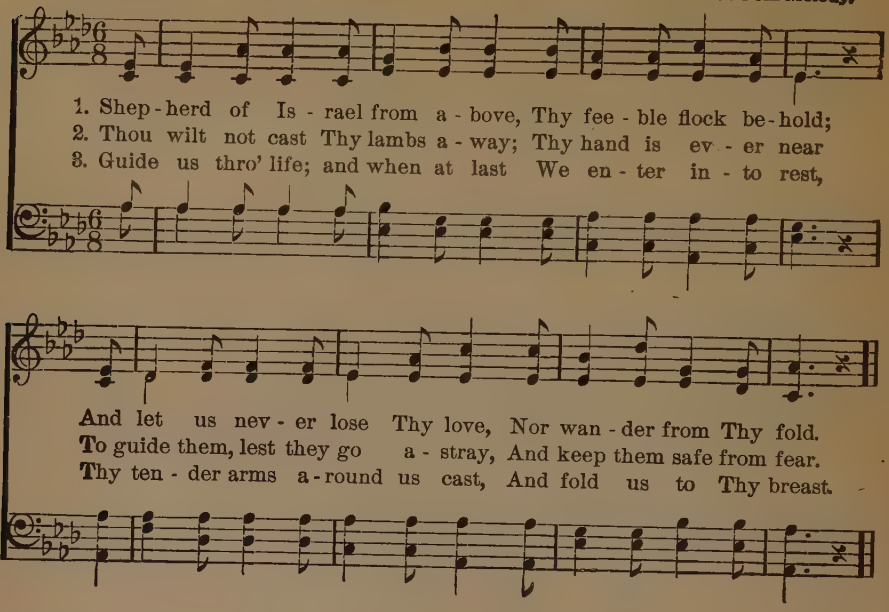

1. God, who made the earth, The air, the sky, the sea, Who gave the
2. God, who made the grass, The flow'r, the fruit, the tree, The day and
3. God, who made the sun, The moon, and stars, is He Who, when life's
4. God, who made all things On earth, in air, in sea, Who chang-ing
light its birth, Car - eth for me.
night to pass, Car - eth for me.
clouds come on, Car - eth for me.
sea - sons brings, Car - eth for me.

5 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

6 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

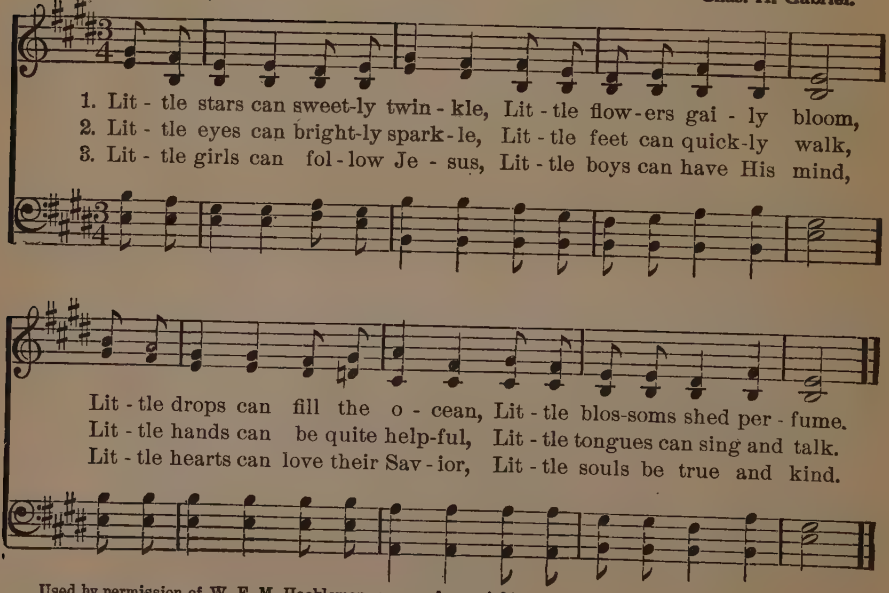
77 Shepherd of Israel.

Wm. H. Bathurst. Swedish Folk-Melody.


1. Shep-herd of Is-rael from a-bove, Thy fee-ble flock be-hold;
2. Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs a-way; Thy hand is ev-er near
3. Guide us thro' life; and when at last We en-ter in-to rest,
And let us nev-er lose Thy love, Nor wan-der from Thy fold.
To guide them, lest they go a-stray, And keep them safe from fear.
Thy ten-der arms a-round us cast, And fold us to Thy breast.

78 Little Stars.

Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lit-tle stars can sweet-ly twin-kle, Lit-tle flow-ers gai-ly bloom,
2. Lit-tle eyes can bright-ly spark-le, Lit-tle feet can quick-ly walk,
3. Lit-tle girls can fol-low Je-sus, Lit-tle boys can have His mind,
Lit-tle drops can fill the o-cean, Lit-tle blos-soms shed per-fume.
Lit-tle hands can be quite help-ful, Lit-tle tongues can sing and talk.
Lit-tle hearts can love their Sav-ior, Lit-tle souls be true and kind.

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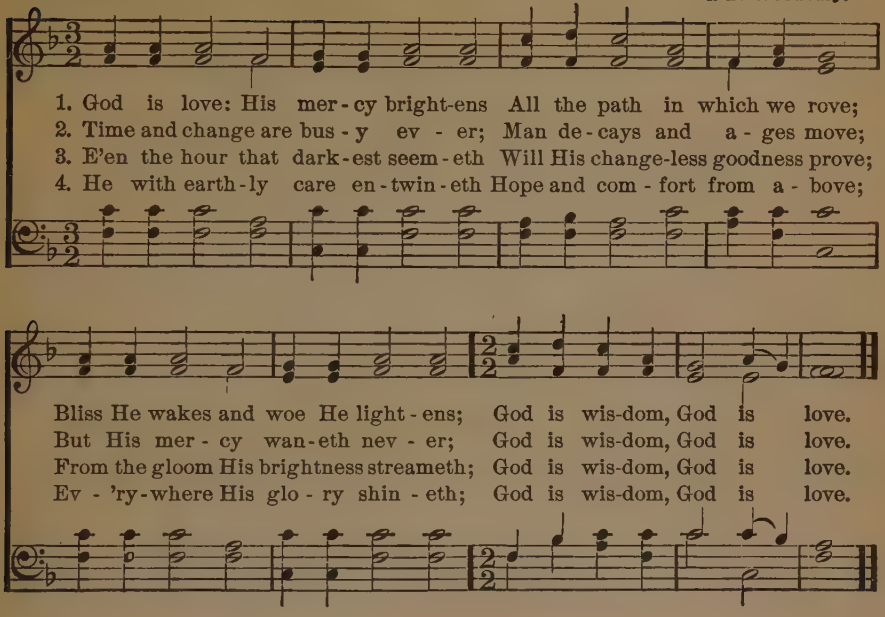
79

God is Love.

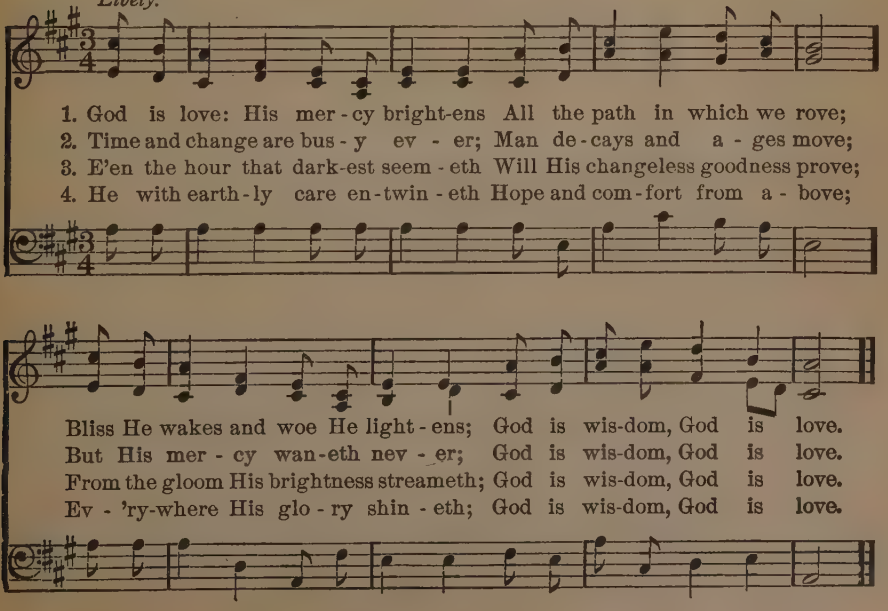
Sir John Bowring. I. B. Woodbury.


1. God is love: His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His change-less goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly care en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

God is Love.

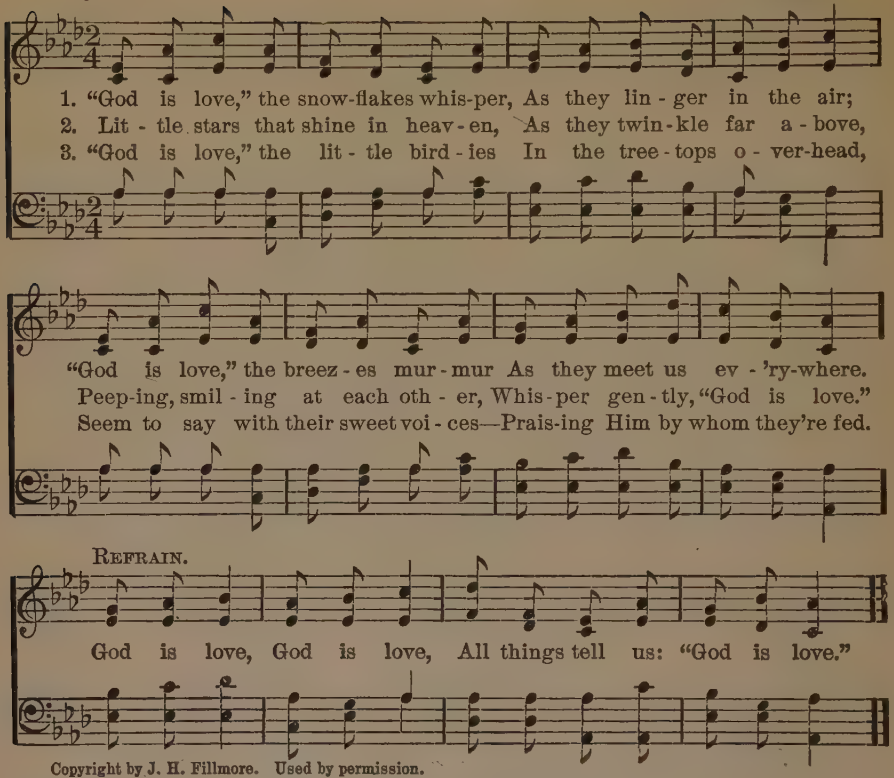
Sir John Bowring. (*Second Melody.*) From Casket.

Lively.


1. God is love: His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly care en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

80 God is Love.

Harry Lee. J. H. Fillmore.


1. "God is love," the snow-flakes whis-per, As they lin-ger in the air;
2. Lit-tle stars that shine in heav-en, As they twin-kle far a-bove,
3. "God is love," the lit-tle bird-ies In the tree-tops o-ver-head,
"God is love," the breez-es mur-mur As they meet us ev-'ry-where.
Peep-ing, smil-ing at each oth-er, Whis-per gen-tly, "God is love."
Seem to say with their sweet voi-ces—Prais-ing Him by whom they're fed.
Refrain.
God is love, God is love, All things tell us: "God is love."

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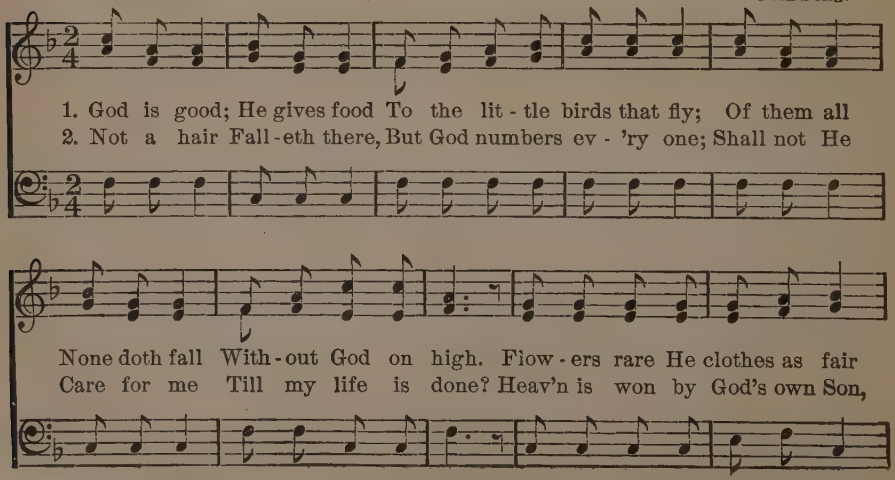
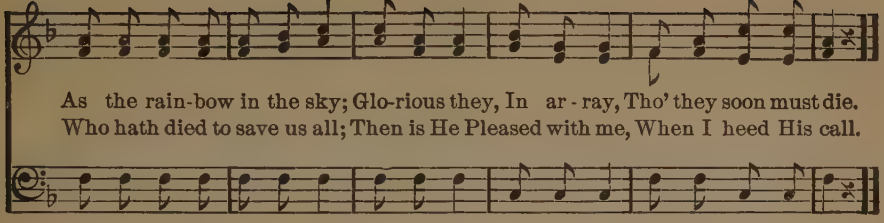
81 God is Good.

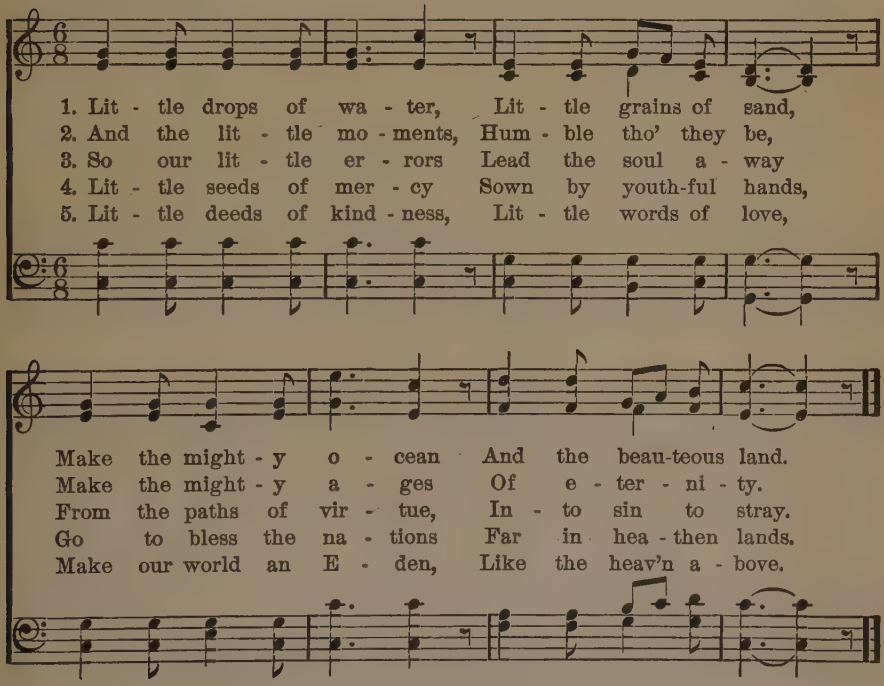
W. H. Lehmann. Folk-Song.


1. God is good; He gives food To the lit-tle birds that fly; Of them all
2. Not a hair Fall-eth there, But God numbers ev-'ry one; Shall not He
None doth fall With-out God on high. Flow-ers rare He clothes as fair
Care for me Till my life is done? Heav'n is won by God's own Son,


As the rain-bow in the sky; Glo-rious they, In ar - ray, Tho' they soon must die.
Who hath died to save us all; Then is He Pleased with me, When I heed His call.

82 Little Drops of Water.

Ebenezer C. Brewer. German.


1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy Sown by youth-ful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,
Make the might - y o - cean And the beau-teous land.
Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the paths of vir - tue, In - to sin to stray.
Go to bless the na - tions Far in hea - then lands.
Make our world an E - den, Like the heav'n a - bove.

83 God Is Ever Good.

(*Same Melody as 82.*)

1 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good!"

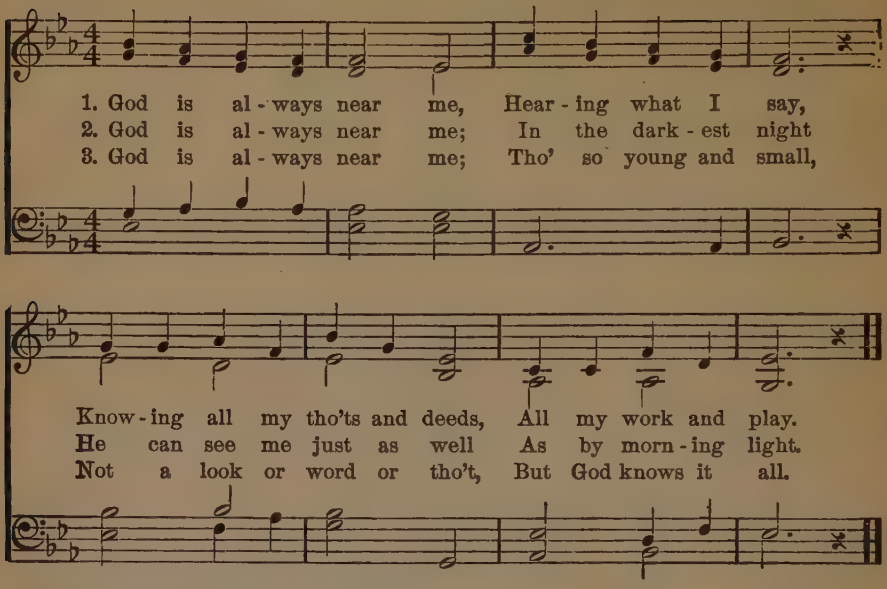
2 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!'

3 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

4 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

84 God is Always Near Me.

Eleanor Smith.


1. God is al - ways near me, Hear - ing what I say,
2. God is al - ways near me; In the dark - est night
3. God is al - ways near me; Tho' so young and small,
Know - ing all my tho'ts and deeds, All my work and play.
He can see me just as well As by morn - ing light.
Not a look or word or tho't, But God knows it all.

From "Songs for Little Children," by Eleanor Smith.
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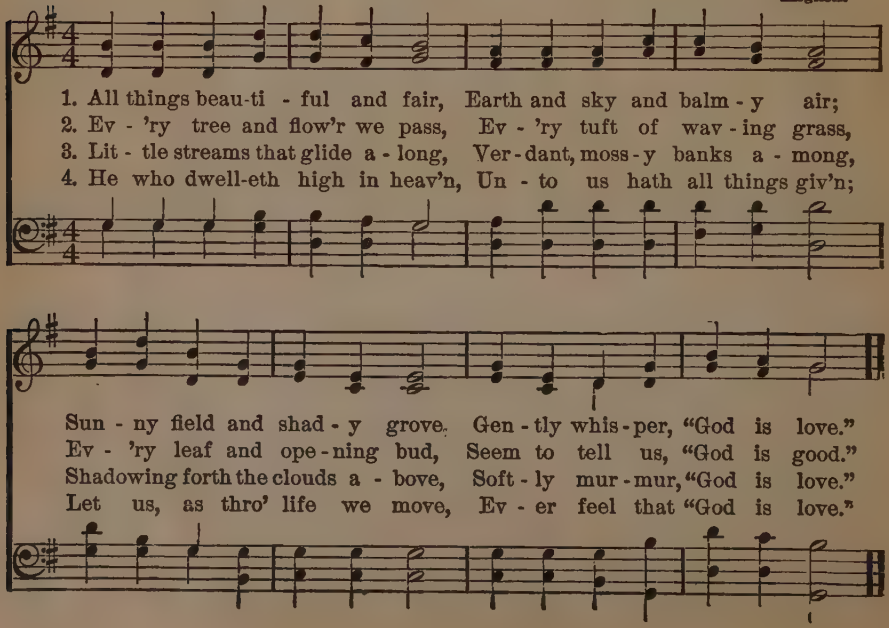
85 Praise in Nature.

English.


1. All things beau-ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air;
2. Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass, Ev - 'ry tuft of wav - ing grass,
3. Lit - tle streams that glide a - long, Ver - dant, moss - y banks a - mong,
4. He who dwell-eth high in heav'n, Un - to us hath all things giv'n;
Sun - ny field and shad - y grove, Gen - tly whis - per, "God is love."
Ev - 'ry leaf and ope - ning bud, Seem to tell us, "God is good."
Shadowing forth the clouds a - bove, Soft - ly mur - mur, "God is love."
Let us, as thro' life we move, Ev - er feel that "God is love."

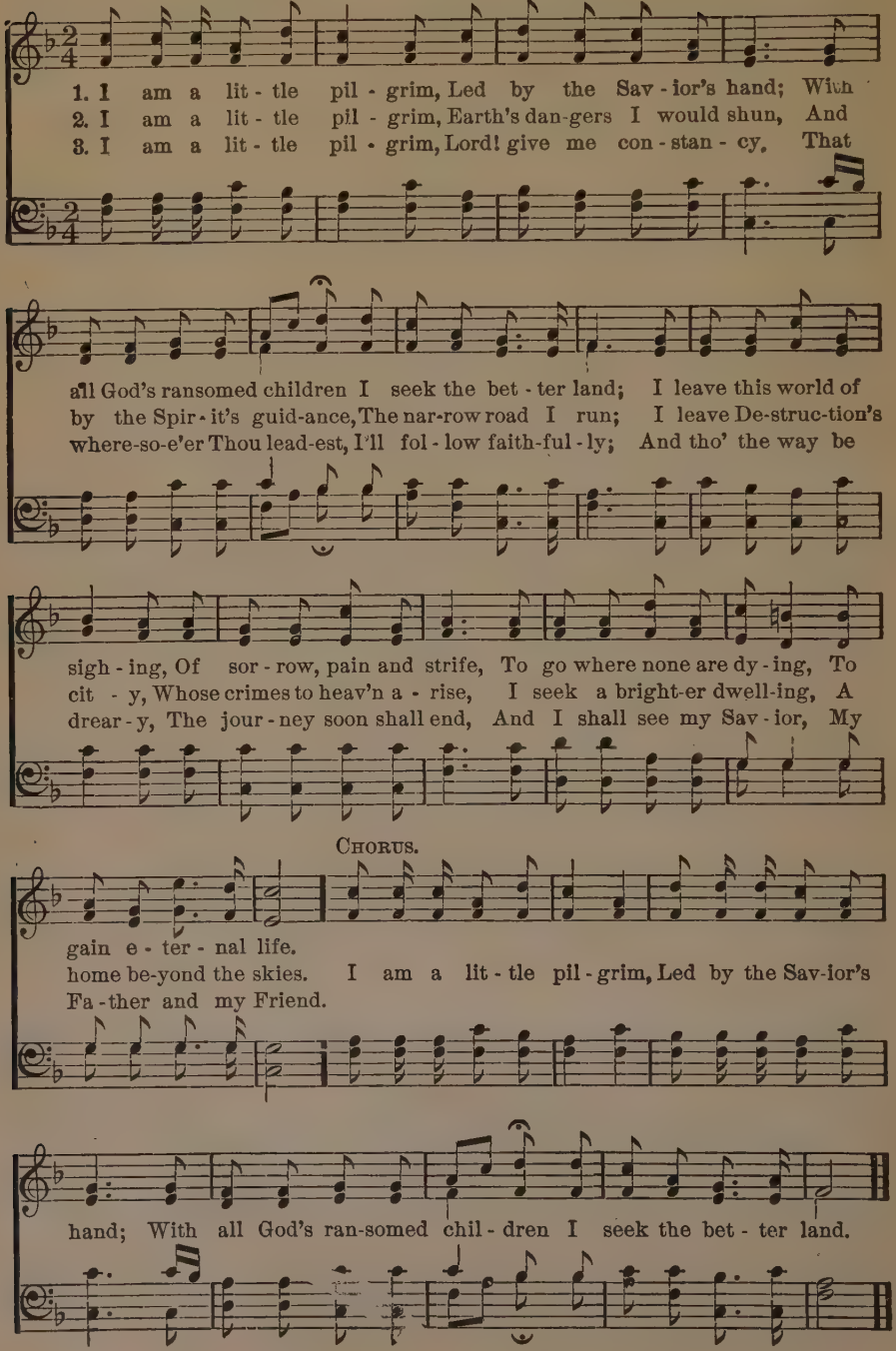
86 Our Father's Care.

Alice C. Jennings. From Voice of Joy.

1. Not a brook-let flow-eth On-ward to the sea,
2. Not a flow-'ret fad-eth, Not a star grows dim,
3. Not a tie is bro-ken, Not a hope laid low,
4. Pow'r e-ter-nal rest-eth In His change-less hand;
Not a sun-beam glow-eth On its bos-om free,
Not a cloud o'er-shad-eth, But 'tis marked by Him.
Not a fare-well spo-ken, But our God doth know.
Love im-mor-tal hast-eth, Swift at His com-mand.
Not a seed un-fold-eth To the glo-rious air,
Dream not that thy glad-ness God doth fail to see;
Ev-'ry hair is num-bered, Ev-'ry tear is weighed
Faith can firm-ly trust Him In the dark-est hour,
But our Fa-ther hold-eth It with-in His care.
Think not in thy sad-ness He for-get-teth thee.
In the change-less bal-ance Wis-est Love has made.
For the key she hold-eth To His love and pow'r.

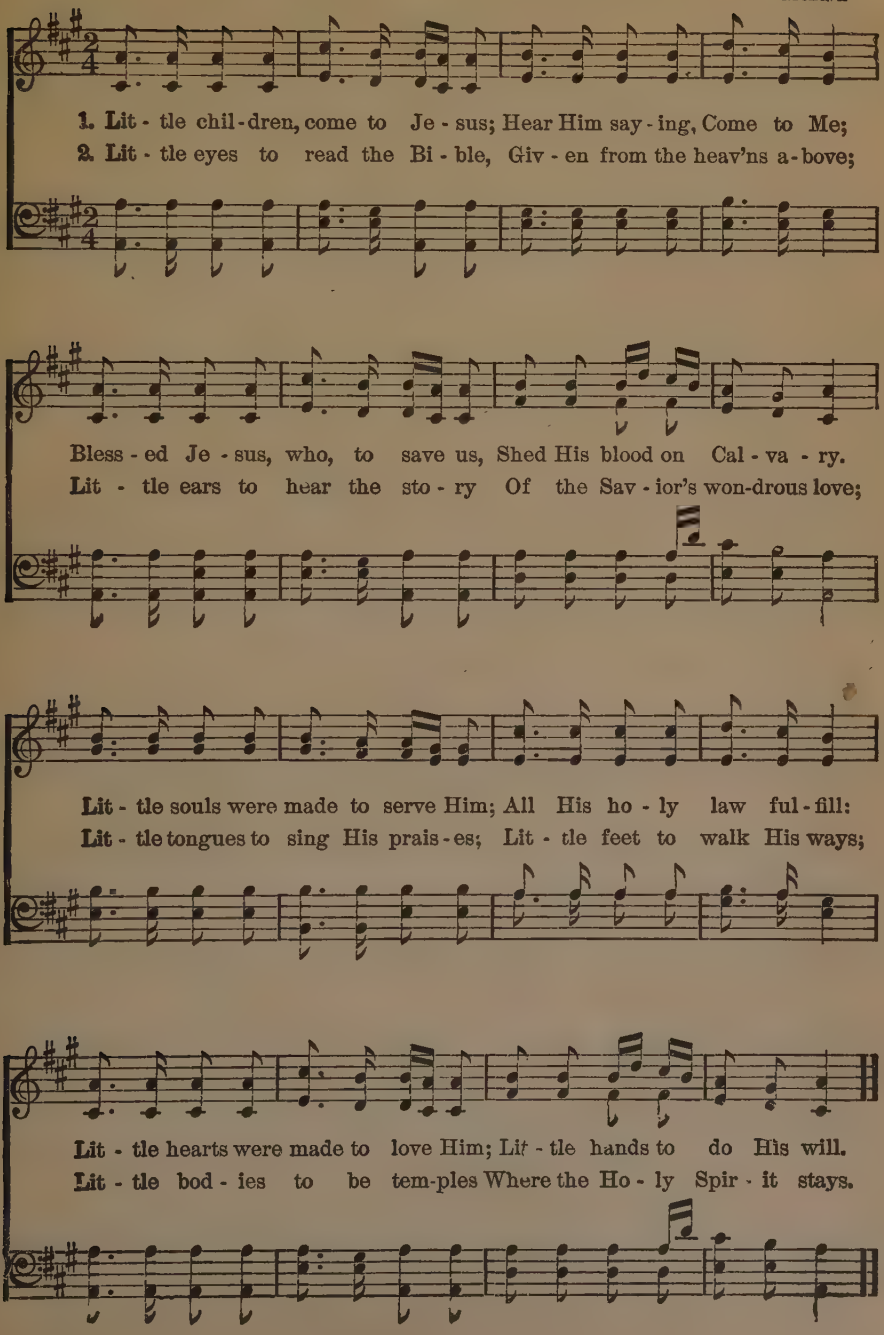
87 I Am a Little Pilgrim.

Adapted by J. H. Spielman. A. B Hoag.


1. I am a lit - tle pil - grim, Led by the Sav - ior's hand; With all God's ransomed children I seek the bet - ter land; I leave this world of sigh - ing, Of sor - row, pain and strife, To go where none are dy - ing, To gain e - ter - nal life.
2. I am a lit - tle pil - grim, Earth's dan-gers I would shun, And by the Spir - it's guid-ance, The nar-row road I run; I leave De-struc-tion's cit - y, Whose crimes to heav'n a - rise, I seek a bright-er dwell-ing, A home be-yond the skies.
3. I am a lit - tle pil - grim, Lord! give me con - stan - cy, That where-so-e'er Thou lead-est, I'll fol - low faith-ful - ly; And tho' the way be drear - y, The jour - ney soon shall end, And I shall see my Sav - ior, My Fa - ther and my Friend.
Chorus.
I am a lit - tle pil - grim, Led by the Sav-ior's hand; With all God's ran-somed chil - dren I seek the bet - ter land.

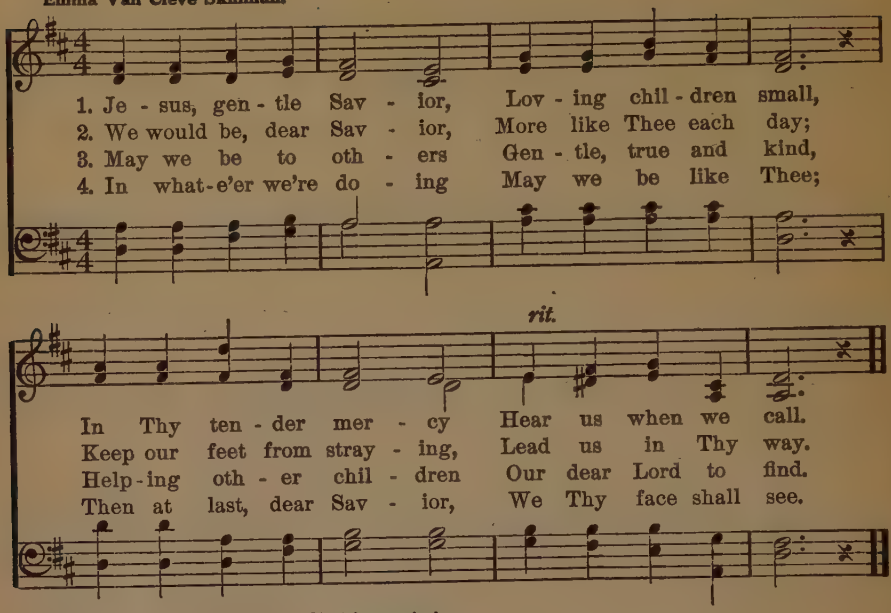
88 Little Children, Come to Jesus.

Mozart.


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, come to Je - sus; Hear Him say - ing, Come to Me;
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heav'ns a - bove;
Bless - ed Je - sus, who, to save us, Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry.
Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's won-drous love;
Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him; All His ho - ly law ful - fill:
Lit - tle tongues to sing His prais - es; Lit - tle feet to walk His ways;
Lit - tle hearts were made to love Him; Lit - tle hands to do His will.
Lit - tle bod - ies to be tem-ples Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.

89 Jesus, Gentle Savior.

Emma Van Cleve Skillman. I. H. Meredith.


1. Je - sus, gen - tle Sav - ior, Lov - ing chil - dren small,
2. We would be, dear Sav - ior, More like Thee each day;
3. May we be to oth - ers Gen - tle, true and kind,
4. In what-e'er we're do - ing May we be like Thee;
rit.
In Thy ten - der mer - cy Hear us when we call.
Keep our feet from stray - ing, Lead us in Thy way.
Help-ing oth - er chil - dren Our dear Lord to find.
Then at last, dear Sav - ior, We Thy face shall see.

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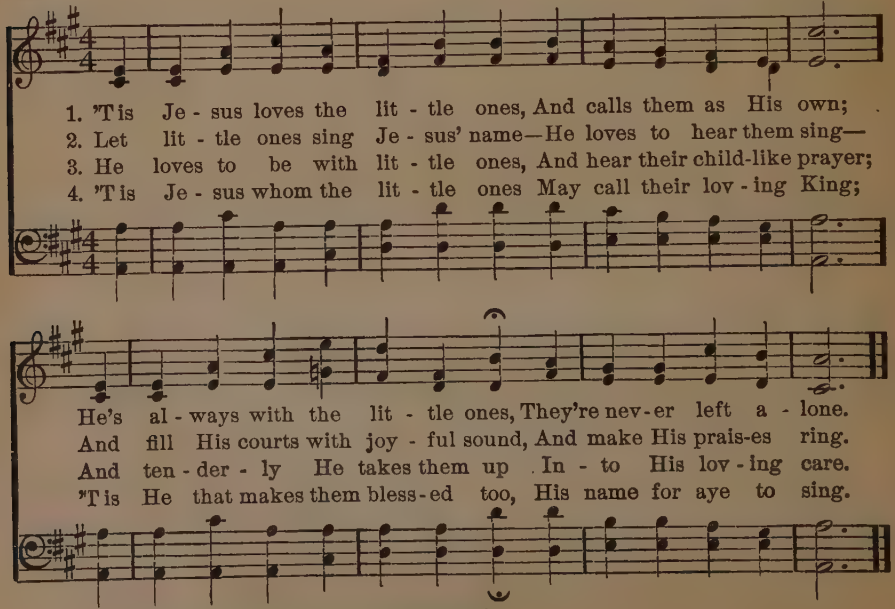
90 Little Ones.

E. Unangst. J. H. Kurzenknabe.


1. 'T is Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, And calls them as His own;
2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je - sus' name—He loves to hear them sing—
3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like prayer;
4. 'T is Je - sus whom the lit - tle ones May call their lov - ing King;
He's al - ways with the lit - tle ones, They're nev-er left a - lone.
And fill His courts with joy - ful sound, And make His prais-es ring.
And ten - der - ly He takes them up In - to His lov - ing care.
'T is He that makes them bless-ed too, His name for aye to sing.

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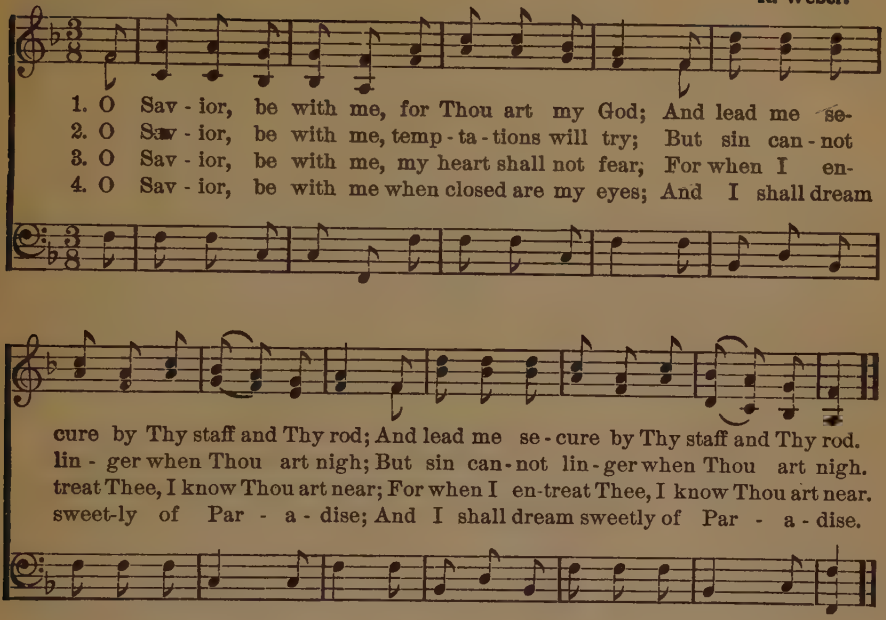
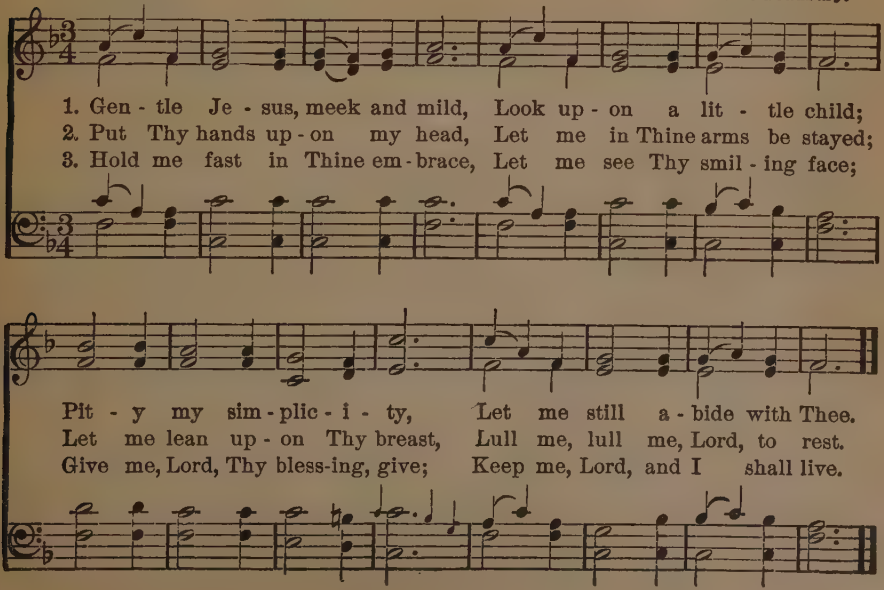
91 O Savior, Be With Me.

W. H. Lehmann. R. Weber.


1. O Sav - ior, be with me, for Thou art my God; And lead me se-
2. O Sav - ior, be with me, temp - ta - tions will try; But sin can - not
3. O Sav - ior, be with me, my heart shall not fear; For when I en-
4. O Sav - ior, be with me when closed are my eyes; And I shall dream
cure by Thy staff and Thy rod; And lead me se - cure by Thy staff and Thy rod.
lin - ger when Thou art nigh; But sin can - not lin - ger when Thou art nigh.
treat Thee, I know Thou art near; For when I en-treat Thee, I know Thou art near.
sweet-ly of Par - a - dise; And I shall dream sweetly of Par - a - dise.

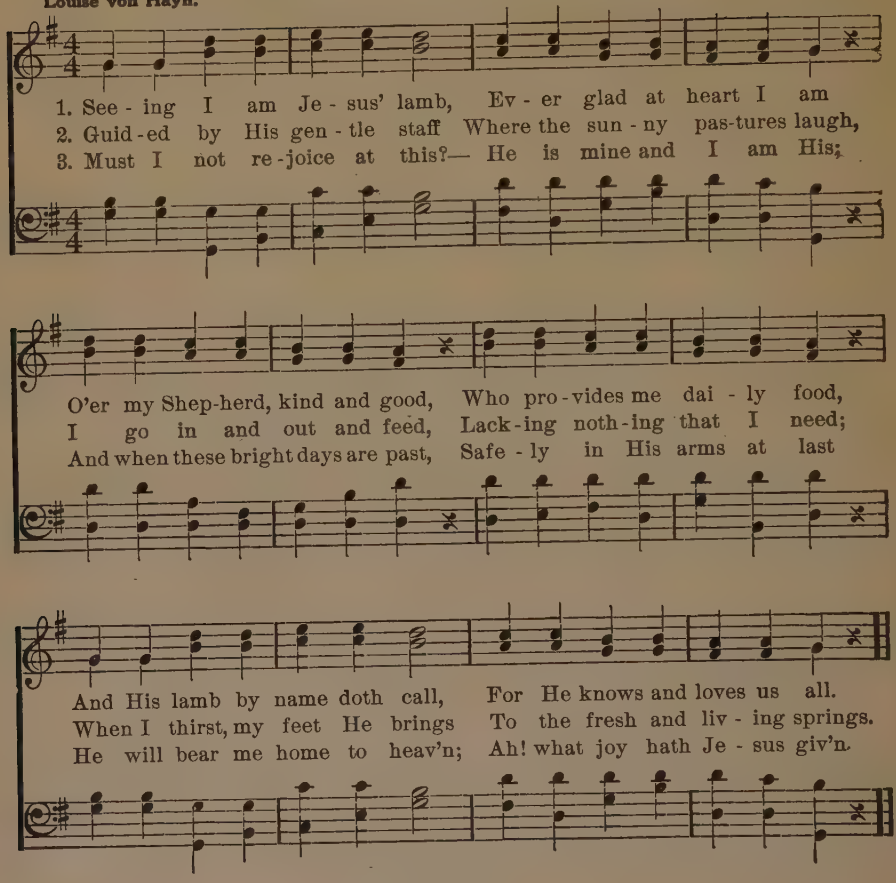
92 Gentle Jesus.

Charles Wesley. W. B. Bradbury.


1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Put Thy hands up - on my head, Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
3. Hold me fast in Thine em - brace, Let me see Thy smil - ing face;
Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, Let me still a - bide with Thee.
Let me lean up - on Thy breast, Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.
Give me, Lord, Thy bless-ing, give; Keep me, Lord, and I shall live.

93 Seeing I Am Jesus' Lamb.

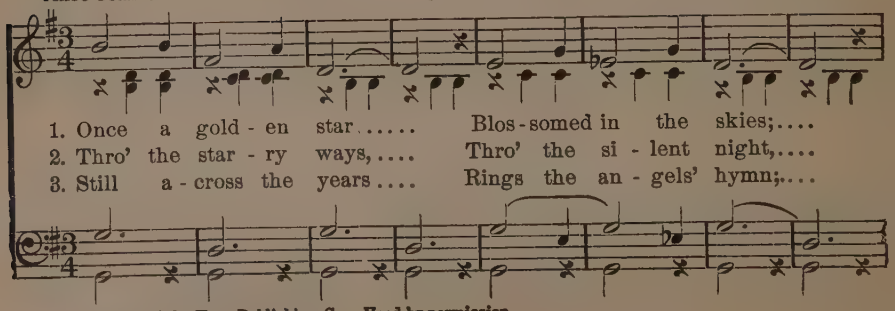
Louise von Hayn. German.


1. See - ing I am Je - sus' lamb, Ev - er glad at heart I am
2. Guid - ed by His gen - tle staff Where the sun - ny pas-tures laugh,
3. Must I not re - joice at this?— He is mine and I am His;
O'er my Shep-herd, kind and good, Who pro - vides me dai - ly food,
I go in and out and feed, Lack - ing noth - ing that I need;
And when these bright days are past, Safe - ly in His arms at last
And His lamb by name doth call, For He knows and loves us all.
When I thirst, my feet He brings To the fresh and liv - ing springs.
He will bear me home to heav'n; Ah! what joy hath Je - sus giv'n.

Nursery.

94 Once a Golden Star.

Alice Jean Cleator. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Once a gold - en star..... Blos - somed in the skies;....
2. Thro' the star - ry ways,.... Thro' the si - lent night,....
3. Still a - cross the years.... Rings the an - gels' hymn;....

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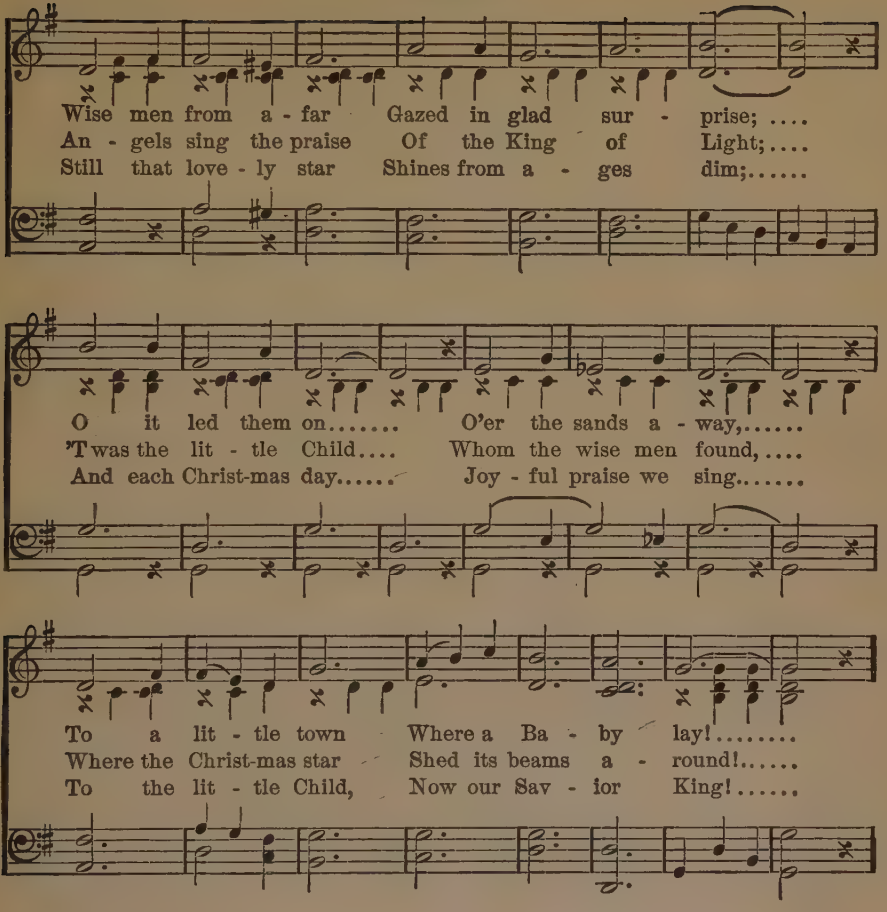
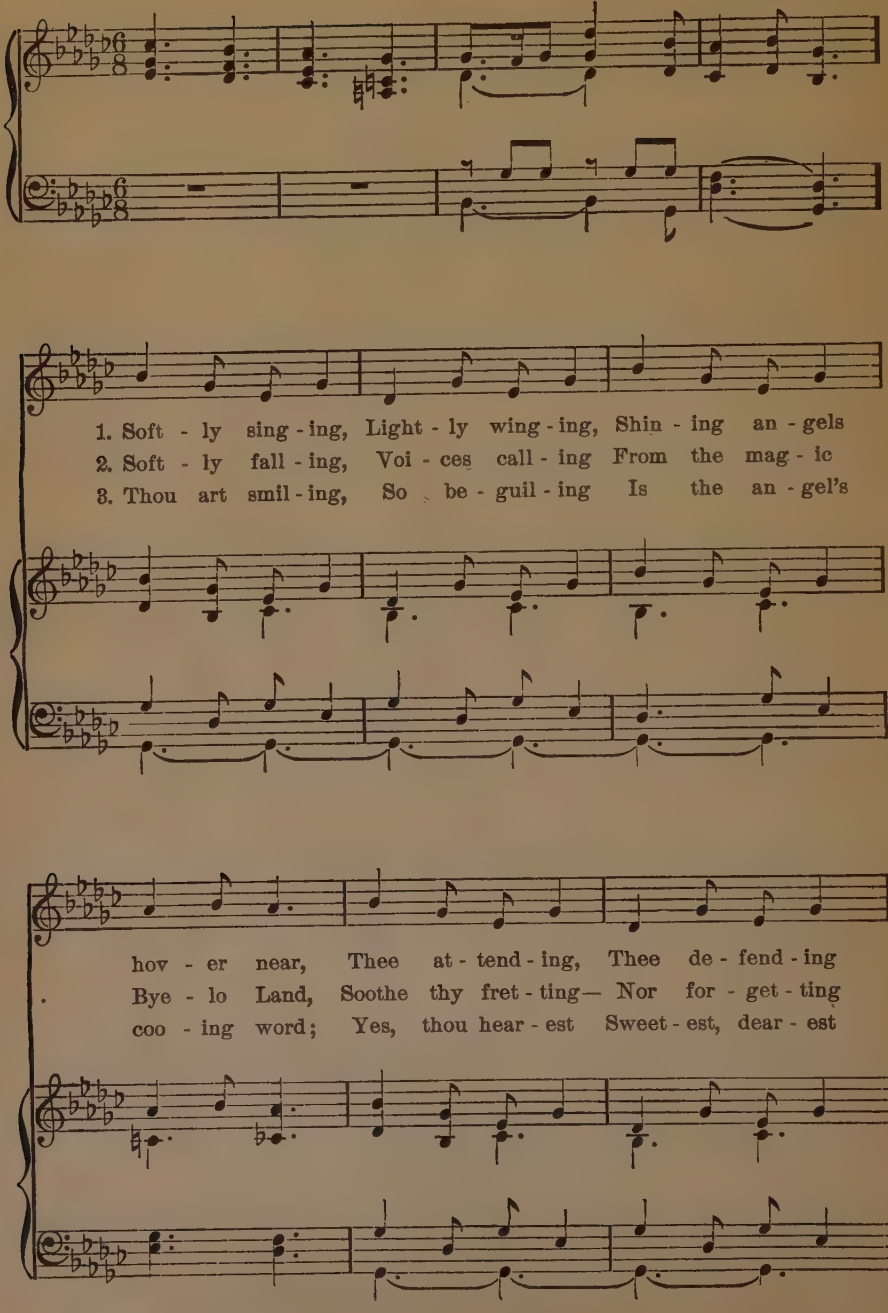

Wise men from a - far Gazed in glad sur - prise; ....
An - gels sing the praise Of the King of Light;....
Still that love - ly star Shines from a - ges dim;.....
O it led them on..... O'er the sands a - way,.....
'Twas the lit - tle Child.... Whom the wise men found,....
And each Christ-mas day..... Joy - ful praise we sing.....
To a lit - tle town Where a Ba - by lay!.....
Where the Christ-mas star Shed its beams a - round!.....
To the lit - tle Child, Now our Sav - ior King!.....
Refrain.
Bye, bye, sleep, lit - tle One, An-gels are watch - ing o - ver Thee;
Bye, bye, sleep, lit - tle One, An-gels are watching o'er Thee.....

95

Slumber-Angels.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Soft - ly sing - ing, Light - ly wing - ing, Shin - ing an - gels
2. Soft - ly fall - ing, Voi - ces call - ing From the mag - ic
3. Thou art smil - ing, So be - guil - ing Is the an - gel's
hov - er near, Thee at - tend - ing, Thee de - fend - ing
Bye - lo Land, Soothe thy fret - ting— Nor for - get - ting
coo - ing word; Yes, thou hear - est Sweet - est, dear - est

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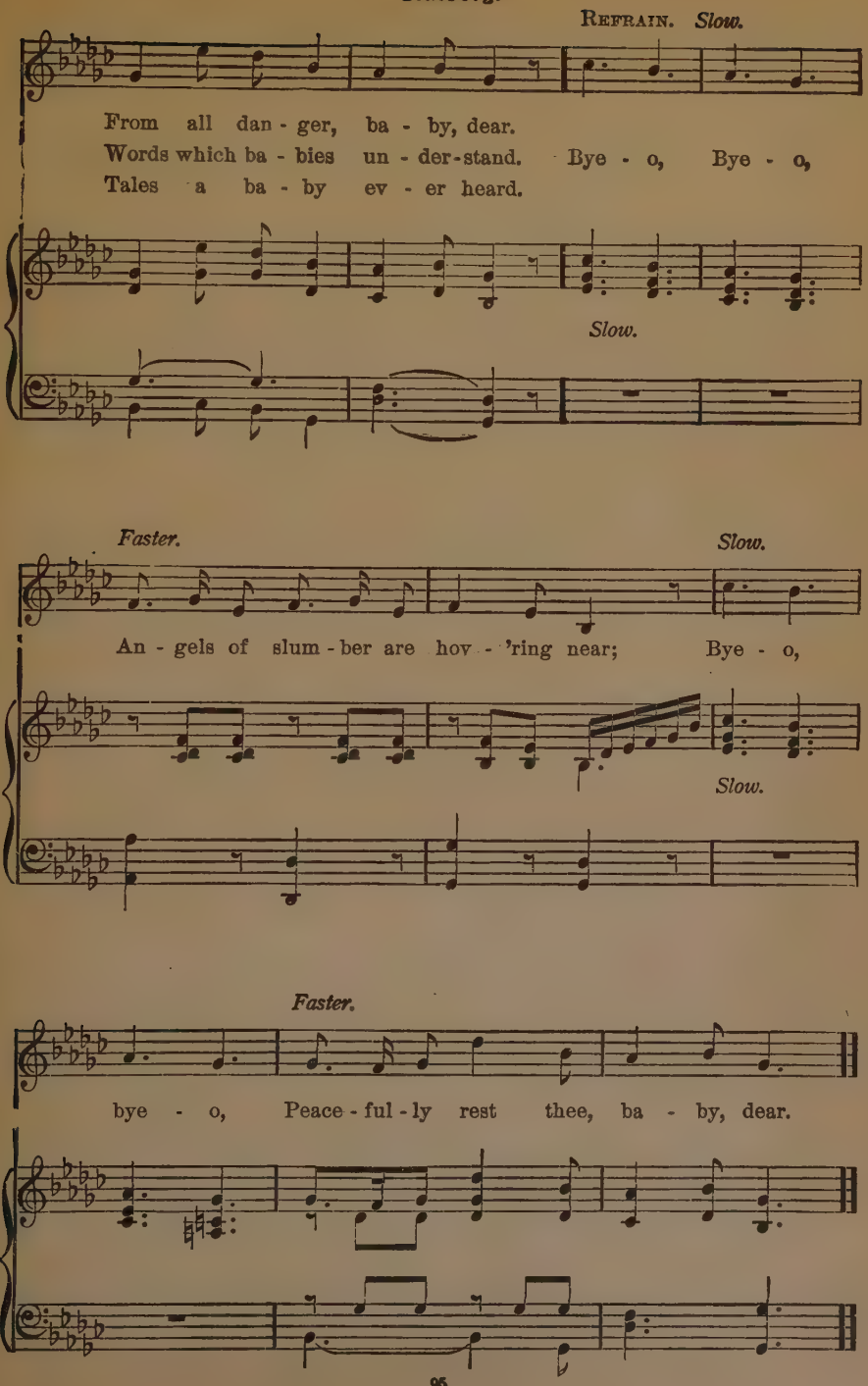
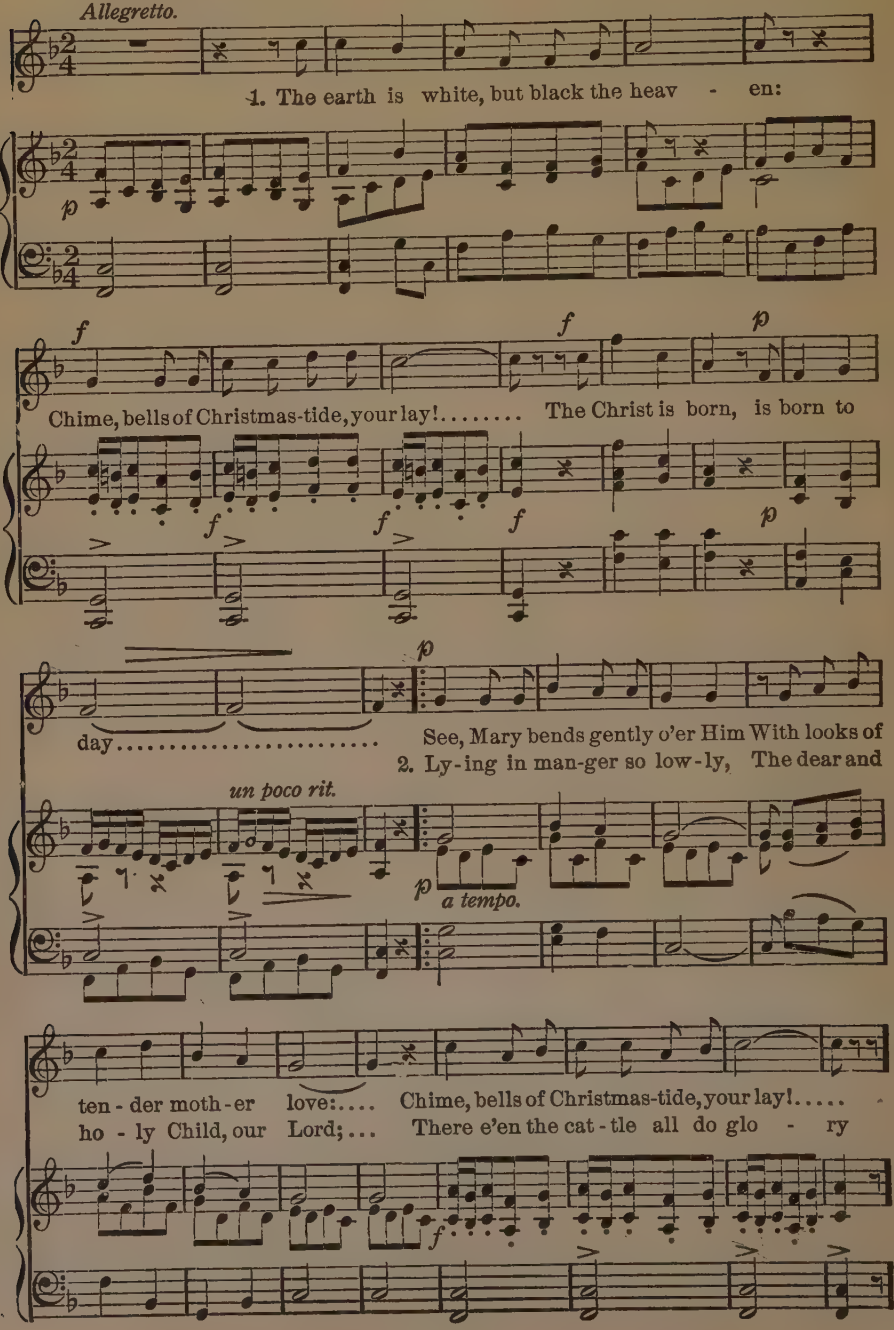

Refrain. Slow.
From all dan - ger, ba - by, dear.
Words which ba - bies un - der-stand. Bye - o, Bye - o,
Tales a ba - by ev - er heard.
Slow.
Faster.
Slow.
An - gels of slum - ber are hov - 'ring near; Bye - o,
Slow.
Faster.
bye - o, Peace - ful - ly rest thee, ba - by, dear.

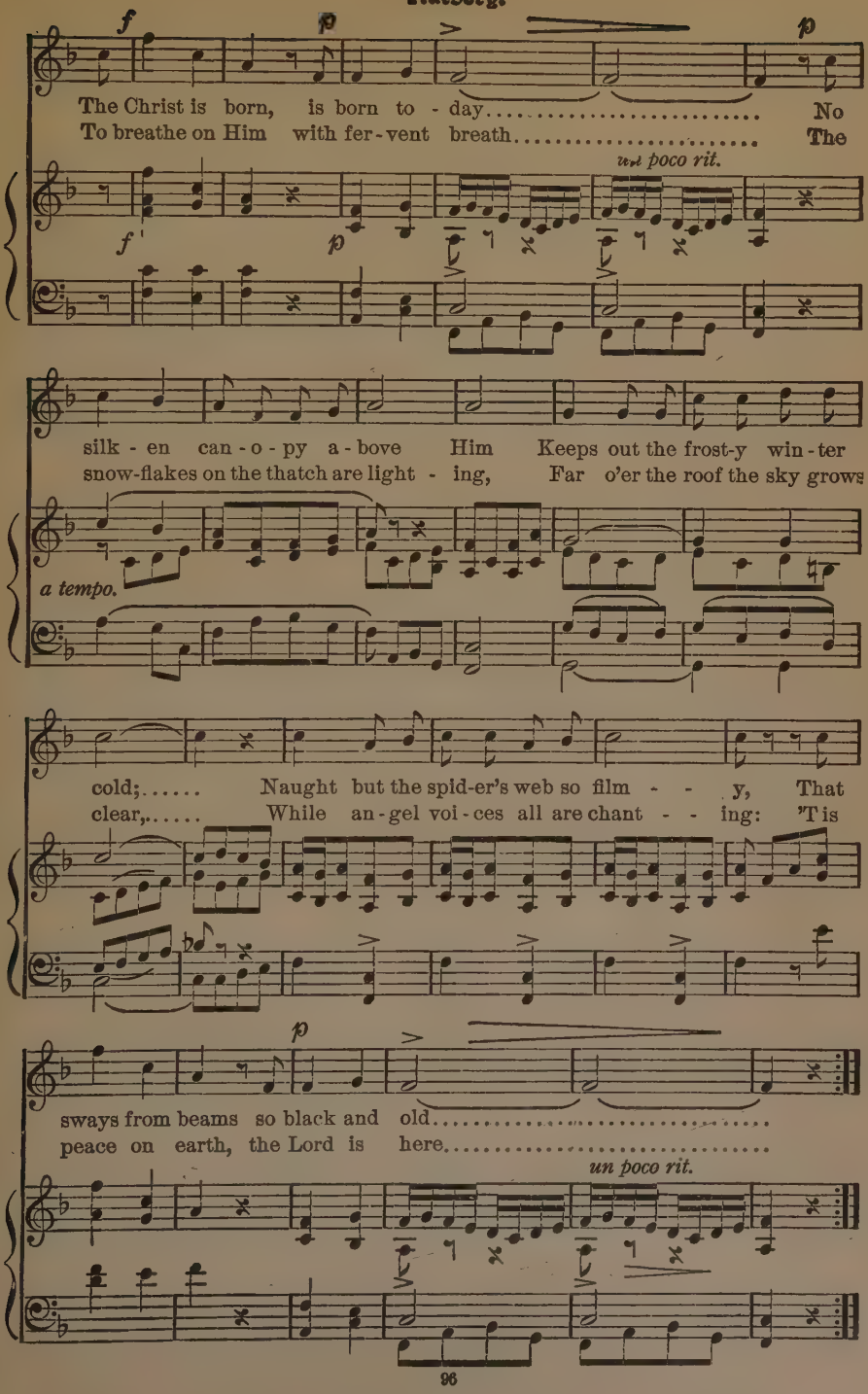
96 The Christ is Born.

T. Gautier.
Transl. by Frieda Douty, Altered.

Emile Louis.

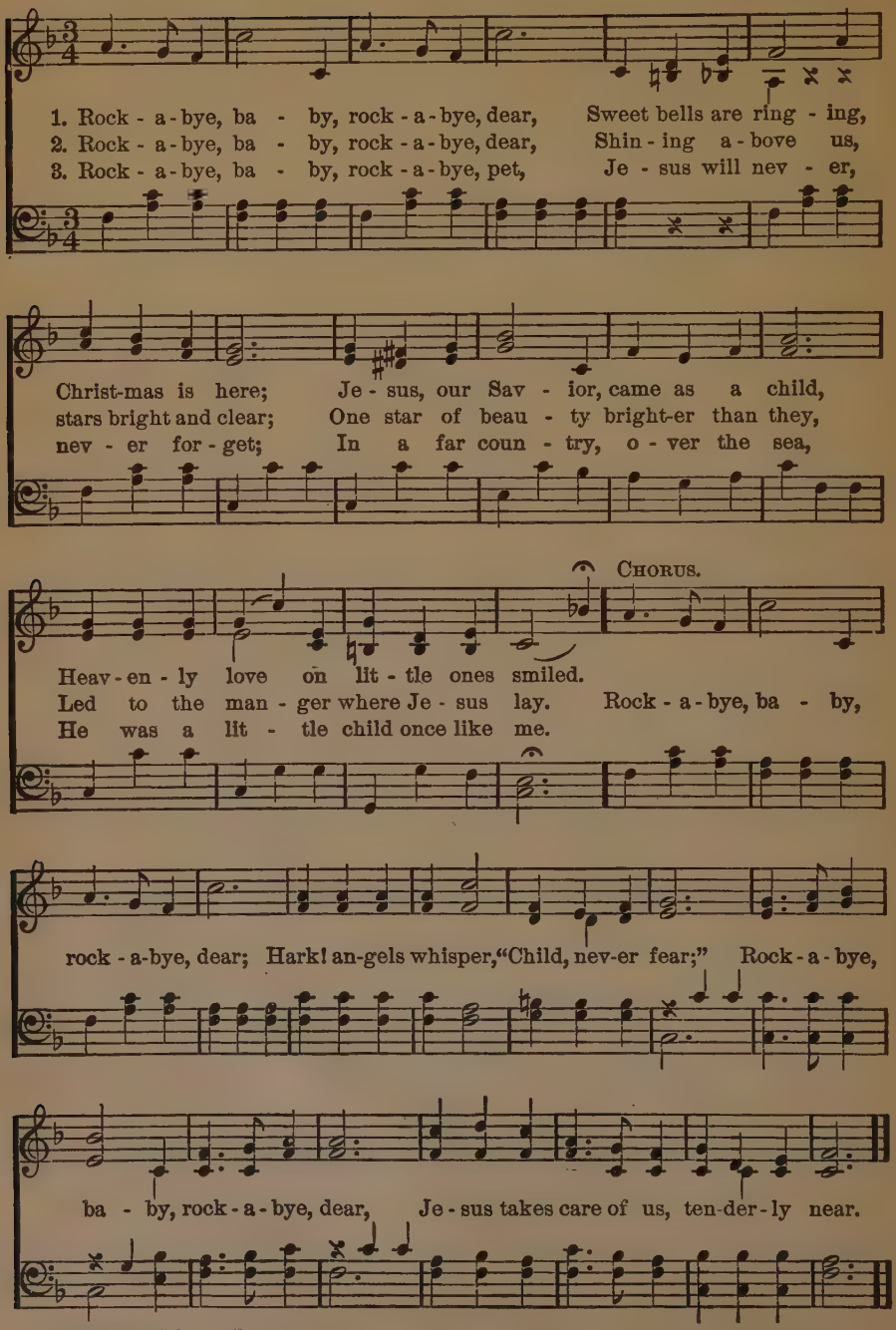
Allegretto.


1. The earth is white, but black the heav - en:
Chime, bells of Christmas-tide, your lay!..... The Christ is born, is born to
day.....
See, Mary bends gently o'er Him With looks of
2. Ly-ing in man-ger so low-ly, The dear and
un poco rit.
a tempo.
ten - der moth - er love:.... Chime, bells of Christmas-tide, your lay!.....
ho - ly Child, our Lord;... There e'en the cat - tle all do glo - ry


f
p
p
The Christ is born, is born to - day.....
To breathe on Him with fer - vent breath.....
No
The
un poco rit.
f
p
silk - en can - o - py a - bove Him Keeps out the frost-y win - ter
snow-flakes on the thatch are light - ing, Far o'er the roof the sky grows
a tempo.
cold;..... Naught but the spid-er's web so film - - y, That
clear,..... While an - gel voi - ces all are chant - - ing: 'Tis
p
sways from beams so black and old.....
peace on earth, the Lord is here.....
un poco rit.

97 Rock-a-bye.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, rock - a - bye, dear, Sweet bells are ring - ing,
2. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, rock - a - bye, dear, Shin - ing a - bove us,
3. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, rock - a - bye, pet, Je - sus will nev - er,
Christ-mas is here; Je - sus, our Sav - ior, came as a child,
stars bright and clear; One star of beau - ty bright-er than they,
nev - er for - get; In a far coun - try, o - ver the sea,
Chorus.
Heav - en - ly love on lit - tle ones smiled.
Led to the man - ger where Je - sus lay. Rock - a - bye, ba - by,
He was a lit - tle child once like me.
rock - a - bye, dear; Hark! an-gels whisper, "Child, nev-er fear;" Rock - a - bye,
ba - by, rock - a - bye, dear, Je - sus takes care of us, ten-der - ly near.

Copyright, 1893, by Jno. R. Sweney.

98 Sleep, Baby, Sleep!

Ferd. F. Buermeyer. Louise Reichardt.

Slowly.

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy moth - er watch doth
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The an - gels watch will
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! God grant thee slum - bers
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! No wear - y watch we'll
keep, With love that knows no wear - i - ness, Un-
keep, And whis - per, as they hov - er nigh, Of
deep; And peace - ful - ly as dews of heav'n Lie
keep; When Je - sus calls us to His breast, There
tir - ing in its ten - der - ness. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
heav'n-ly love be - yond the sky. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
cra - dled in the flow'rs at ev'n, Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
sweet - ly we'll to - geth - er rest. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

99 Cradle Song.

(Same Melody as 98.)

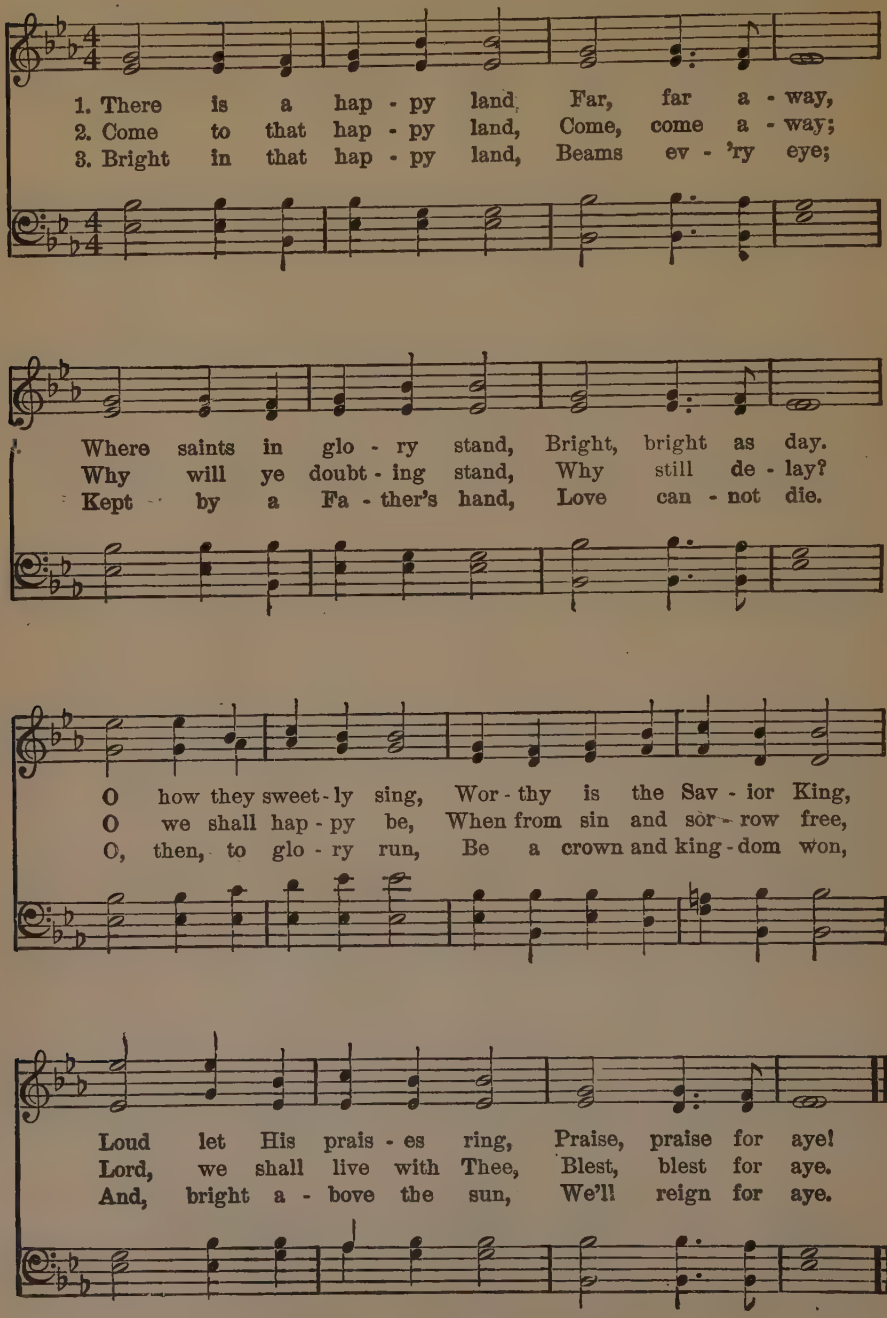
1 Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

2 Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones the lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon the sheperdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

3 Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Savior loves the sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

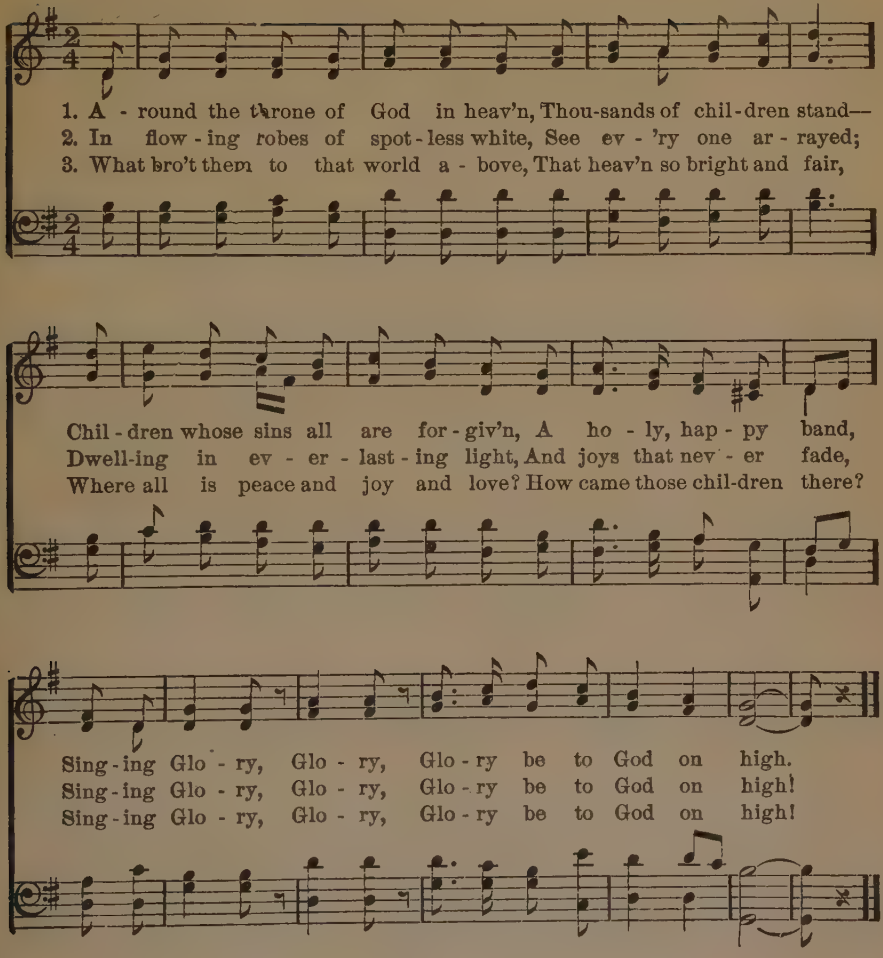
100 There is a Happy Land.

A. Young. Hindu Melody.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way;
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye;
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
Why will ye doubt - ing stand, Why still de - lay?
Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die.
O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is the Sav - ior King,
O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free,
O, then, to glo - ry run, Be a crown and king - dom won,
Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
And, bright a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

101 Around the Throne.

Annie E. Shepherd. Henry E. Mathews.

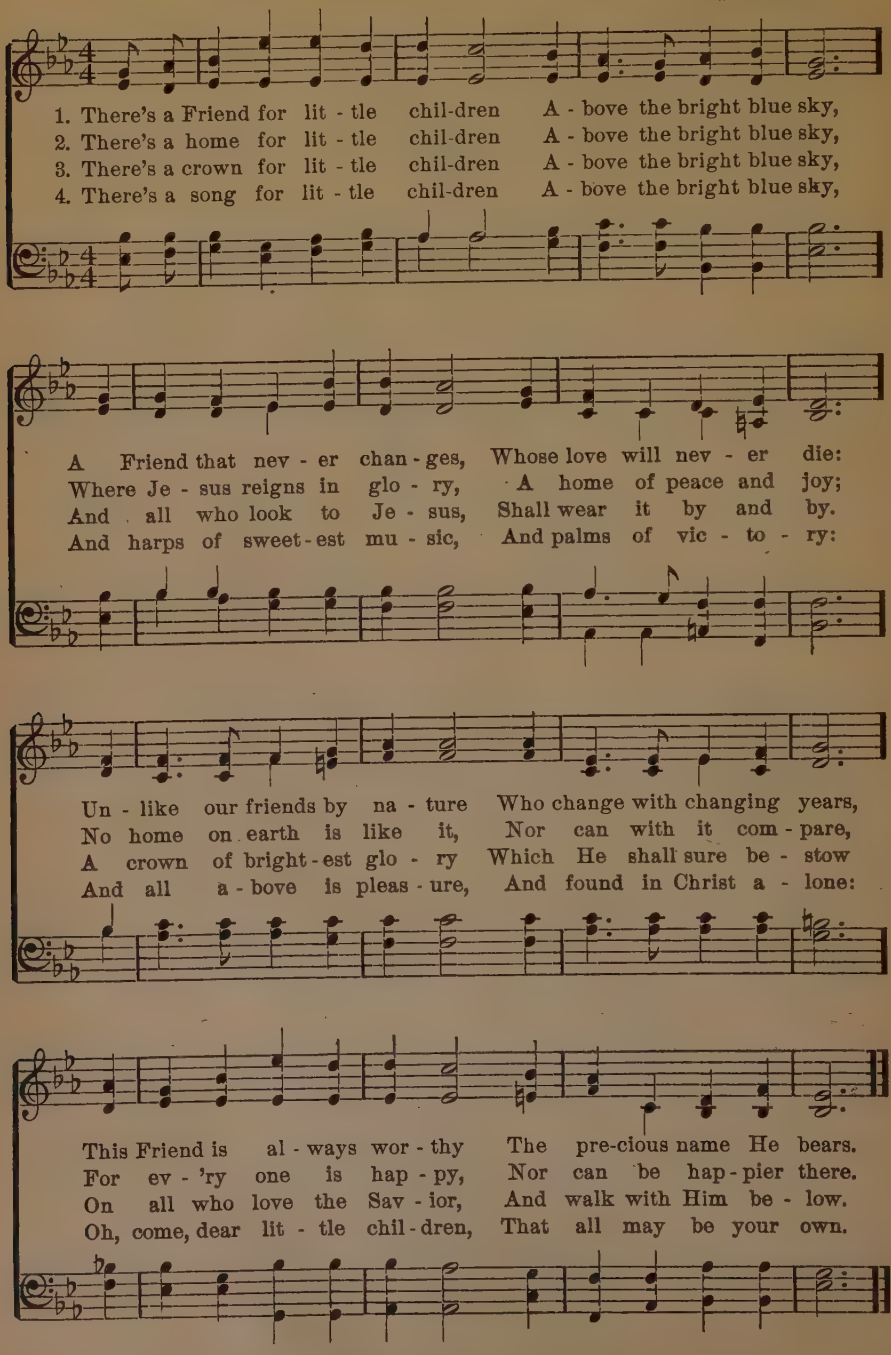

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thou-sands of chil-dren stand—
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white, See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed;
3. What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
Chil - dren whose sins all are for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade,
Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those chil-dren there?
Sing - ing Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Sing - ing Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!
Sing - ing Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!

4 Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!

5 On earth they sought the Savior's grace
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing Glory, Glory,
Glory be to God on high!

101½ There's a Friend for Little Children.

Samuel Smith.


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a home for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a crown for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
4. There's a song for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend that nev - er chan - ges, Whose love will nev - er die:
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
And all who look to Je - sus, Shall wear it by and by.
And harps of sweet - est mu - sic, And palms of vic - to - ry:
Un - like our friends by na - ture Who change with changing years,
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare,
A crown of bright - est glo - ry Which He shall sure be - stow
And all a - bove is pleas - ure, And found in Christ a - lone:
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre-cious name He bears.
For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.
On all who love the Sav - ior, And walk with Him be - low.
Oh, come, dear lit - tle chil - dren, That all may be your own.

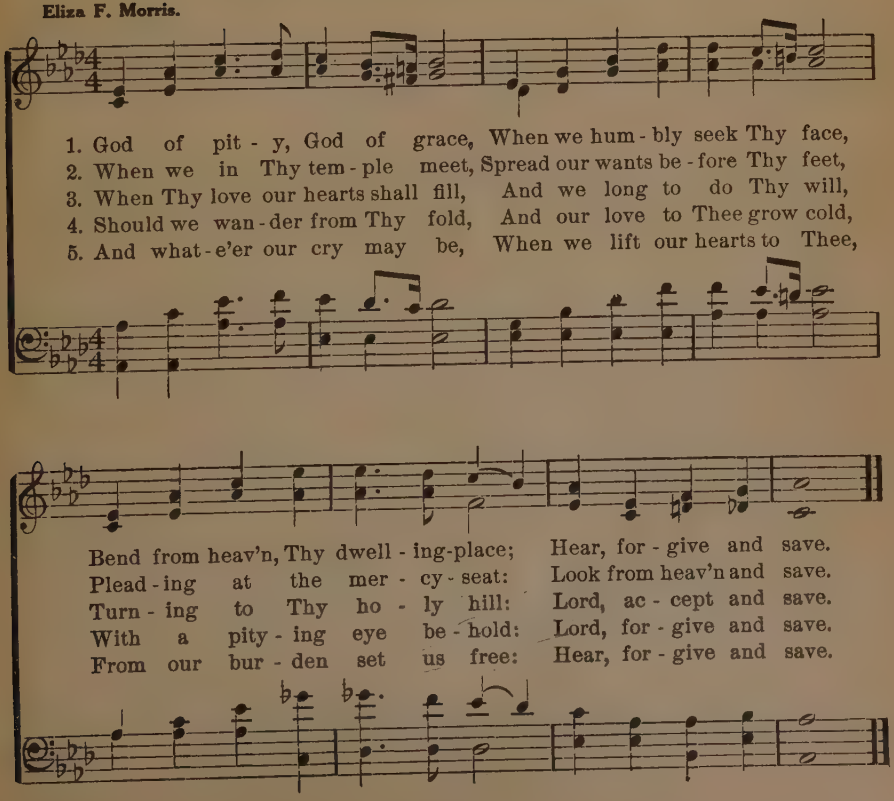
PART TWO.

SONGS FOR THE MAIN SCHOOL.

Opening.

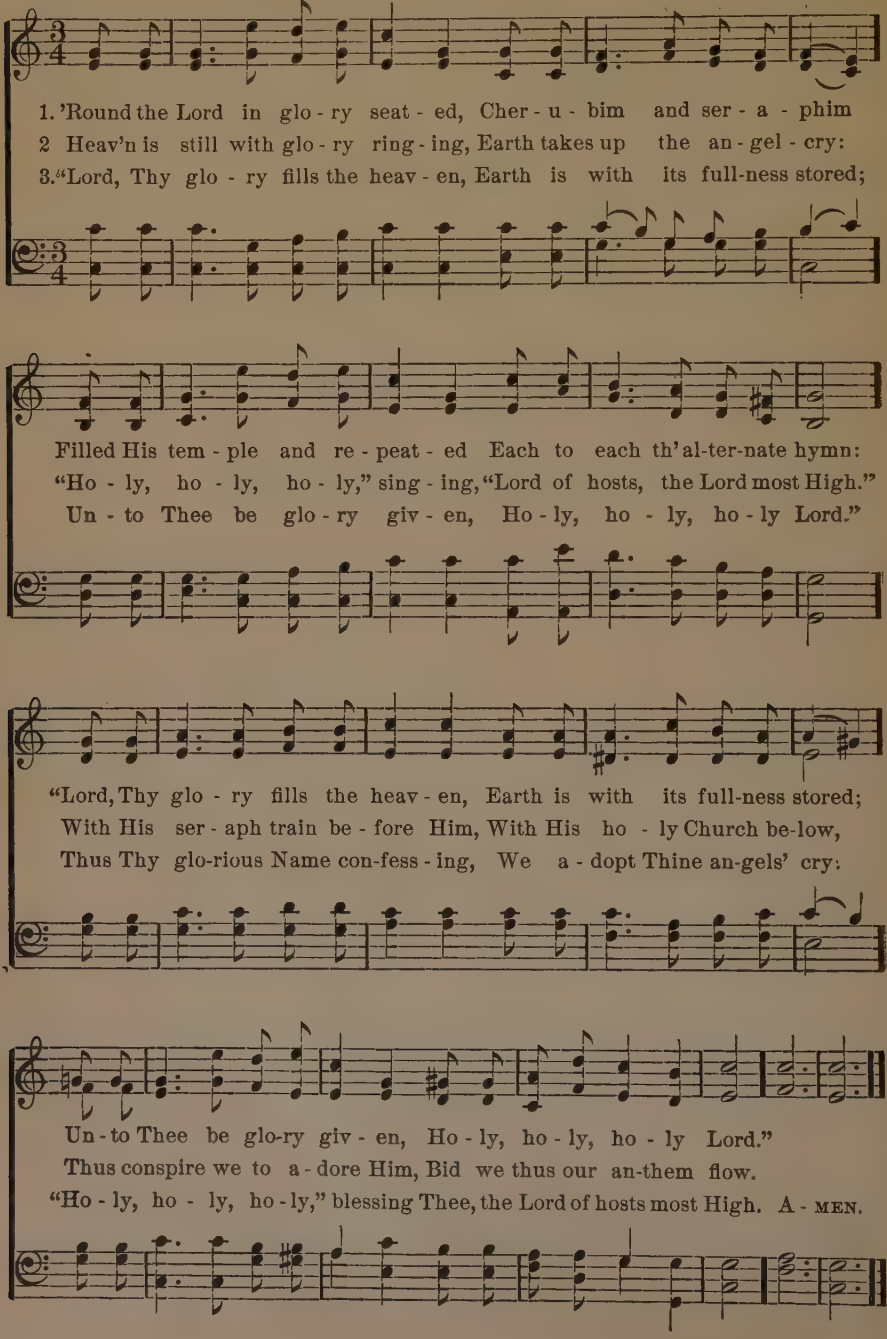
102 God of Pity, God of Grace.

Eliza F. Morris.


1. God of pit - y, God of grace, When we hum - bly seek Thy face,
2. When we in Thy tem - ple meet, Spread our wants be - fore Thy feet,
3. When Thy love our hearts shall fill, And we long to do Thy will,
4. Should we wan - der from Thy fold, And our love to Thee grow cold,
5. And what - e'er our cry may be, When we lift our hearts to Thee,
Bend from heav'n, Thy dwell - ing-place; Hear, for - give and save.
Plead - ing at the mer - cy - seat: Look from heav'n and save.
Turn - ing to Thy ho - ly hill: Lord, ac - cept and save.
With a pity - ing eye be - hold: Lord, for - give and save.
From our bur - den set us free: Hear, for - give and save.

103 'Round the Lord in Glory Seated.

R. Mant. J. H. Wilcox.


1. 'Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
2 Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the an - gel - cry:
3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its full-ness stored;
Filled His tem - ple and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al-ter-nate hymn:
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with its full-ness stored;
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be-low,
Thus Thy glo-rious Name con-fess - ing, We a - dopt Thine an-gels' cry:
Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
Thus conspire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an-them flow.
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," blessing Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. A - MEN.

104 Holy Spirit! Hear Us.

W. H. Parker. Anon.

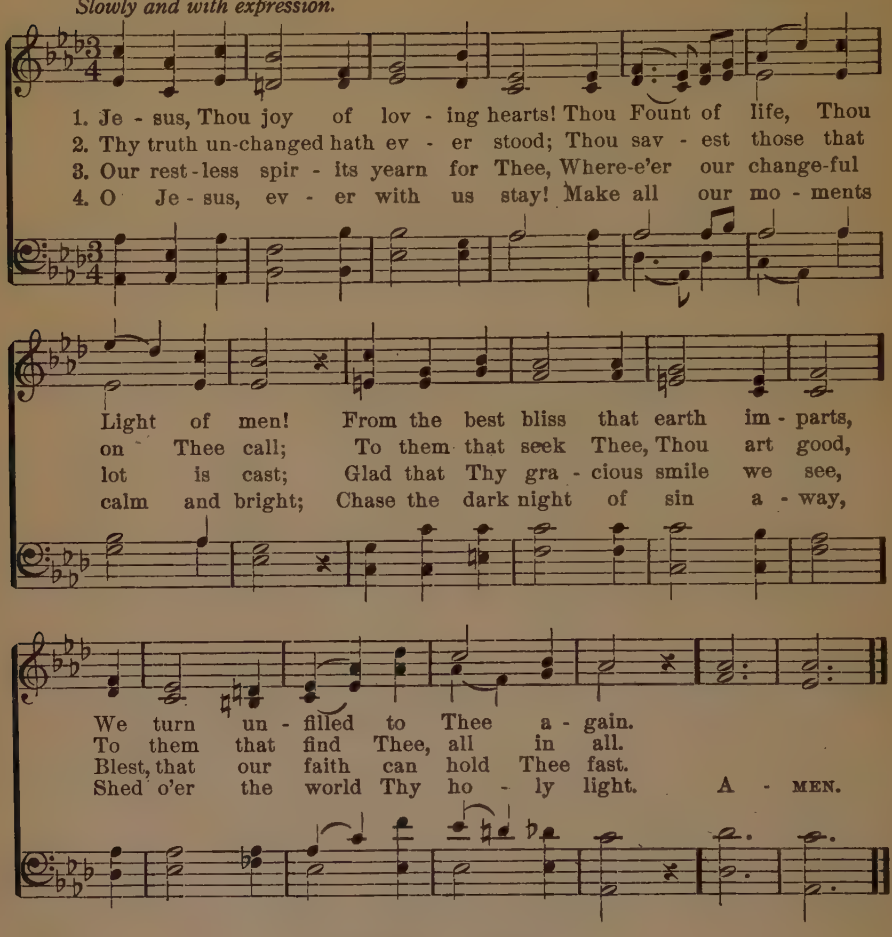
1. Ho - ly Spir - it! hear us; Help us while we sing;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it! shine Thou On the Book we read;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it! bright - en Lit - tle deeds of toil;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! help us Dai - ly by Thy might,
Breathe in - to the mu - sic Of the praise we bring.
Gild its ho - ly pa - ges With the light we need.
And our play - ful pas - times Let no fol - ly spoil.
What is wrong to con - quer And to choose the right.
Ho - ly Spir - it! prompt us When we kneel to pray;
Ho - ly Spir - it! give us Each a low - ly mind;
Ho - ly Spir - it! keep us Safe from sins which lie
Ho - ly Spir - it! hear us, Help us while we sing;
Near - er come, and teach us What we ought to say.
Make us more like Je - sus, Gen - tle, pure and kind.
Hid - den by some pleas - ure From our youth - ful eye.
Breathe in - to the mu - sic Of the praise we bring.

105 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by Ray Palmer.

E. Poppen.

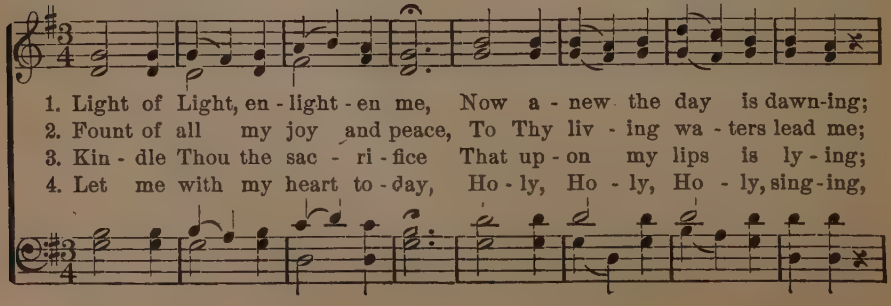
Slowly and with expression.

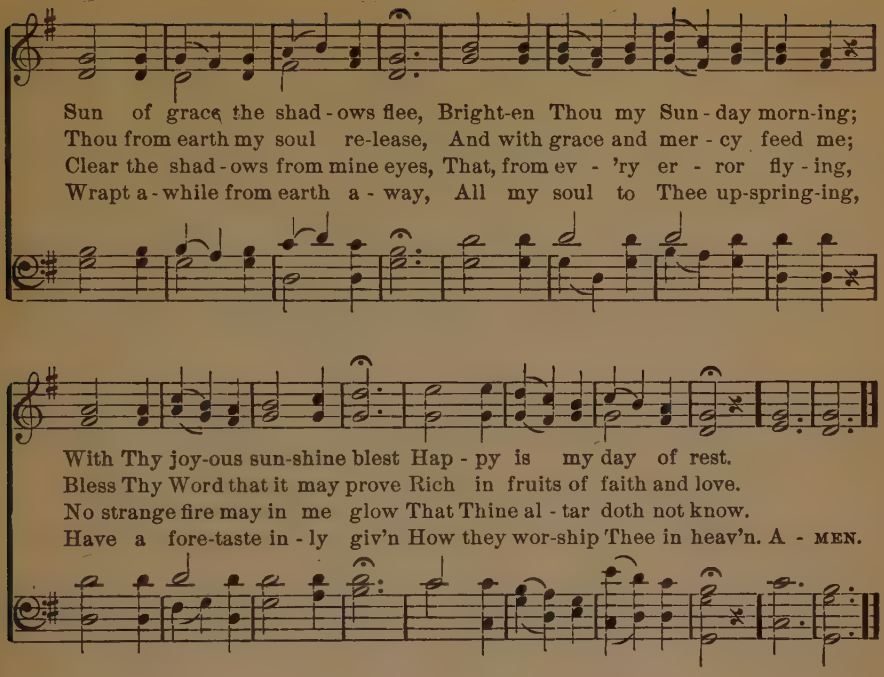

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life, Thou
2. Thy truth un-changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that
3. Our rest-less spir - its yearn for Thee, Where-e'er our change-ful
4. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay! Make all our mo - ments
Light of men! From the best bliss that earth im - parts,
on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
lot is cast; Glad that Thy gra - cious smile we see,
calm and bright; Chase the dark night of sin a - way,
We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that find Thee, all in all.
Blest, that our faith can hold Thee fast.
Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light. A - MEN.

106 Light of Light.

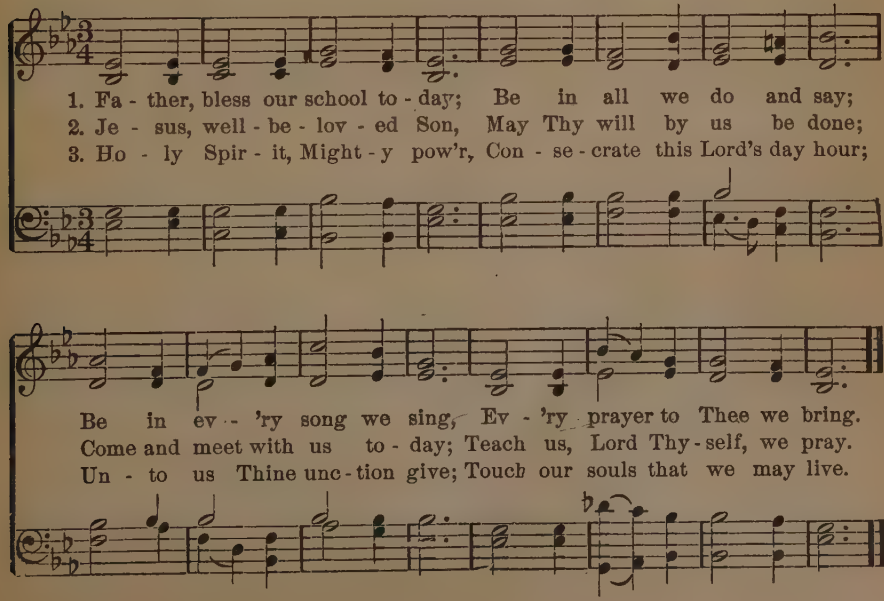
Benjamin Schmolck.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

Johann Gottfried Schicht.
Choral Buch.


1. Light of Light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the day is dawn-ing;
2. Fount of all my joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me;
3. Kin - dle Thou the sac - ri - fice That up - on my lips is ly - ing;
4. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, sing - ing,

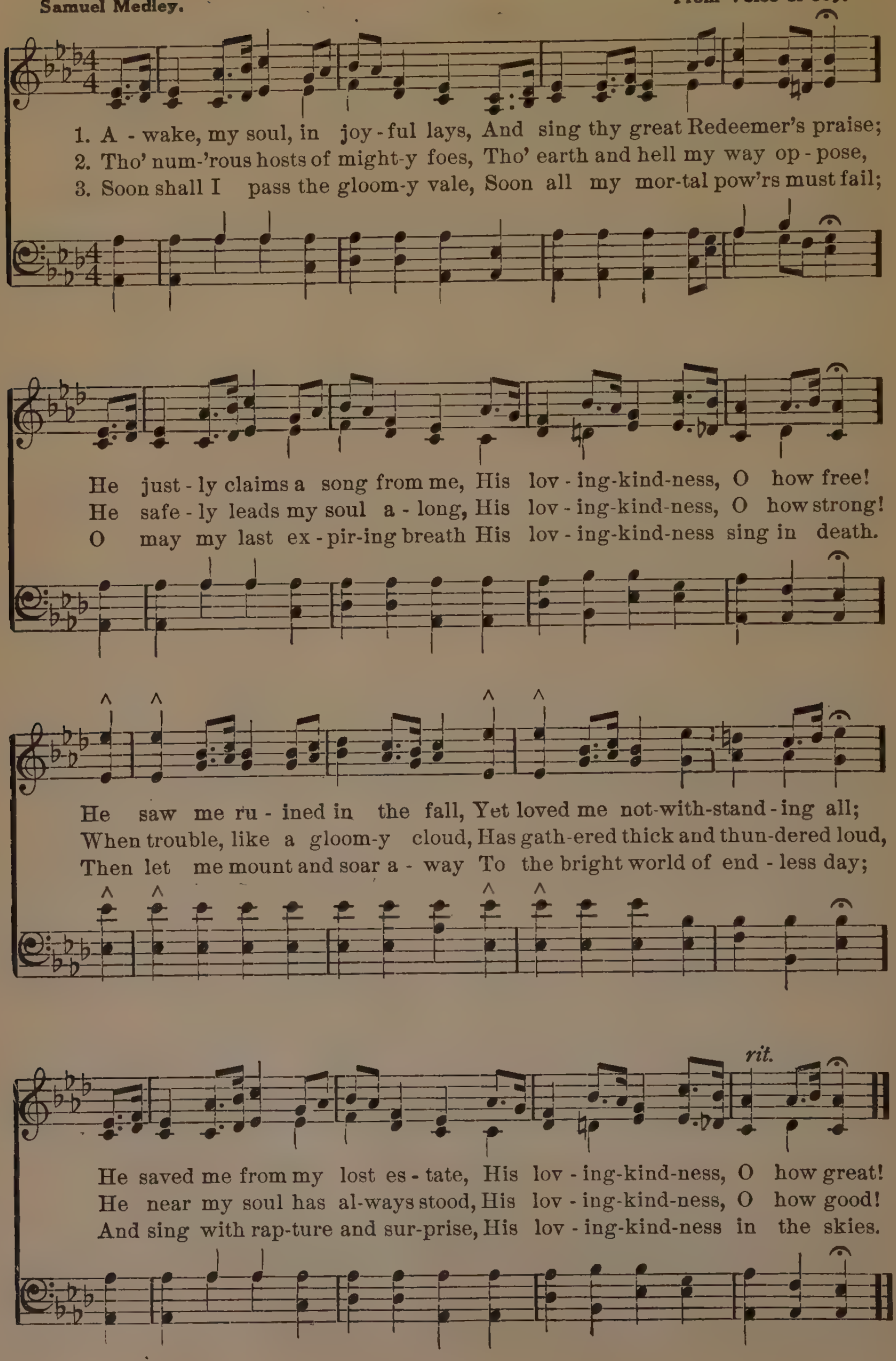

Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee, Bright-en Thou my Sun - day morn-ing;
Thou from earth my soul re-lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed me;
Clear the shad - ows from mine eyes, That, from ev - 'ry er - ror fly - ing,
Wrapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee up-spring-ing,
With Thy joy-ous sun-shine blest Hap - py is my day of rest.
Bless Thy Word that it may prove Rich in fruits of faith and love.
No strange fire may in me glow That Thine al - tar doth not know.
Have a fore-taste in - ly giv'n How they wor-ship Thee in heav'n. A - MEN.

107 Father, Bless Our School To-day.


1. Fa - ther, bless our school to - day; Be in all we do and say;
2. Je - sus, well - be - lov - ed Son, May Thy will by us be done;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Might - y pow'r, Con - se - crate this Lord's day hour;
Be in ev - 'ry song we sing, Ev - 'ry prayer to Thee we bring.
Come and meet with us to - day; Teach us, Lord Thy - self, we pray.
Un - to us Thine unc - tion give; Touch our souls that we may live.

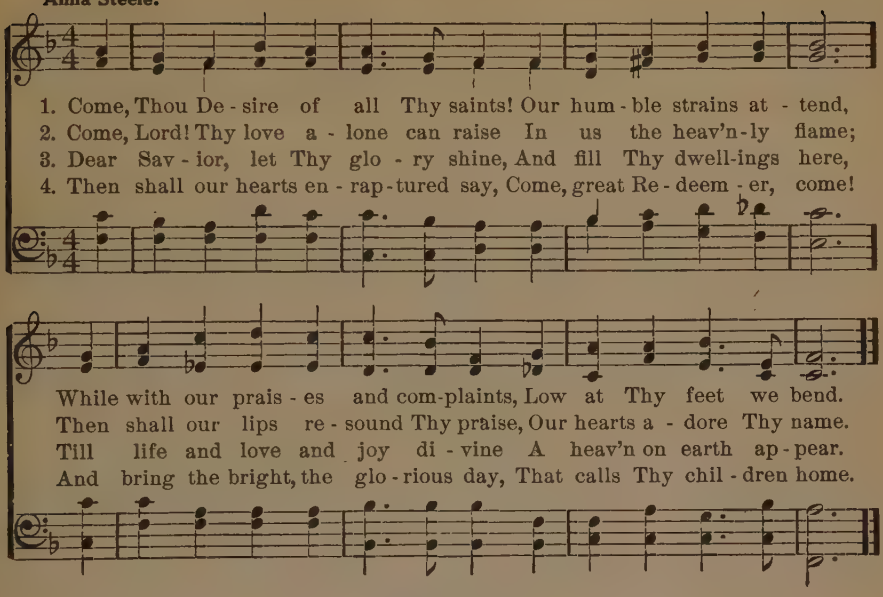
108 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Samuel Medley. From Voice of Joy.


1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. Tho' num-'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
3. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mor-tal pow'rs must fail;
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how free!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
O may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov - ing-kind-ness sing in death.
He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand - ing all;
When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thun-dered loud,
Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of end - less day;
rit.
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how great!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing-kind-ness, O how good!
And sing with rap-ture and sur-prise, His lov - ing-kind-ness in the skies.

109 Come, Thou Desire of All.

Anna Steele.

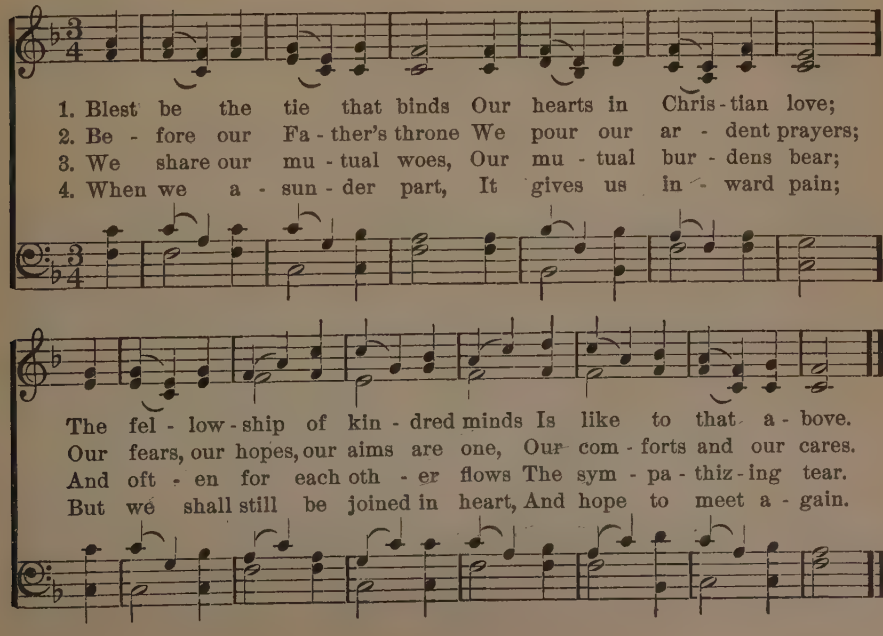

1. Come, Thou De - sire of all Thy saints! Our hum - ble strains at - tend,
2. Come, Lord! Thy love a - lone can raise In us the heav'n - ly flame;
3. Dear Sav - ior, let Thy glo - ry shine, And fill Thy dwell-ings here,
4. Then shall our hearts en - rap - tured say, Come, great Re - deem - er, come!
While with our prais - es and com-plaints, Low at Thy feet we bend.
Then shall our lips re - sound Thy praise, Our hearts a - dore Thy name.
Till life and love and joy di - vine A heav'n on earth ap - pear.
And bring the bright, the glo - rious day, That calls Thy chil - dren home.

Closing.

110 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

J. Fawcett.

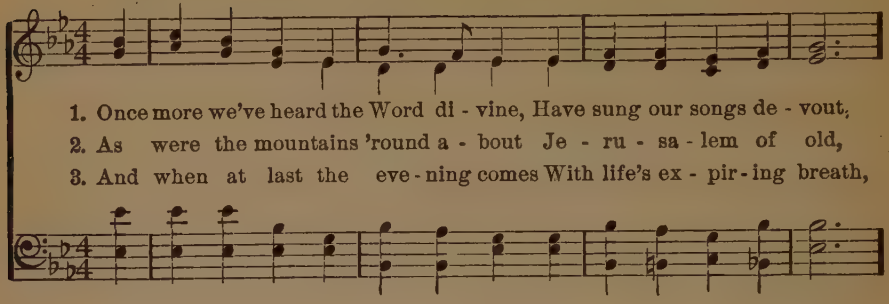
J. G. Naegell.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

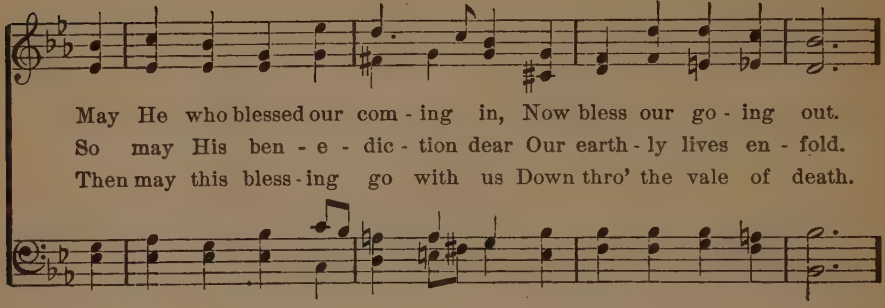

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

111 Once More We've Heard the Word.

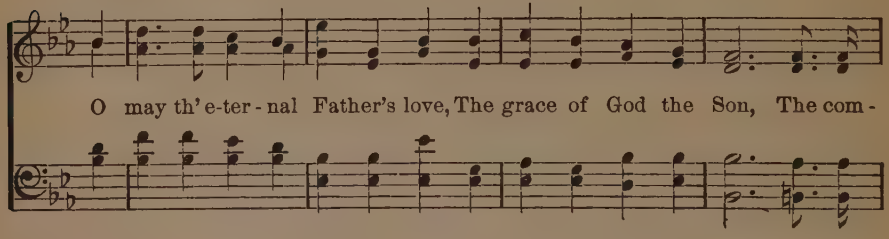
J. H. Kuhlmann. E. Poppen.

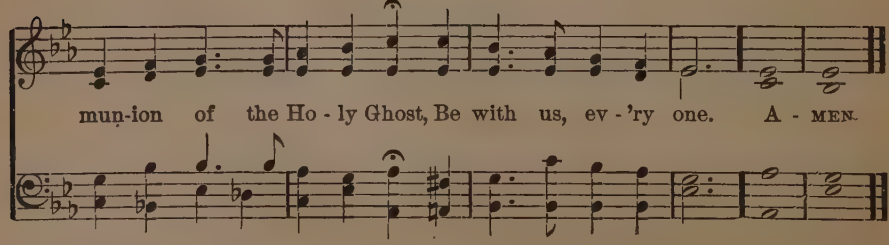
Andantino.


1. Once more we've heard the Word di - vine, Have sung our songs de - vout,
2. As were the mountains 'round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem of old,
3. And when at last the eve - ning comes With life's ex - pir - ing breath,


May He who blessed our com - ing in, Now bless our go - ing out.
So may His ben - e - dic - tion dear Our earth - ly lives en - fold.
Then may this bless - ing go with us Down thro' the vale of death.

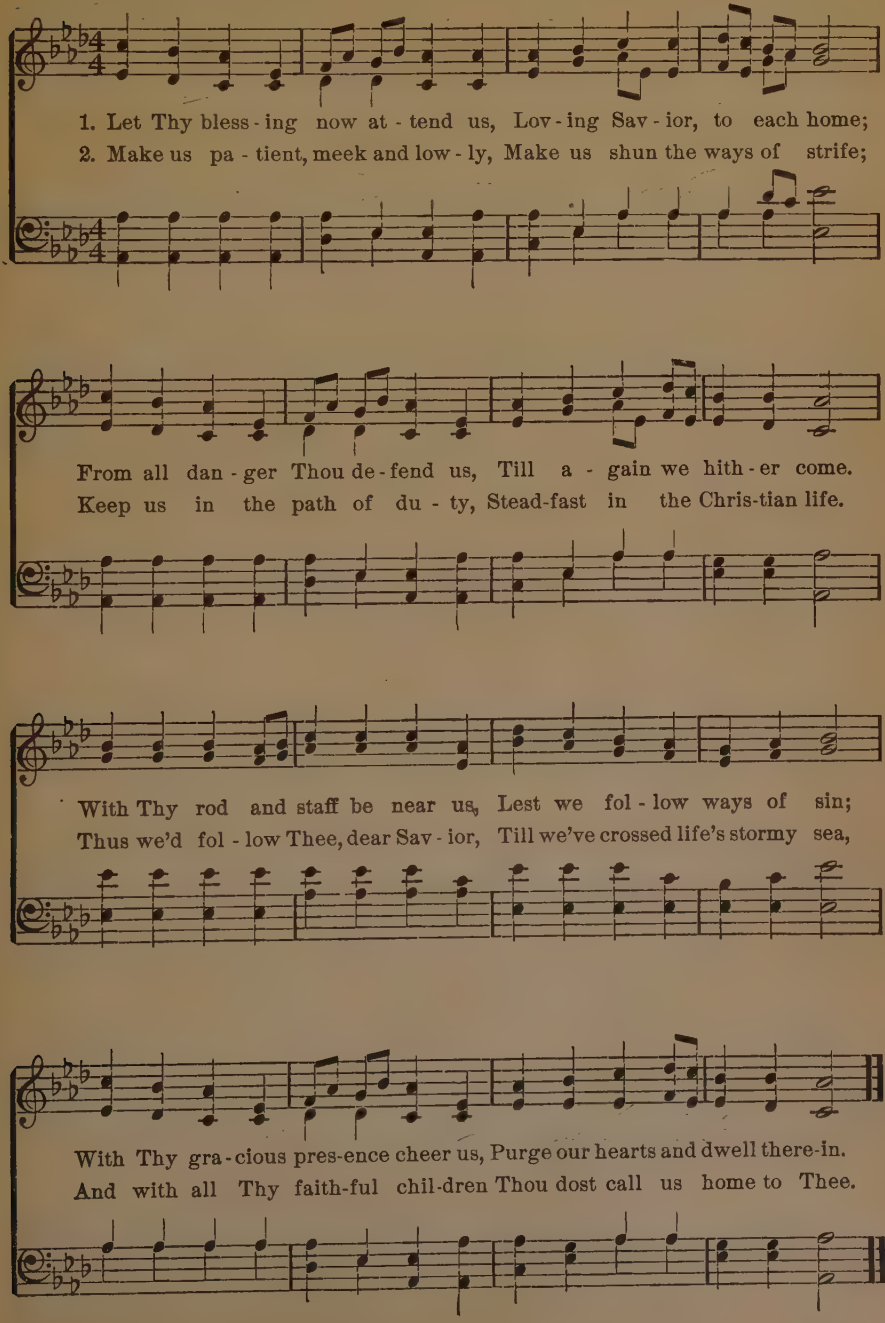
CHORUS.





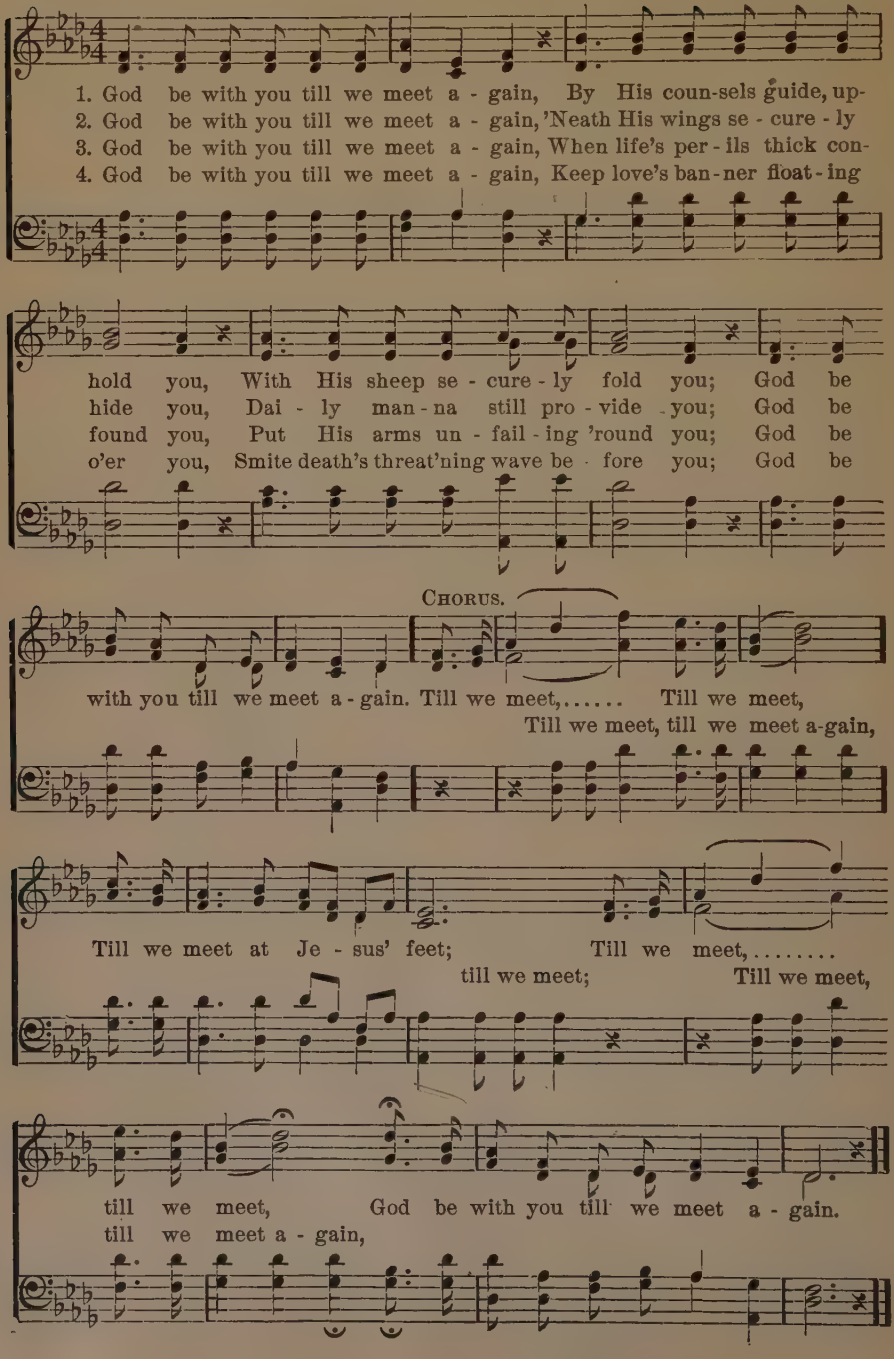
112 Let Thy Blessing Now Attend Us.

Adapt. by J. H. Spielman. A. J. Abbey.


1. Let Thy bless - ing now at - tend us, Lov - ing Sav - ior, to each home;
2. Make us pa - tient, meek and low - ly, Make us shun the ways of strife;
From all dan - ger Thou de - fend us, Till a - gain we hith - er come.
Keep us in the path of du - ty, Stead-fast in the Chris-tian life.
With Thy rod and staff be near us, Lest we fol - low ways of sin;
Thus we'd fol - low Thee, dear Sav - ior, Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
With Thy gra - cious pres-ence cheer us, Purge our hearts and dwell there-in.
And with all Thy faith-ful chil-dren Thou dost call us home to Thee.

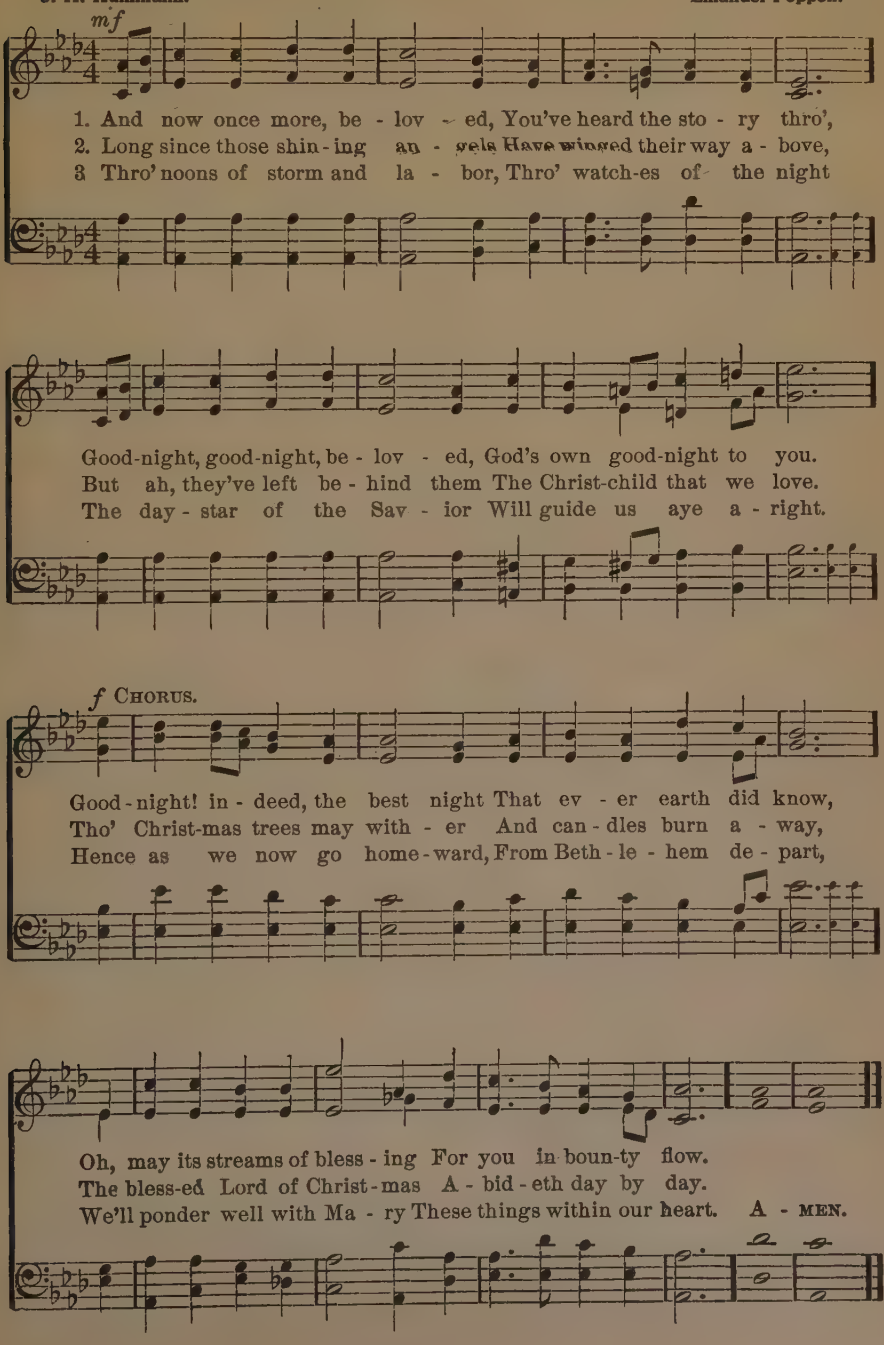
113 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing 'round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be
Chorus.
with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... Till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
till we meet; Till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet a - gain,

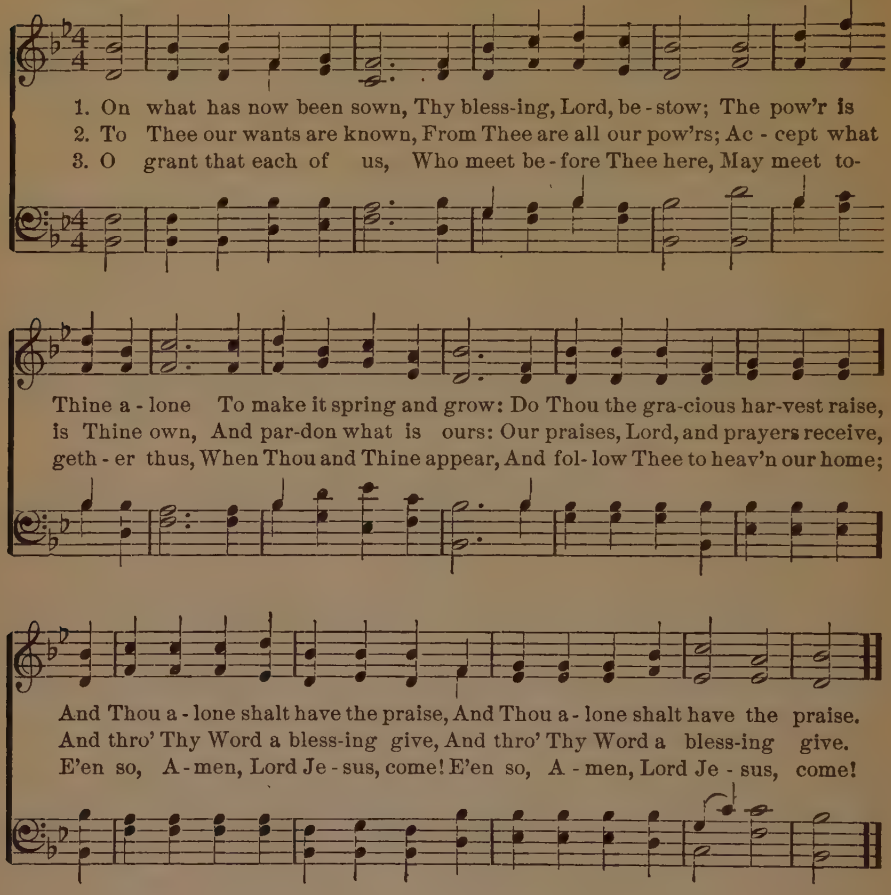
114 Good Night! God's Own Good Night to You!

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.


mf
1. And now once more, be - lov - ed, You've heard the sto - ry thro',
2. Long since those shin - ing an - gels Have winged their way a - bove,
3 Thro' noons of storm and la - bor, Thro' watch-es of the night
Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed, God's own good-night to you.
But ah, they've left be - hind them The Christ-child that we love.
The day - star of the Sav - ior Will guide us aye a - right.
f CHORUS.
Good - night! in - deed, the best night That ev - er earth did know,
Tho' Christ-mas trees may with - er And can - dles burn a - way,
Hence as we now go home - ward, From Beth - le - hem de - part,
Oh, may its streams of bless - ing For you in boun-ty flow.
The bless-ed Lord of Christ - mas A - bid - eth day by day.
We'll ponder well with Ma - ry These things within our heart. A - MEN.

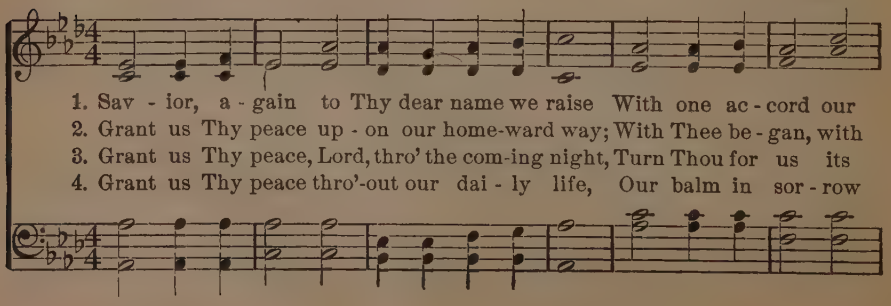
115 On What Has Now Been Sown.

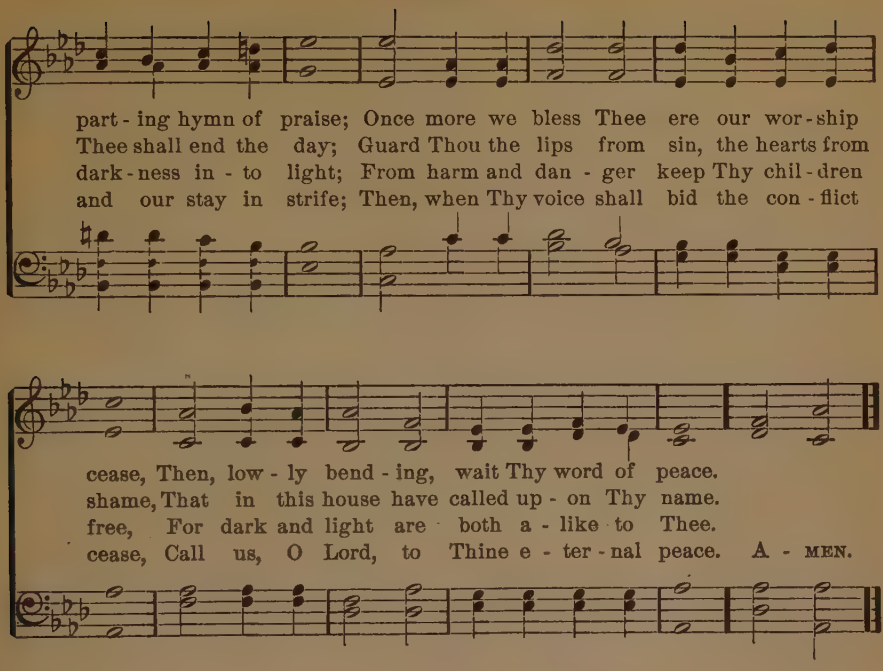
John Newton. Lewis Edson.


1. On what has now been sown, Thy bless-ing, Lord, be-stow; The pow'r is
2. To Thee our wants are known, From Thee are all our pow'rs; Ac-cept what
3. O grant that each of us, Who meet be-fore Thee here, May meet to-
Thine a-lone To make it spring and grow: Do Thou the gra-cious har-vest raise,
is Thine own, And par-don what is ours: Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
geth-er thus, When Thou and Thine appear, And fol-low Thee to heav'n our home;
And Thou a-lone shalt have the praise, And Thou a-lone shalt have the praise.
And thro' Thy Word a bless-ing give, And thro' Thy Word a bless-ing give.
E'en so, A-men, Lord Je-sus, come! E'en so, A-men, Lord Je-sus, come!

116 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

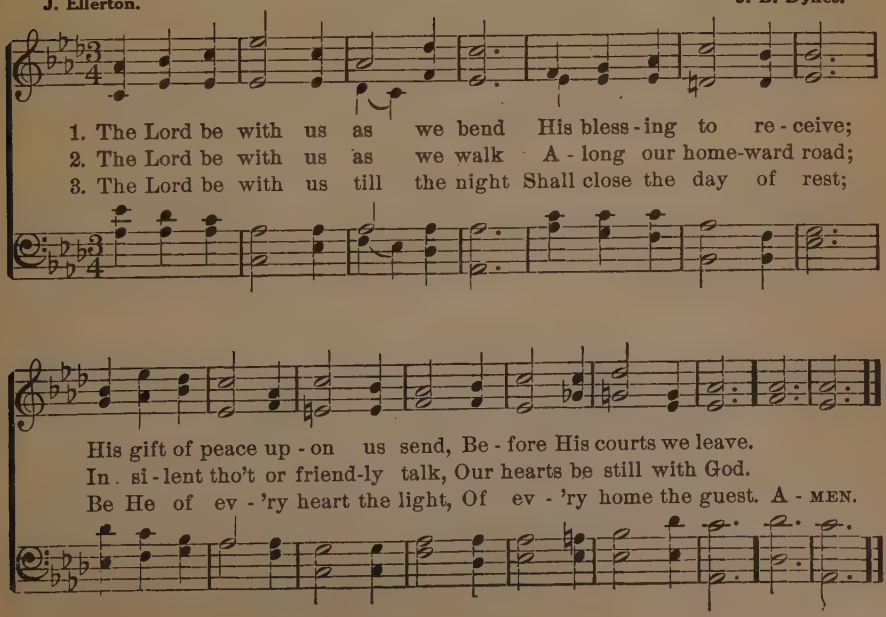
Edward J. Hopkins.


1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-gan, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our dai-ly life, Our balm in sor-row


part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our wor - ship
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid the con - flict
cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

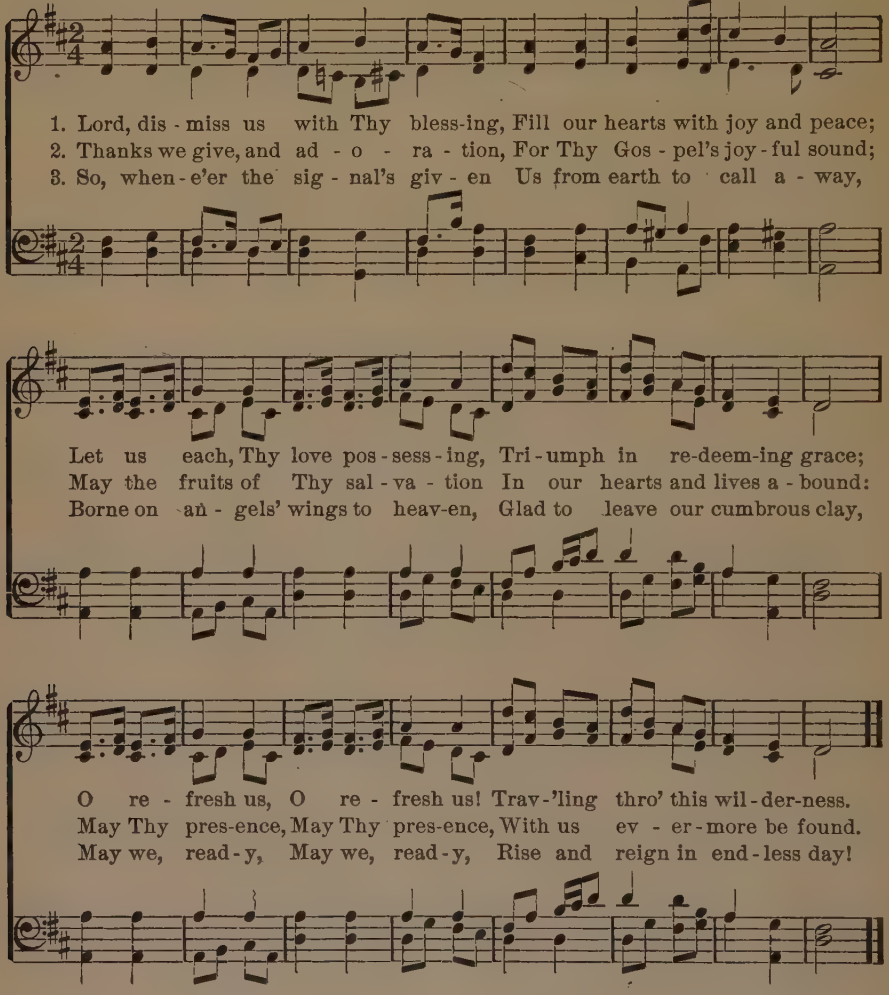
117 The Lord Be With Us as We Bend.

J. Ellerton. J. B. Dykes.


1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;
2. The Lord be with us as we walk A - long our home-ward road;
3. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest;
His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave.
In si - lent tho't or friend-ly talk, Our hearts be still with God.
Be He of ev - 'ry heart the light, Of ev - 'ry home the guest. A - MEN.

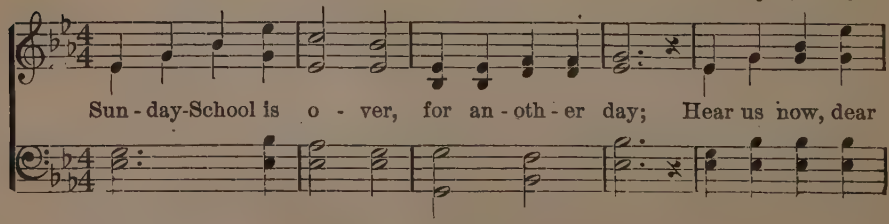
118 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

John Fawcett. Sicilian Hymn.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re-deem-ing grace;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav-en, Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us! Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
May we, read - y, May we, read - y, Rise and reign in end - less day!

119 Sunday-School is Over.

Fanny B. Earle.



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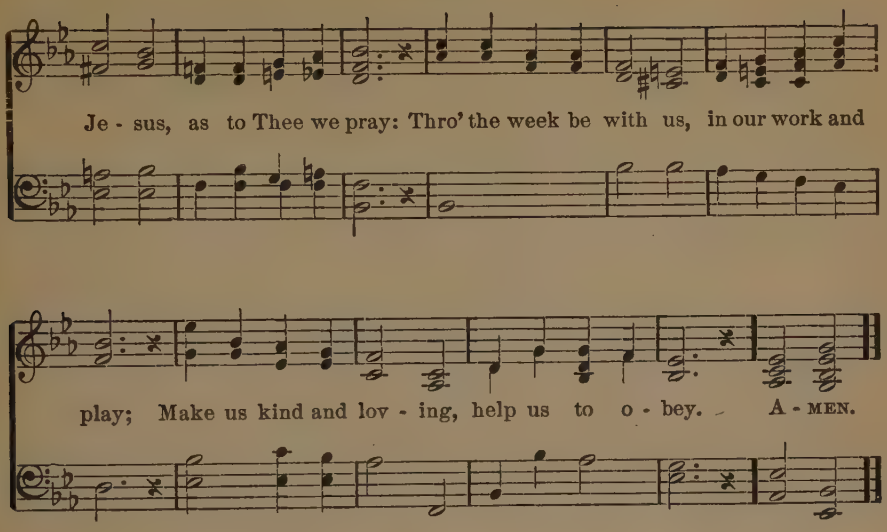
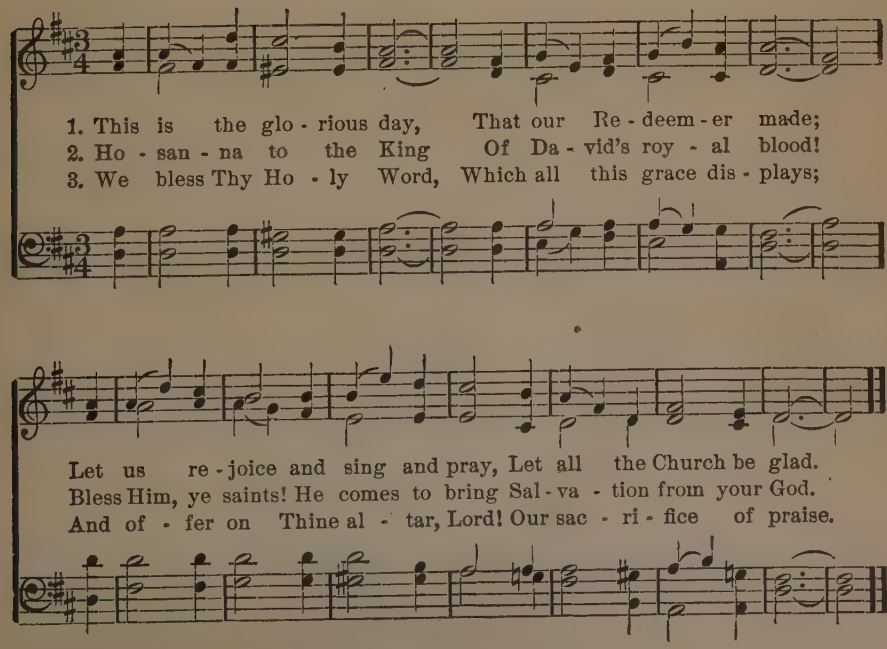


Morning.

120 This is the Glorious Day.

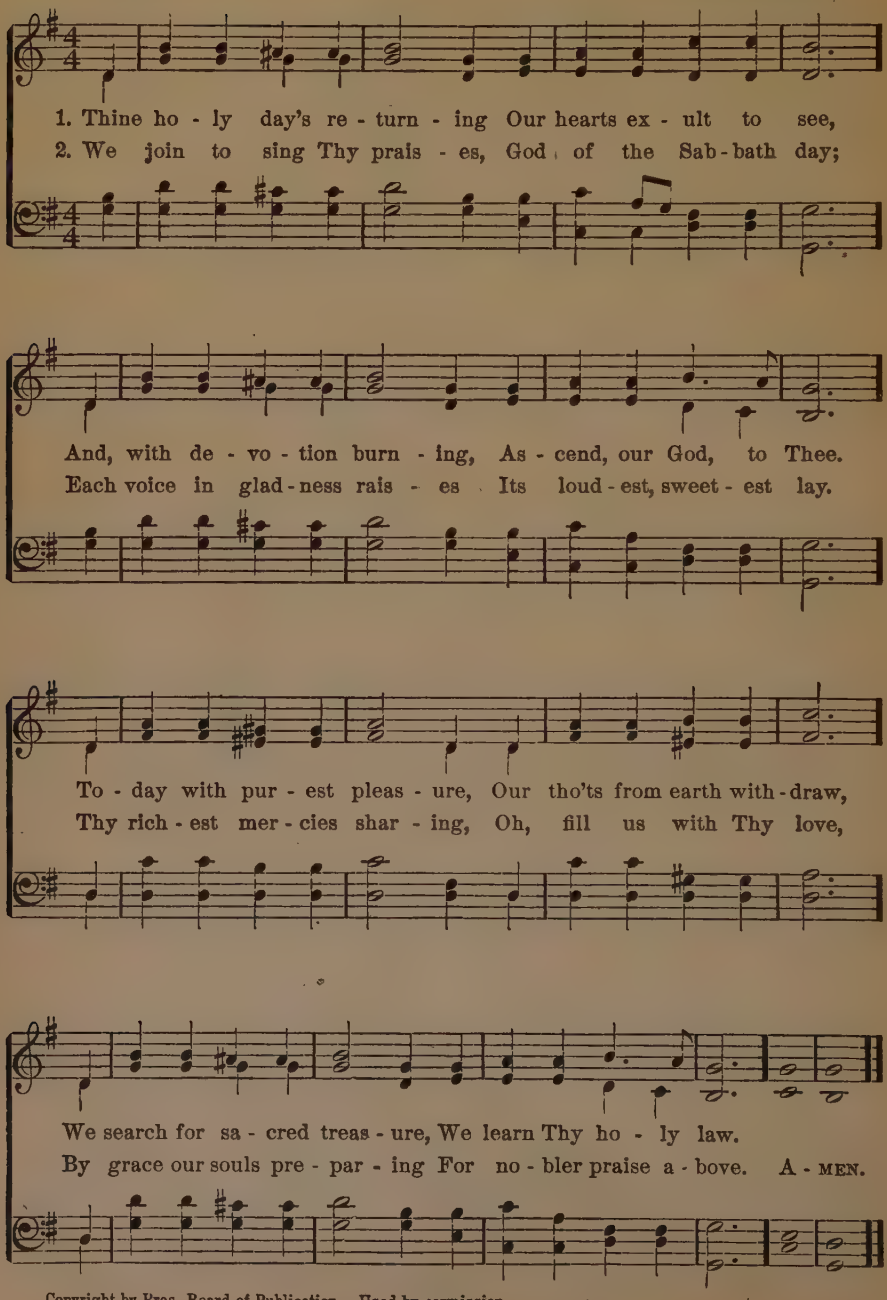
Isaac Watts.


1. This is the glo - rious day, That our Re - deem - er made;
2. Ho - san - na to the King Of Da - vid's roy - al blood!
3. We bless Thy Ho - ly Word, Which all this grace dis - plays;
Let us re - joice and sing and pray, Let all the Church be glad.
Bless Him, ye saints! He comes to bring Sal - va - tion from your God.
And of - fer on Thine al - tar, Lord! Our sac - ri - fice of praise.

121 Thine Holy Day's Returning.

Ray Palmer.

Arr. from Schubert, by W. W. Gilchrist.


1. Thine ho - ly day's re - turn - ing Our hearts ex - ult to see,
2. We join to sing Thy prais - es, God of the Sab - bath day;
And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.
Each voice in glad - ness rais - es Its loud - est, sweet - est lay.
To - day with pur - est pleas - ure, Our tho'ts from earth with - draw,
Thy rich - est mer - cies shar - ing, Oh, fill us with Thy love,
We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law.
By grace our souls pre - par - ing For no - bler praise a - bove. A - MEN.

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122 While Yet the Morn is Breaking.

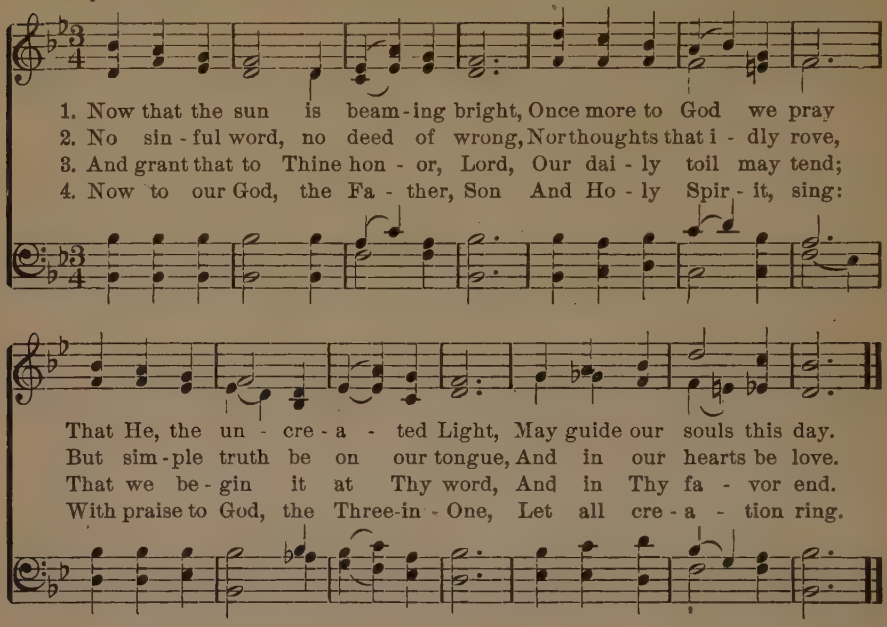
J. Muehlman.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

Geo. S. J. Webb

1. While yet the morn is break - ing, I thank my God once more,
2. Guard - ian of Is - rael, hear me, Watch o'er me thro' the day;
3. O gen - tly grant Thy bless - ing, That we may do Thy will,
4. Thou art the Vine— O nour - ish The branch-es graft in Thee,
Be - neath whose care a - wak - ing I find the night is o'er:
In all I do be near me— For oth - ers too I pray:
No more Thy ways trans-gress - ing, Our prop - er task ful - fill:
And let them grow and flour - ish A fair and fruit - ful tree.
I thank Him that He calls me To life and health a - new;
To Thee I would com-mend them, Our Church, our youth, our land;
With Pe - ter's full af - fi - ance Let down our nets a - gain;
Thy Spir - it put with - in us, And let His gifts of grace
I know, what-e'er be - falls me, His care will still be true.
Di - rect them and de - fend them, When dan - gers are at hand.
If Thou art our re - li - ance, Our toil will not be vain.
To all good ac - tions win us, That best may show His praise.

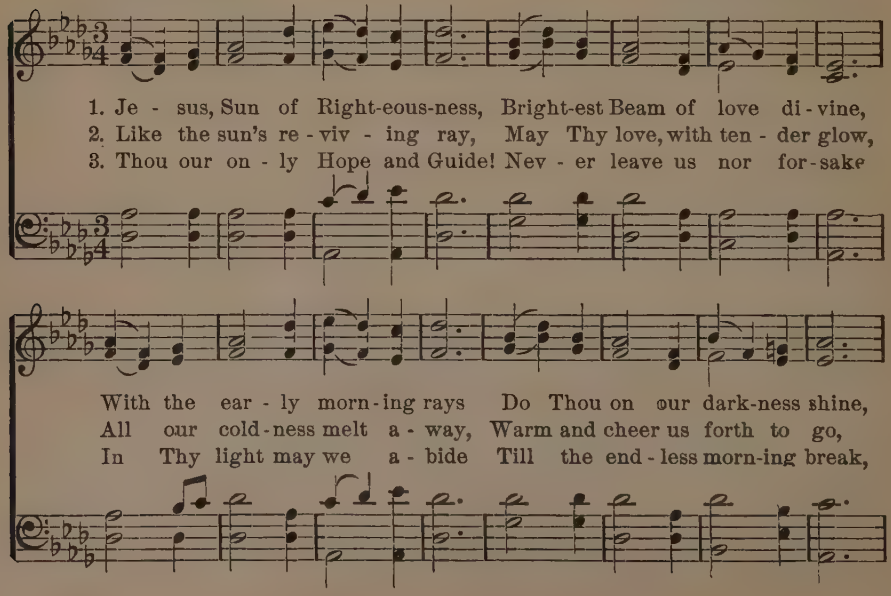
123 Now That the Sun is Beaming Bright.

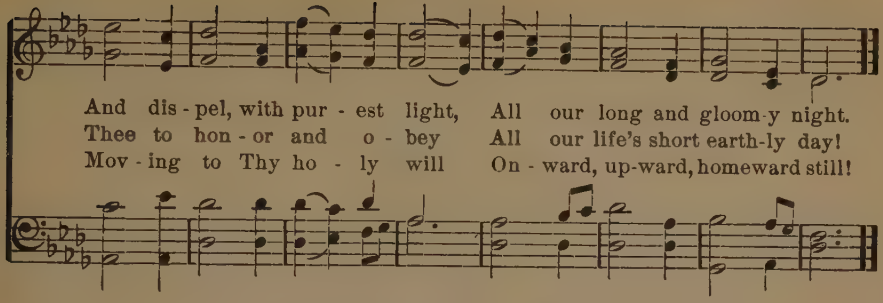
Tr. by J. H. Newman. James Walch.


1. Now that the sun is beam-ing bright, Once more to God we pray
2. No sin-ful word, no deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that i-dly rove,
3. And grant that to Thine hon-or, Lord, Our dai-ly toil may tend;
4. Now to our God, the Fa-ther, Son And Ho-ly Spir-it, sing:
That He, the un-cre-a-ted Light, May guide our souls this day.
But sim-ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
That we be-gin it at Thy word, And in Thy fa-vor end.
With praise to God, the Three-in-One, Let all cre-a-tion ring.

124 Jesus, Sun of Righteousness.

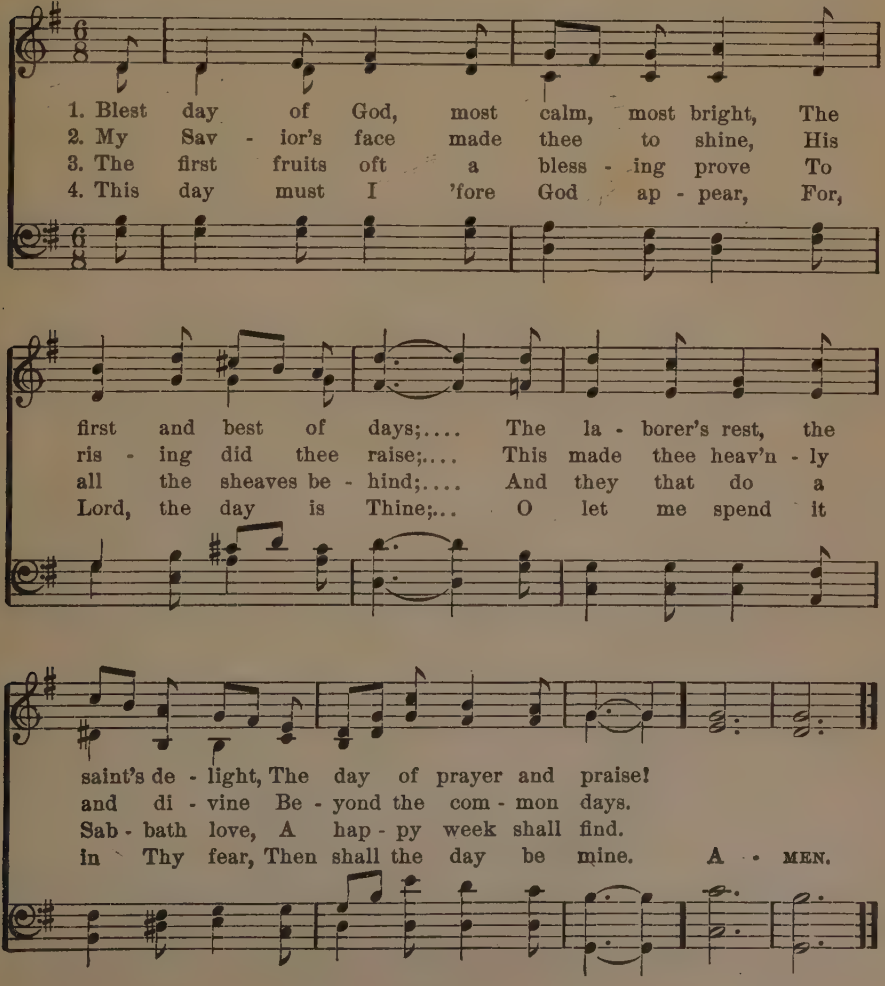
Christian Knorr.
Tr. by Jane Borthwick. Demetrius Bortniansky.


1. Je-sus, Sun of Right-eous-ness, Bright-est Beam of love di-vine,
2. Like the sun's re-viv-ing ray, May Thy love, with ten-der glow,
3. Thou our on-ly Hope and Guide! Nev-er leave us nor for-sake
With the ear-ly morn-ing rays Do Thou on our dark-ness shine,
All our cold-ness melt a-way, Warm and cheer us forth to go,
In Thy light may we a-bide Till the end-less morn-ing break,


And dis - pel, with pur - est light, All our long and gloom - y night.
Thee to hon - or and o - bey All our life's short earth-ly day!
Mov - ing to Thy ho - ly will On - ward, up-ward, homeward still!

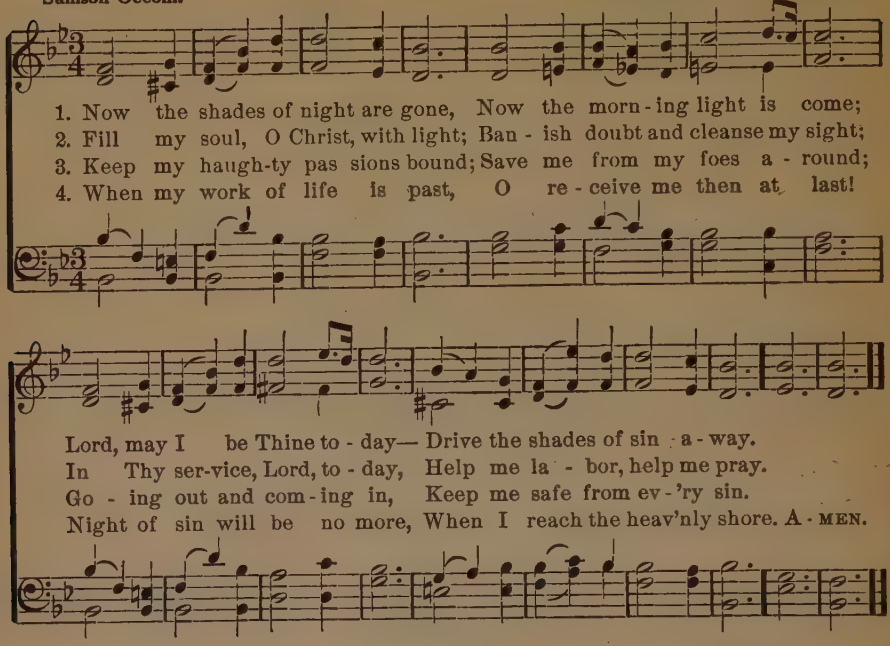
125 Blest Day of God.

John Mason. Altered. Joseph Barnby.


1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The
2. My Sav - ior's face made thee to shine, His
3. The first fruits oft a bless - ing prove To
4. This day must I 'fore God ap - pear, For,
first and best of days;.... The la - borer's rest, the
ris - ing did thee raise;.... This made thee heav'n - ly
all the sheaves be - hind;.... And they that do a
Lord, the day is Thine;... O let me spend it
saint's de - light, The day of prayer and praise!
and di - vine Be - yond the com - mon days.
Sab - bath love, A hap - py week shall find.
in Thy fear, Then shall the day be mine. A - MEN.

126 Now the Shades of Night are Gone.

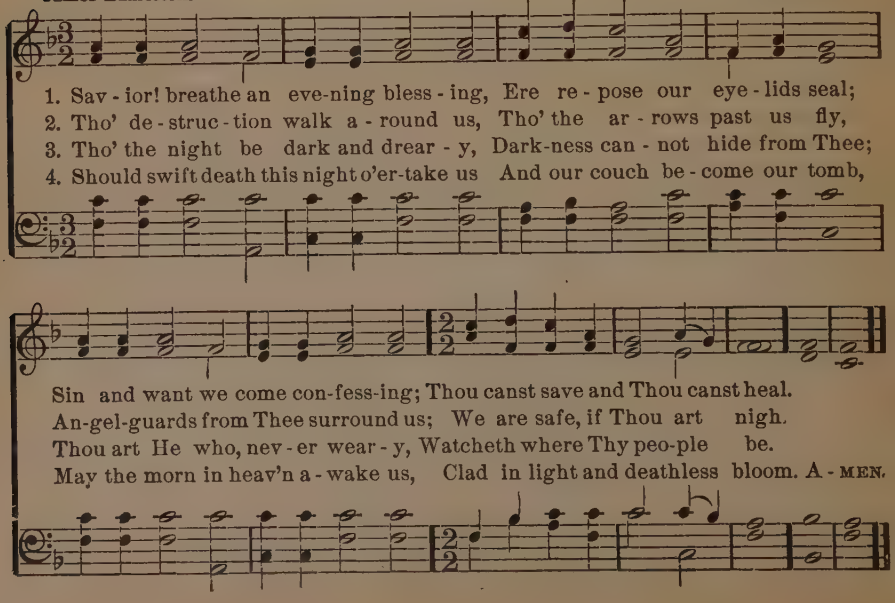
Samson Occom. Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk.


1. Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morn-ing light is come;
2. Fill my soul, O Christ, with light; Ban-ish doubt and cleanse my sight;
3. Keep my haugh-ty pas sions bound; Save me from my foes a-round;
4. When my work of life is past, O re-ceive me then at last!
Lord, may I be Thine to-day— Drive the shades of sin a-way.
In Thy ser-vice, Lord, to-day, Help me la-bor, help me pray.
Go-ing out and com-ing in, Keep me safe from ev-'ry sin.
Night of sin will be no more, When I reach the heav'nly shore. A-MEN.

Evening.

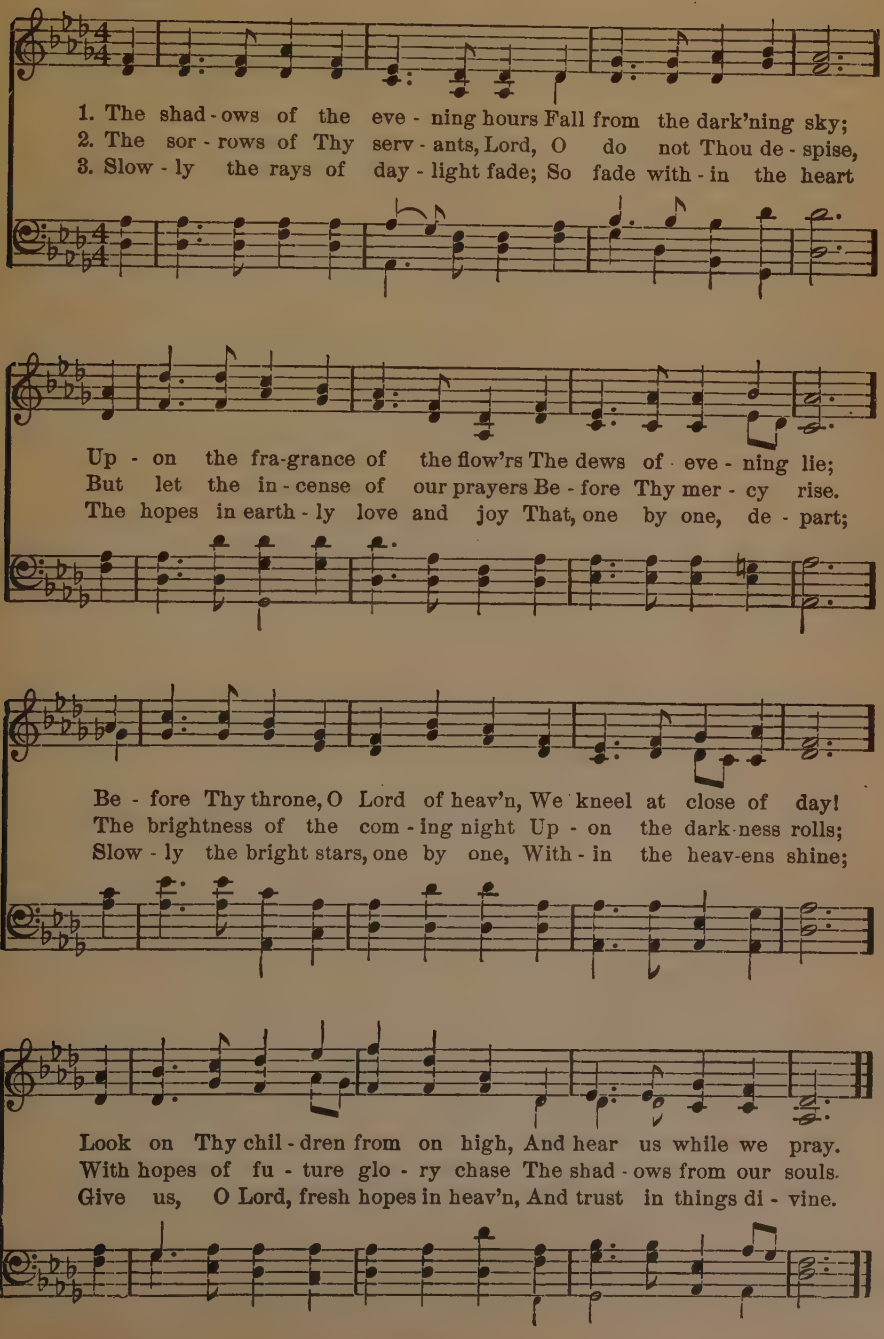
127 Savior! Breathe An Evening Blessing.

James Edmeston. I. B. Woodbury.


1. Sav-ior! breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-pose our eye-lids seal;
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us And our couch be-come our tomb,
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev-er wear-y, Watcheth where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom. A-MEN.

128 The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

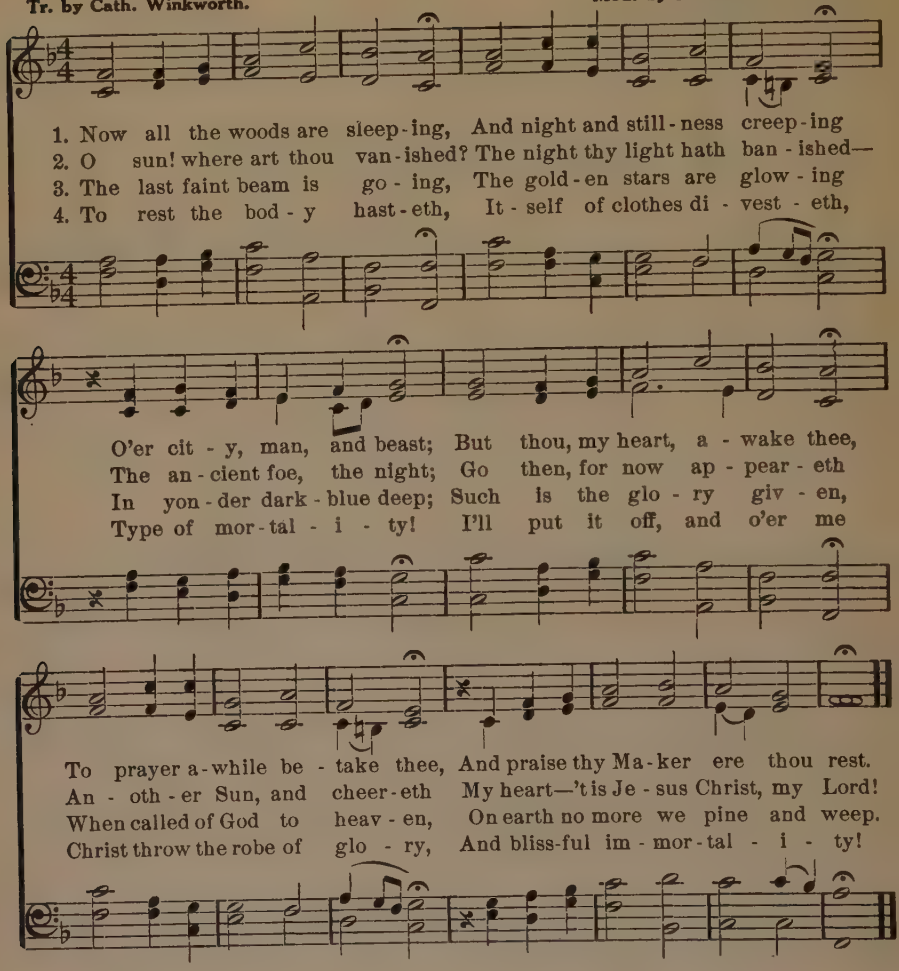
A. A. Procter.


1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky;
2. The sor - rows of Thy serv - ants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in the heart
Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;
But let the in - cense of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise.
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy That, one by one, de - part;
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day!
The brightness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav-ens shine;
Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad - ows from our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.

129 Now All the Woods Are Sleeping.

Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

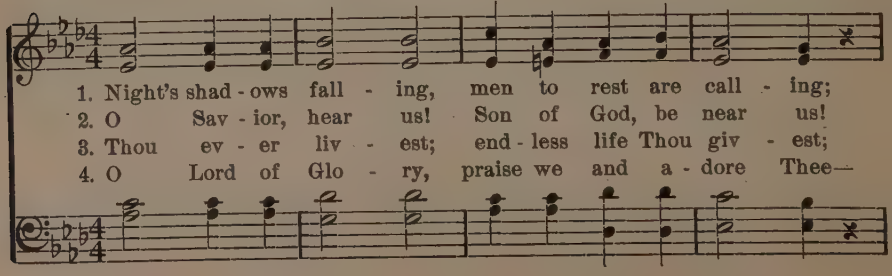
Heinrich Isaac.
Mod. by Bartholomäus Gesius.

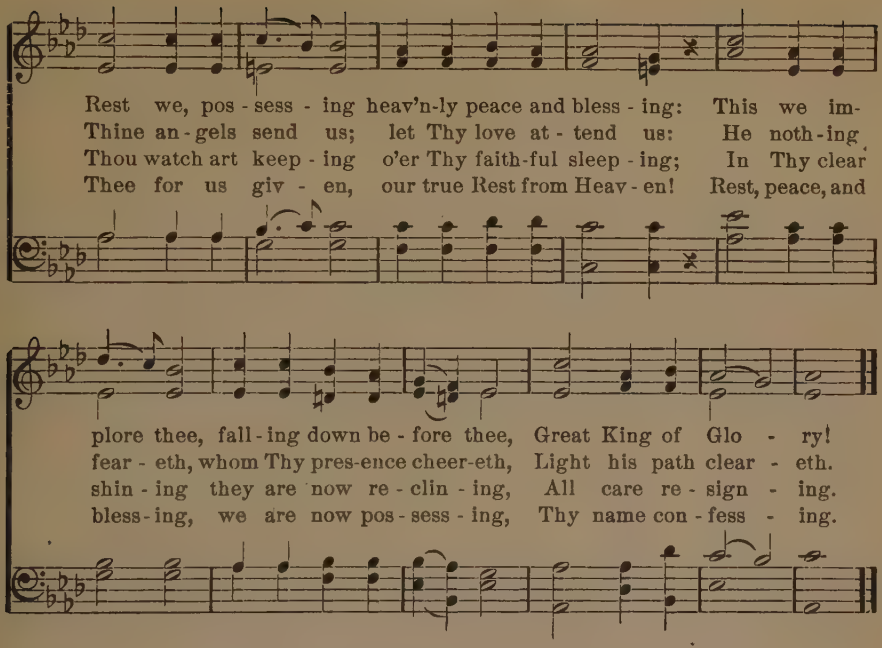

1. Now all the woods are sleep-ing, And night and still-ness creep-ing
2. O sun! where art thou van-ished? The night thy light hath ban-ished—
3. The last faint beam is go-ing, The gold-en stars are glow-ing
4. To rest the bod-y hast-eth, It-self of clothes di-vest-eth,
O'er cit-y, man, and beast; But thou, my heart, a-wake thee,
The an-cient foe, the night; Go then, for now ap-pear-eth
In yon-der dark-blue deep; Such is the glo-ry giv-en,
Type of mor-tal-i-ty! I'll put it off, and o'er me
To prayer a-while be-take thee, And praise thy Ma-ker ere thou rest.
An-oth-er Sun, and cheer-eth My heart—'t is Je-sus Christ, my Lord!
When called of God to heav-en, On earth no more we pine and weep.
Christ throw the robe of glo-ry, And bliss-ful im-mor-tal-i-ty!

130 Night's Shadows Falling.

A. T. Russell.

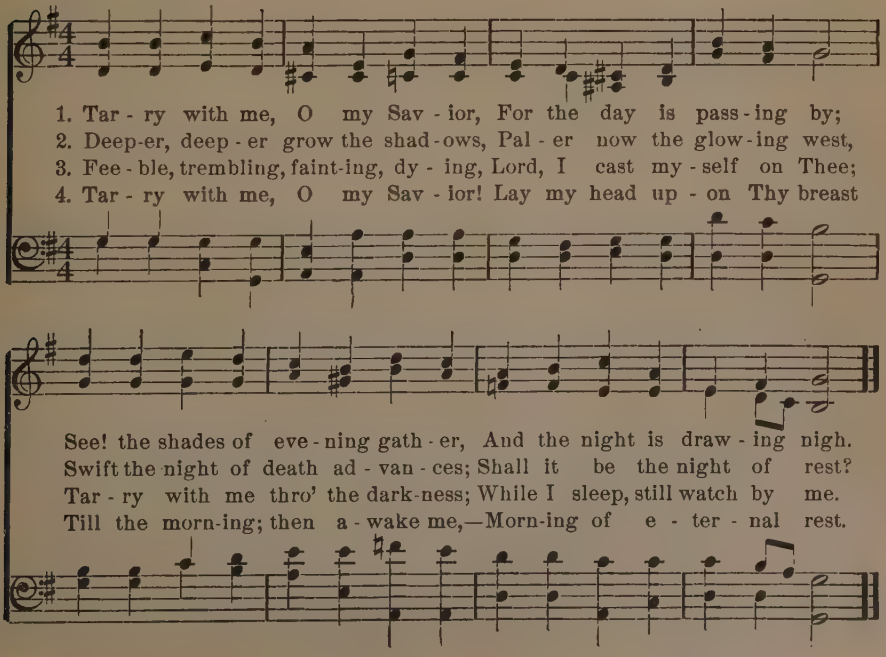
Friederich Flemming.


1. Night's shad-ows fall-ing, men to rest are call-ing;
2. O Sav-ior, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
3. Thou ev-er liv-est; end-less life Thou giv-est;
4. O Lord of Glo-ry, praise we and a-dore Thee—


Rest we, pos - sess - ing heav'n-ly peace and bless - ing: This we im-
Thine an - gels send us; let Thy love at - tend us: He noth - ing
Thou watch art keep - ing o'er Thy faith-ful sleep - ing; In Thy clear
Thee for us giv - en, our true Rest from Heav - en! Rest, peace, and
plore thee, fall - ing down be - fore thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
fear - eth, whom Thy pres-ence cheer-eth, Light his path clear - eth.
shin - ing they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.
bless - ing, we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

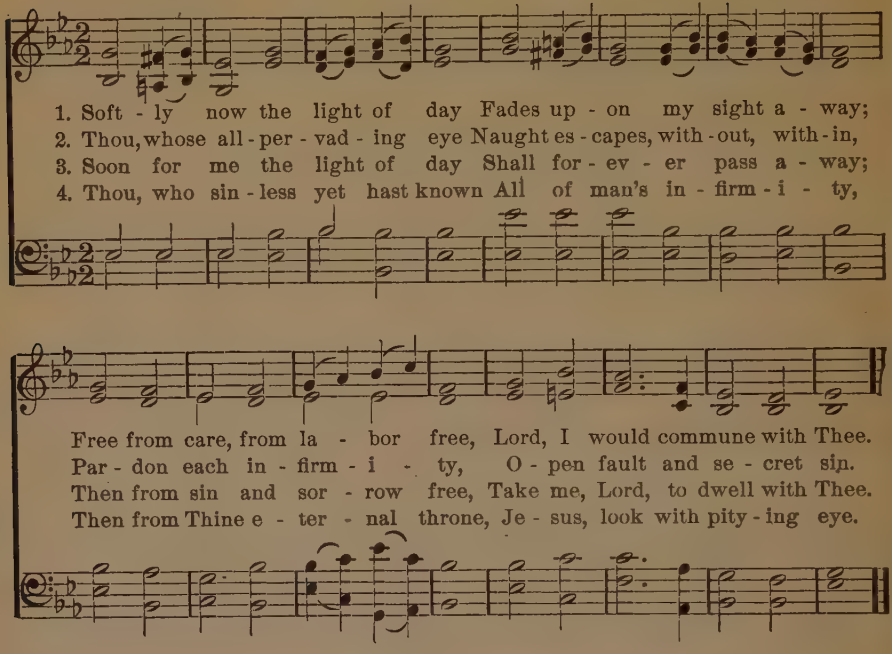
131 Tarry With Me, O My Savior.

Caroline L. Smith.


1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior, For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Deep-er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
3. Fee - ble, trembling, faint-ing, dy - ing, Lord, I cast my - self on Thee;
4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior! Lay my head up - on Thy breast
See! the shades of eve - ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
Swift the night of death ad - van - ces; Shall it be the night of rest?
Tar - ry with me thro' the dark-ness; While I sleep, still watch by me.
Till the morn-ing; then a - wake me,—Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest.

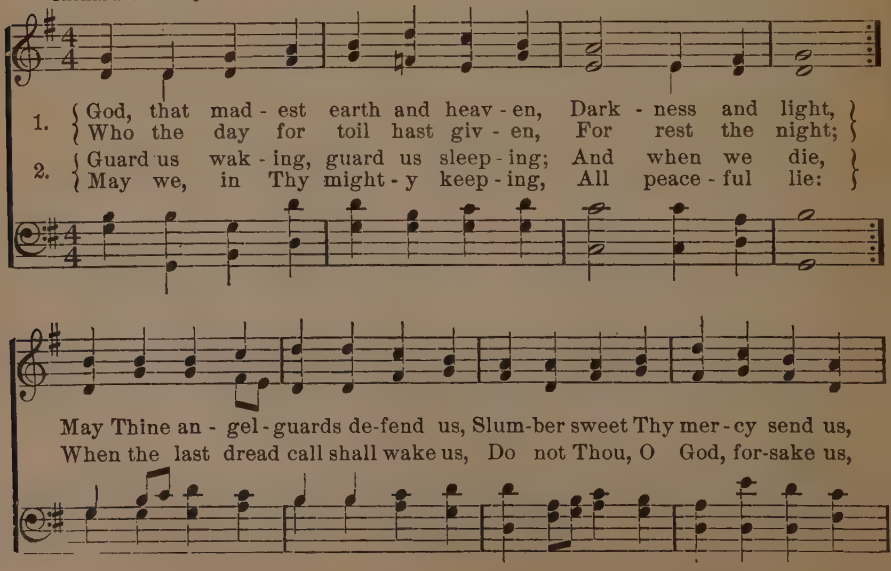
132 Softly Now the Light of Day.

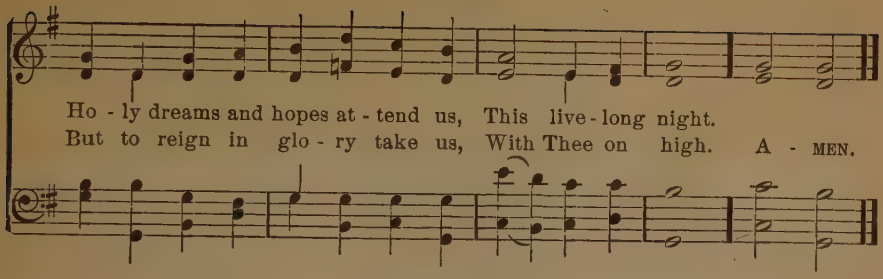
George W. Doane. George Hews.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou, who sin - less yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.

133 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber and Richard Whately. T. B. Southgate. Har. by W. H. Monk.

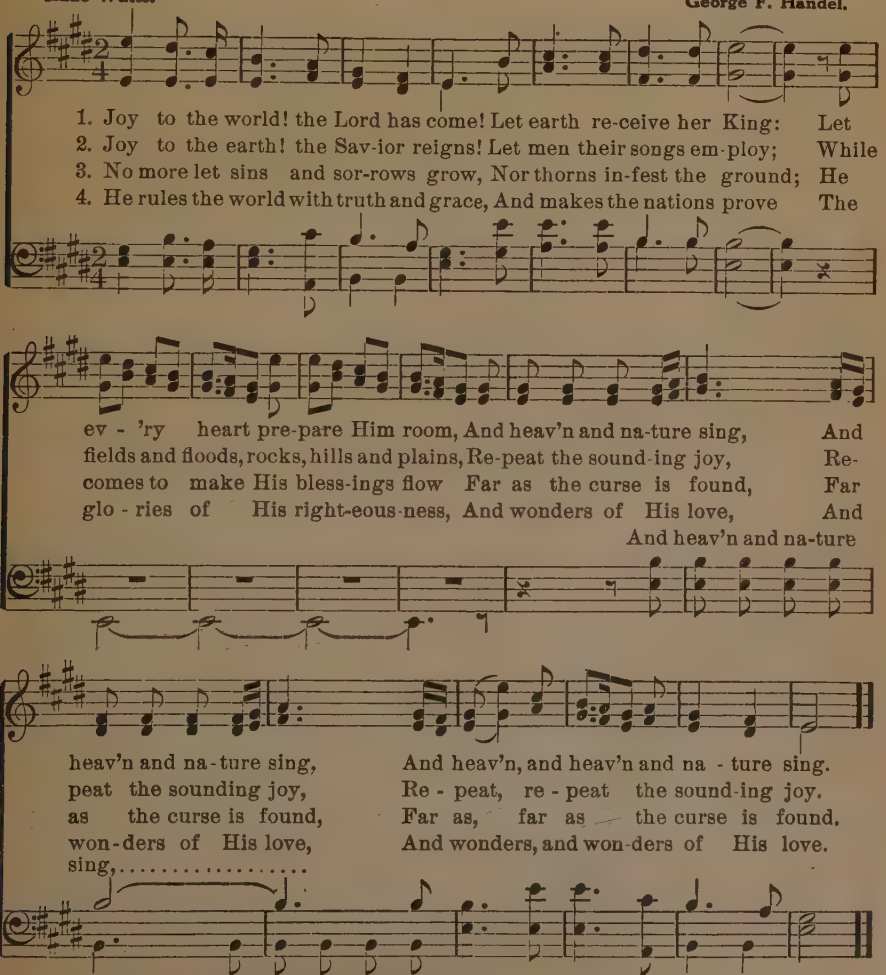

1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light,
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And when we die,
May we, in Thy might - y keep - ing, All peace - ful lie:
May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, O God, for - sake us,



Advent.

134 Joy to the World! the Lord Has Come!

Isaac Watts. George F. Handel.

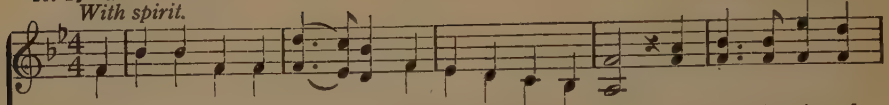

1. Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King: Let
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-ior reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won-ders of His love.
sing,.....
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

135 Rejoice, All Ye Believers.

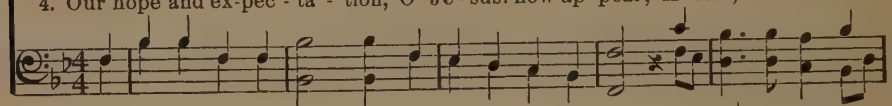
Laurentius Laurenti.
Tr. by Sarah Findlater.

Laurentius Laurenti.

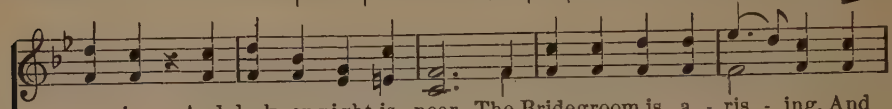
With spirit.

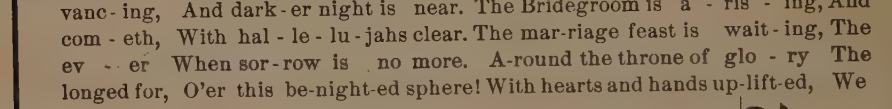


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your light ap-pear! The eve-ning is ad-
2. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet Him as He
3. Ye saints, who here in patience Your cross and suff'rings bore, Shall live and reign for-
4. Our hope and ex-pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus! now ap - pear; A - rise, Thou Sun so

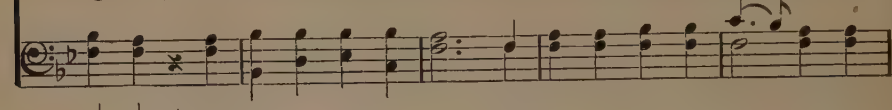


vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And
com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear. The mar-riage feast is wait - ing, The
ev - er When sor - row is no more. A-round the throne of glo - ry The
longed for, O'er this be-night-ed sphere! With hearts and hands up-lift-ed, We

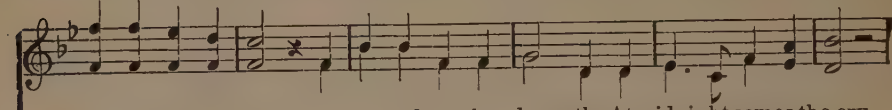




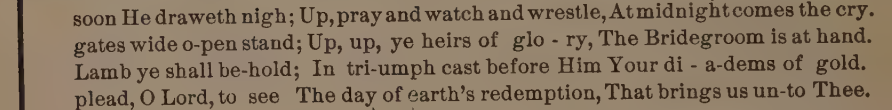
soon He draweth nigh; Up, pray and watch and wrestle, At midnight comes the cry.
gates wide o-pen stand; Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry, The Bridegroom is at hand.
Lamb ye shall be-hold; In tri-umph cast before Him Your di - a-dems of gold.
plead, O Lord, to see The day of earth's redemption, That brings us un-to Thee.

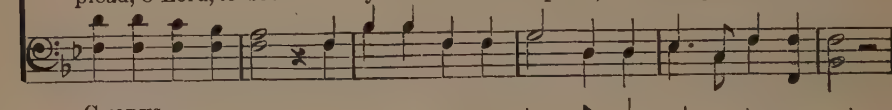


CHORUS.

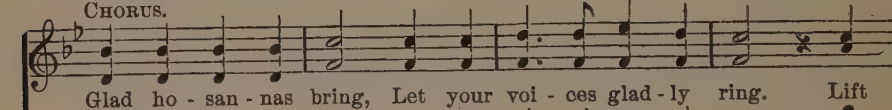


Glad ho - san - nas bring, Let your voi - ces glad - ly ring. Lift



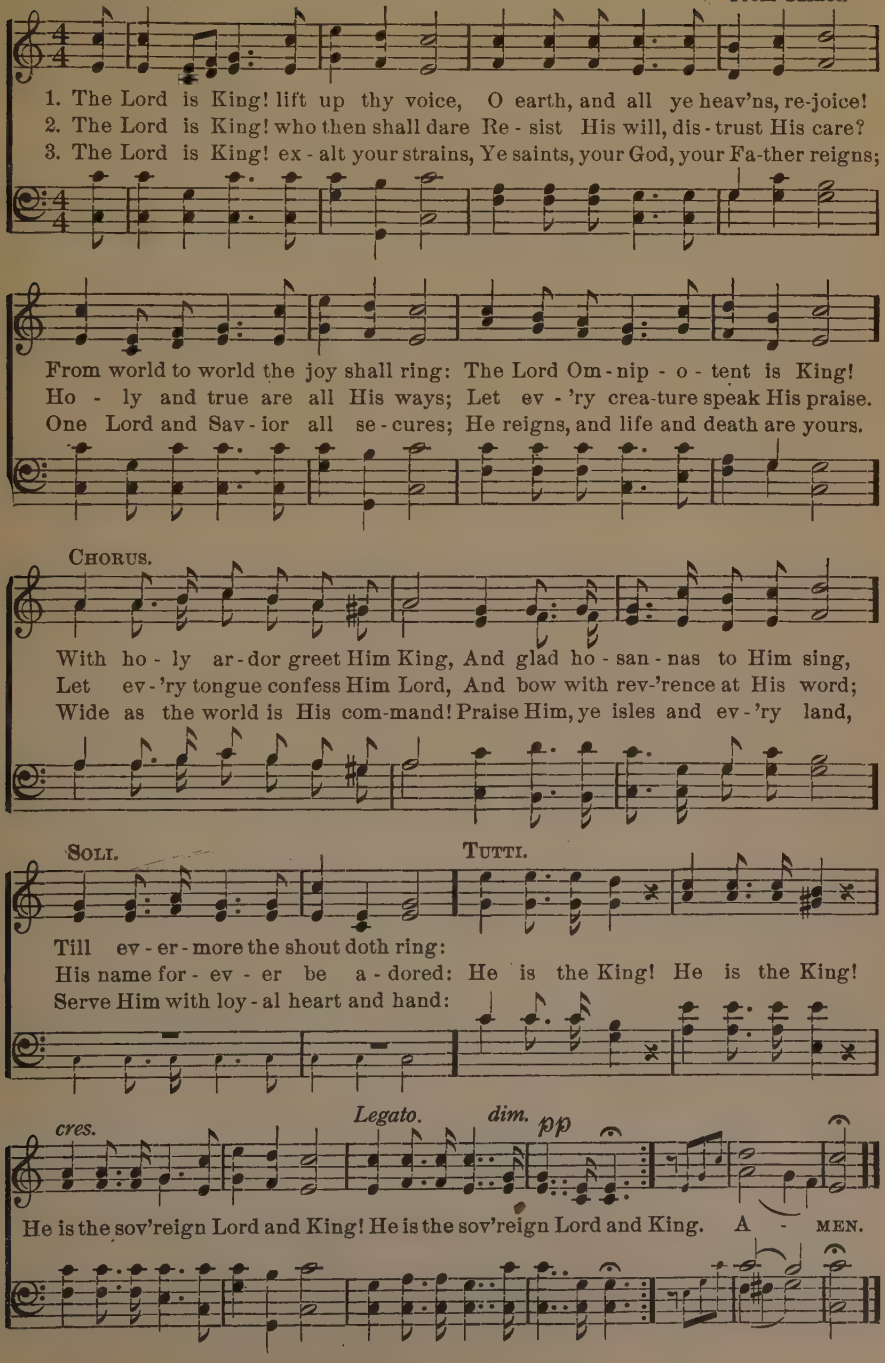


up your heads, ye might - y gates! The King of glo - ry waits.



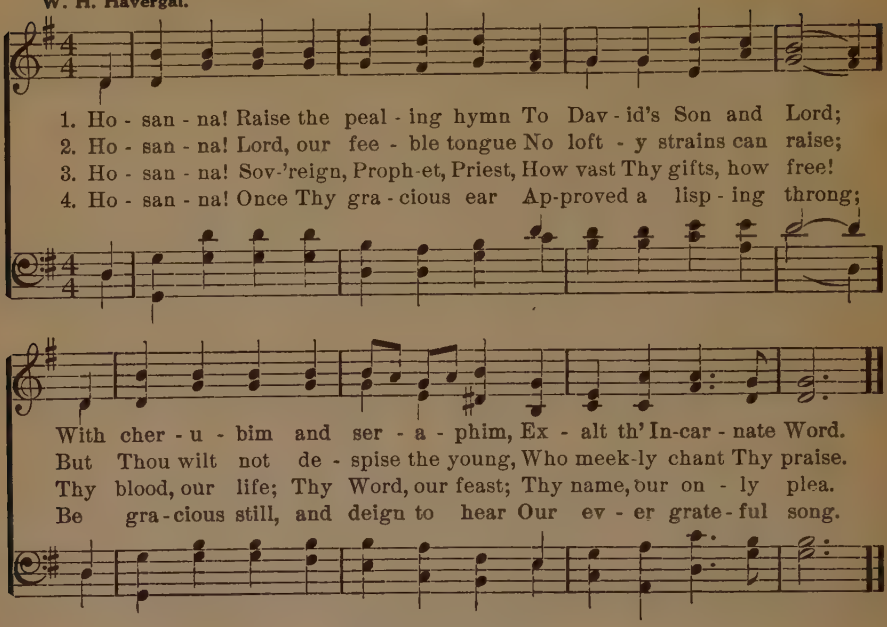
136 The Lord is King.

Josiah Conder. From Casket.


1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns, re-joice!
2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Re - sist His will, dis - trust His care?
3. The Lord is King! ex - alt your strains, Ye saints, your God, your Fa-ther reigns;
From world to world the joy shall ring: The Lord Om - nip - o - tent is King!
Ho - ly and true are all His ways; Let ev - 'ry crea-ture speak His praise.
One Lord and Sav - ior all se - cures; He reigns, and life and death are yours.
Chorus.
With ho - ly ar - dor greet Him King, And glad ho - san - nas to Him sing,
Let ev - 'ry tongue confess Him Lord, And bow with rev-'rence at His word;
Wide as the world is His com-mand! Praise Him, ye isles and ev - 'ry land,
Soli.
Tutti.
Till ev - er - more the shout doth ring:
His name for - ev - er be a - dored: He is the King! He is the King!
Serve Him with loy - al heart and hand:
cres.
Legato.
dim.
pp
He is the sov'reign Lord and King! He is the sov'reign Lord and King. A - men.

137 Hosanna! Raise the Pealing Hymn.

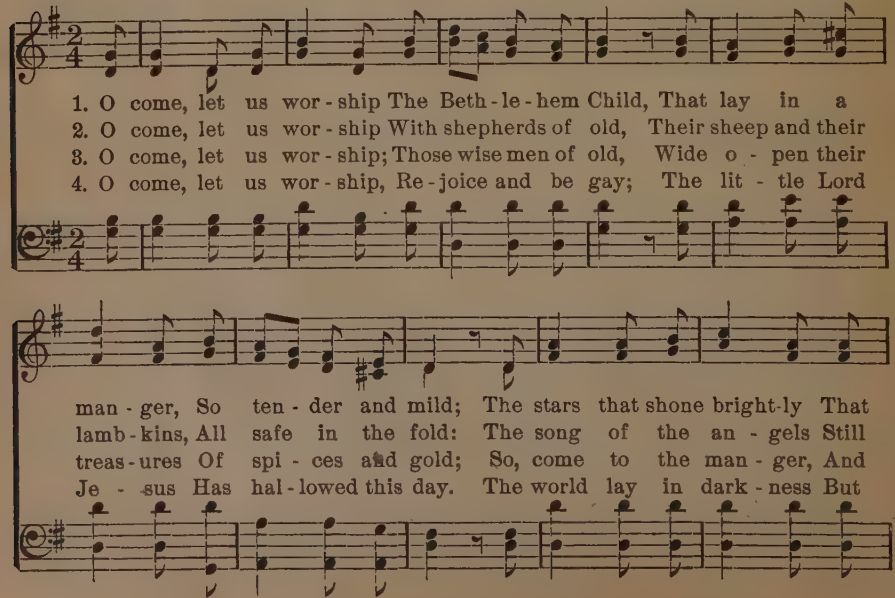
W. H. Havergal.

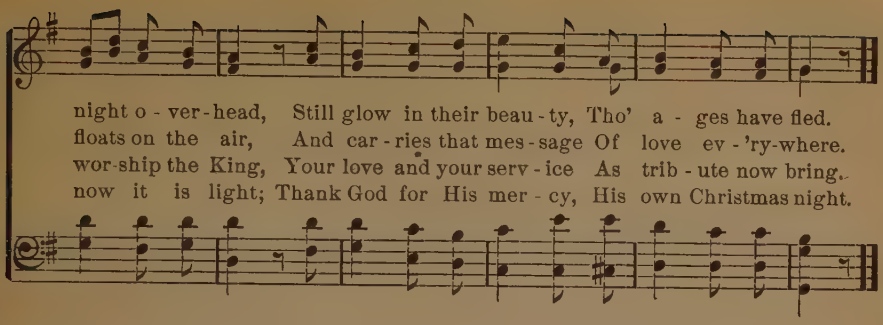

1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Dav - id's Son and Lord;
2. Ho - san - na! Lord, our fee - ble tongue No loft - y strains can raise;
3. Ho - san - na! Sov-'reign, Proph-et, Priest, How vast Thy gifts, how free!
4. Ho - san - na! Once Thy gra - cious ear Ap-proved a lisp - ing throng;
With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In-car - nate Word.
But Thou wilt not de - spise the young, Who meek-ly chant Thy praise.
Thy blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast; Thy name, our on - ly plea.
Be gra-cious still, and deign to hear Our ev - er grate - ful song.

Christmas.

138 O Come, Let Us Worship.

A. C. Wuchter. G. H. Trebel.

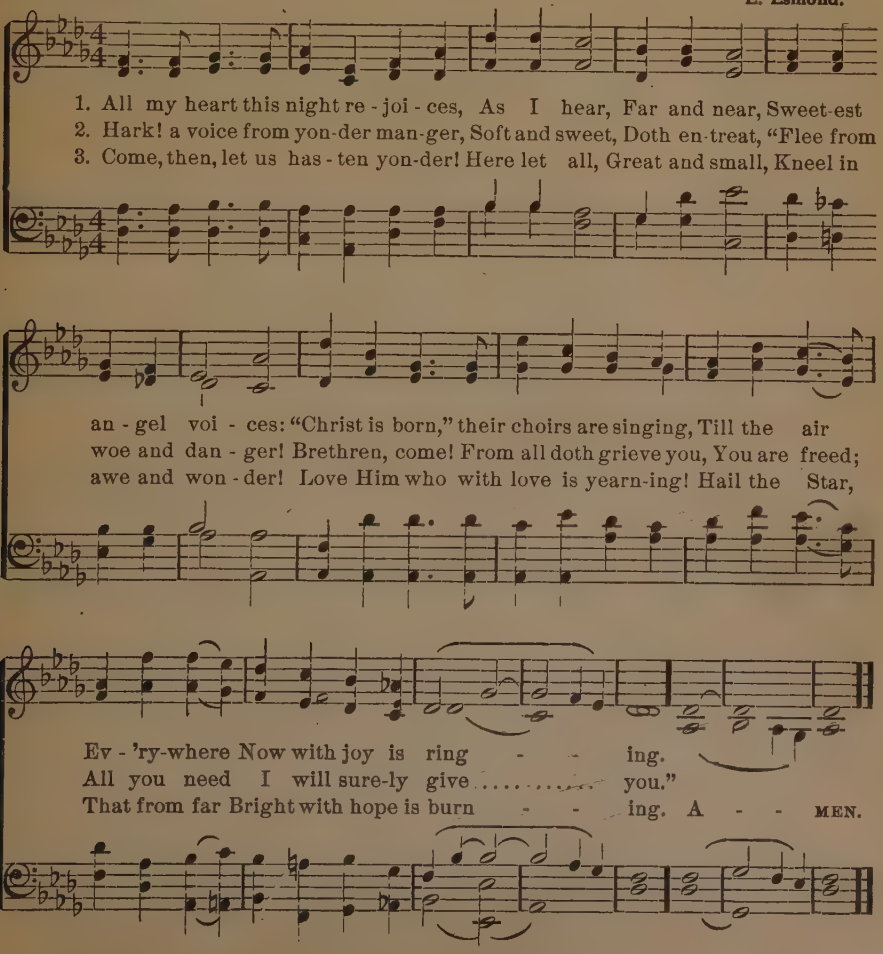

1. O come, let us wor - ship The Beth - le - hem Child, That lay in a
2. O come, let us wor - ship With shepherds of old, Their sheep and their
3. O come, let us wor - ship; Those wise men of old, Wide o - pen their
4. O come, let us wor - ship, Re - joice and be gay; The lit - tle Lord
man - ger, So ten - der and mild; The stars that shone bright-ly That
lamb - kins, All safe in the fold: The song of the an - gels Still
treas - ures Of spi - ces and gold; So, come to the man - ger, And
Je - sus Has hal - lowed this day. The world lay in dark - ness But


night o - ver - head, Still glow in their beau - ty, Tho' a - ges have fled.
floats on the air, And car - ries that mes - sage Of love ev - 'ry-where.
wor-ship the King, Your love and your serv - ice As trib - ute now bring.
now it is light; Thank God for His mer - cy, His own Christmas night.

139 All My Heart This Night Rejoices.

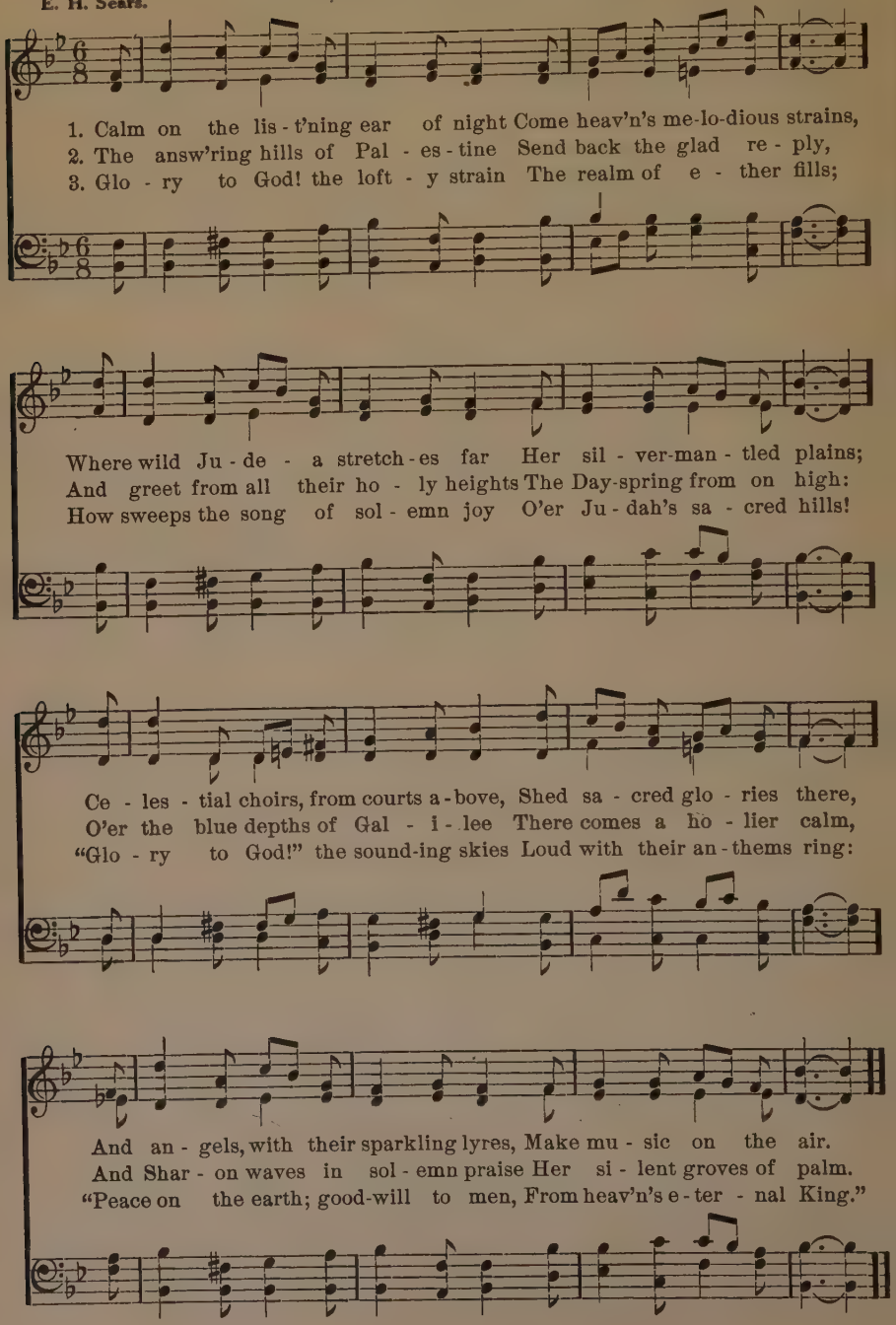
P. Gerhardt.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

E. Esmond.


1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweet-est
2. Hark! a voice from yon-der man-ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en-treat, "Flee from
3. Come, then, let us has - ten yon-der! Here let all, Great and small, Kneel in
an - gel voi - ces: "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air
woe and dan - ger! Brethren, come! From all doth grieve you, You are freed;
awe and won - der! Love Him who with love is yearn-ing! Hail the Star,
Ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - - ing.
All you need I will sure-ly give ..... you."
That from far Bright with hope is burn - - ing. A - - MEN.

140 Calm On the Listening Ear.

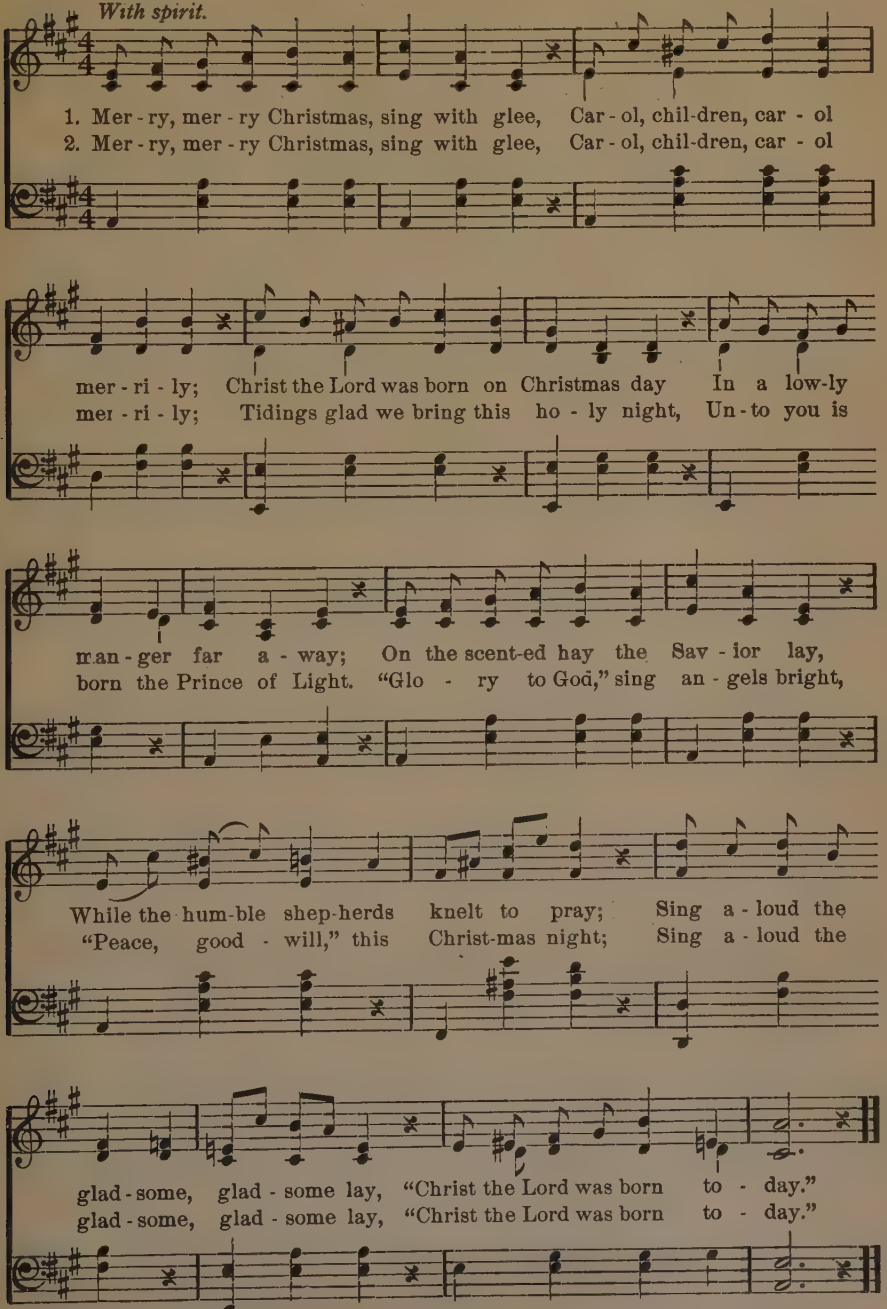
E. H. Sears. Richard S. Willis.


1. Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
2. The answ'ring hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
3. Glo - ry to God! the loft - y strain The realm of e - ther fills;
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains;
And greet from all their ho - ly heights The Day-spring from on high:
How sweeps the song of sol - emn joy O'er Ju - dah's sa - cred hills!
Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
"Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an - thems ring:
And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And Shar - on waves in sol - emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm.
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King."

141 Merry, Merry Christmas.

Rena I. Halsey. Henrietta A. Halsey.

With spirit.


1. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas, sing with glee, Car - ol, chil-dren, car - ol
2. Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas, sing with glee, Car - ol, chil-dren, car - ol
mer - ri - ly; Christ the Lord was born on Christmas day In a low-ly
mer - ri - ly; Tidings glad we bring this ho - ly night, Un - to you is
man - ger far a - way; On the scent-ed hay the Sav - ior lay,
born the Prince of Light. "Glo - ry to God," sing an - gels bright,
While the hum-ble shep-herds knelt to pray; Sing a - loud the
"Peace, good - will," this Christ-mas night; Sing a - loud the
glad - some, glad - some lay, "Christ the Lord was born to - day."
glad - some, glad - some lay, "Christ the Lord was born to - day."

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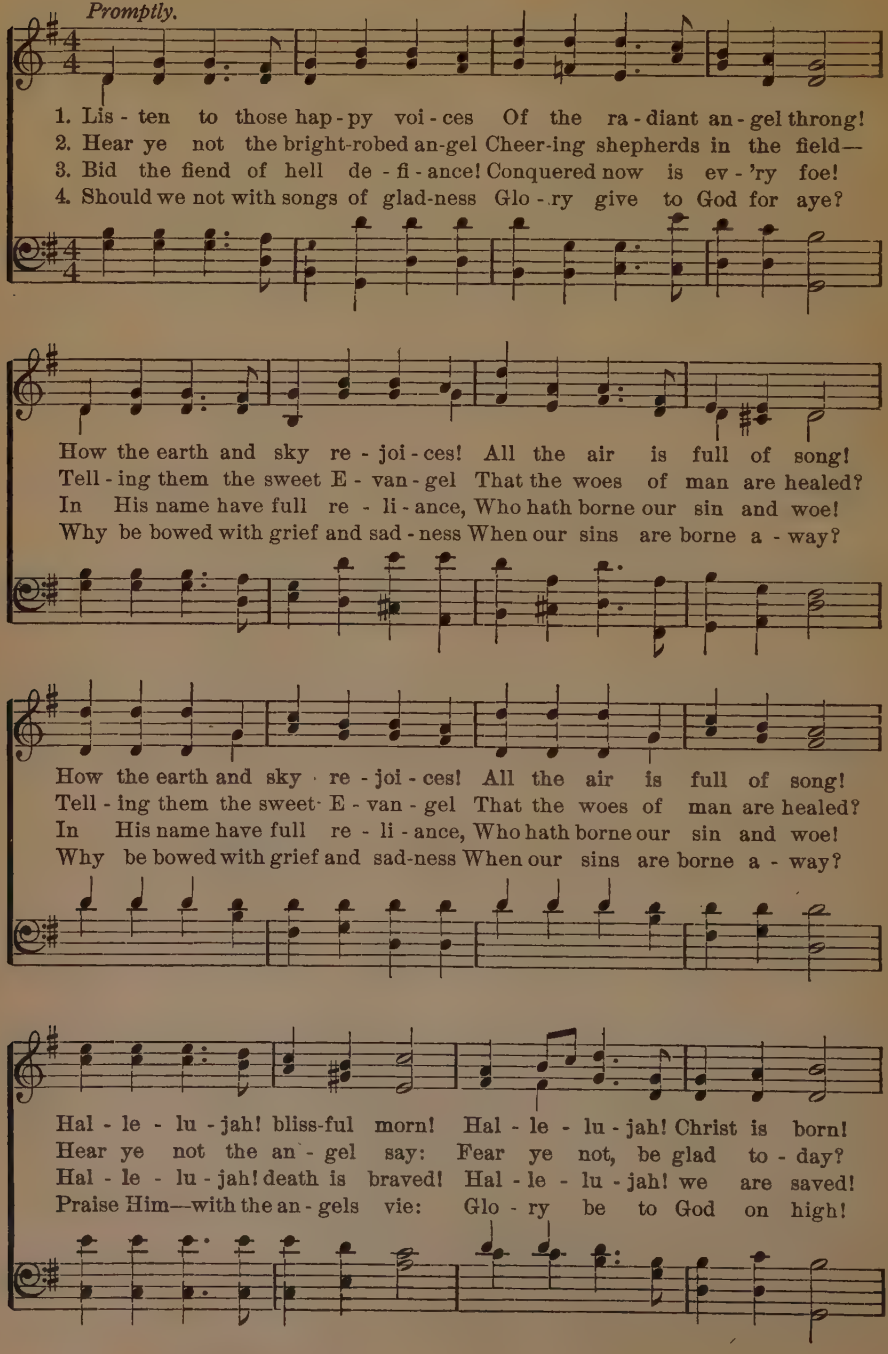
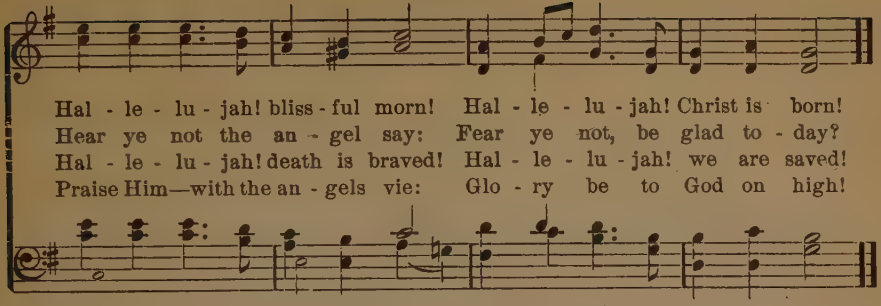
142 Listen to Those Happy Voices.

M. Loy. F. Mendelssohn.

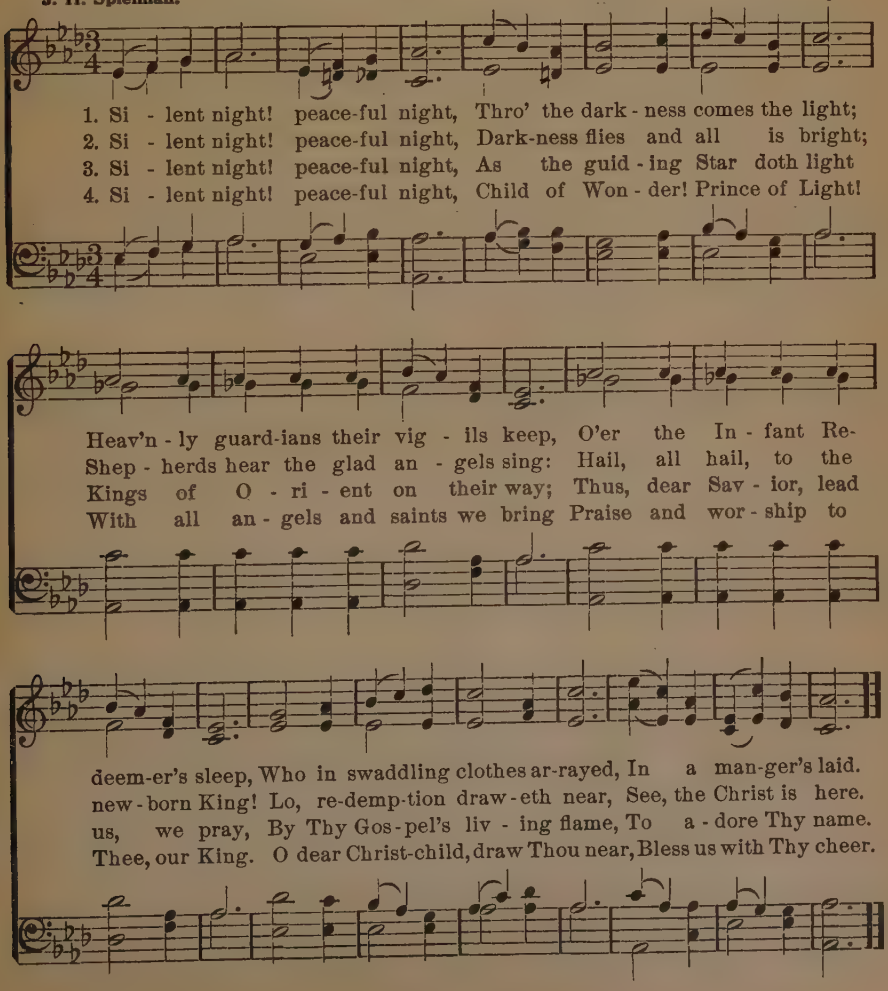
Promptly.


1. Lis - ten to those hap - py voi - ces Of the ra - diant an - gel throng!
2. Hear ye not the bright-robed an-gel Cheer-ing shepherds in the field—
3. Bid the fiend of hell de - fi - ance! Conquered now is ev - 'ry foe!
4. Should we not with songs of glad-ness Glo - ry give to God for aye?
How the earth and sky re - joi - ces! All the air is full of song!
Tell - ing them the sweet E - van - gel That the woes of man are healed?
In His name have full re - li - ance, Who hath borne our sin and woe!
Why be bowed with grief and sad - ness When our sins are borne a - way?
How the earth and sky re - joi - ces! All the air is full of song!
Tell - ing them the sweet E - van - gel That the woes of man are healed?
In His name have full re - li - ance, Who hath borne our sin and woe!
Why be bowed with grief and sad-ness When our sins are borne a - way?
Hal - le - lu - jah! bliss-ful morn! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is born!
Hear ye not the an - gel say: Fear ye not, be glad to - day?
Hal - le - lu - jah! death is braved! Hal - le - lu - jah! we are saved!
Praise Him—with the an - gels vie: Glo - ry be to God on high!


Hal - le - lu - jah! bliss - ful morn! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is born!
Hear ye not the an - gel say: Fear ye not, be glad to - day?
Hal - le - lu - jah! death is braved! Hal - le - lu - jah! we are saved!
Praise Him—with the an - gels vie: Glo - ry be to God on high!

143 Silent Night! Peaceful Night!

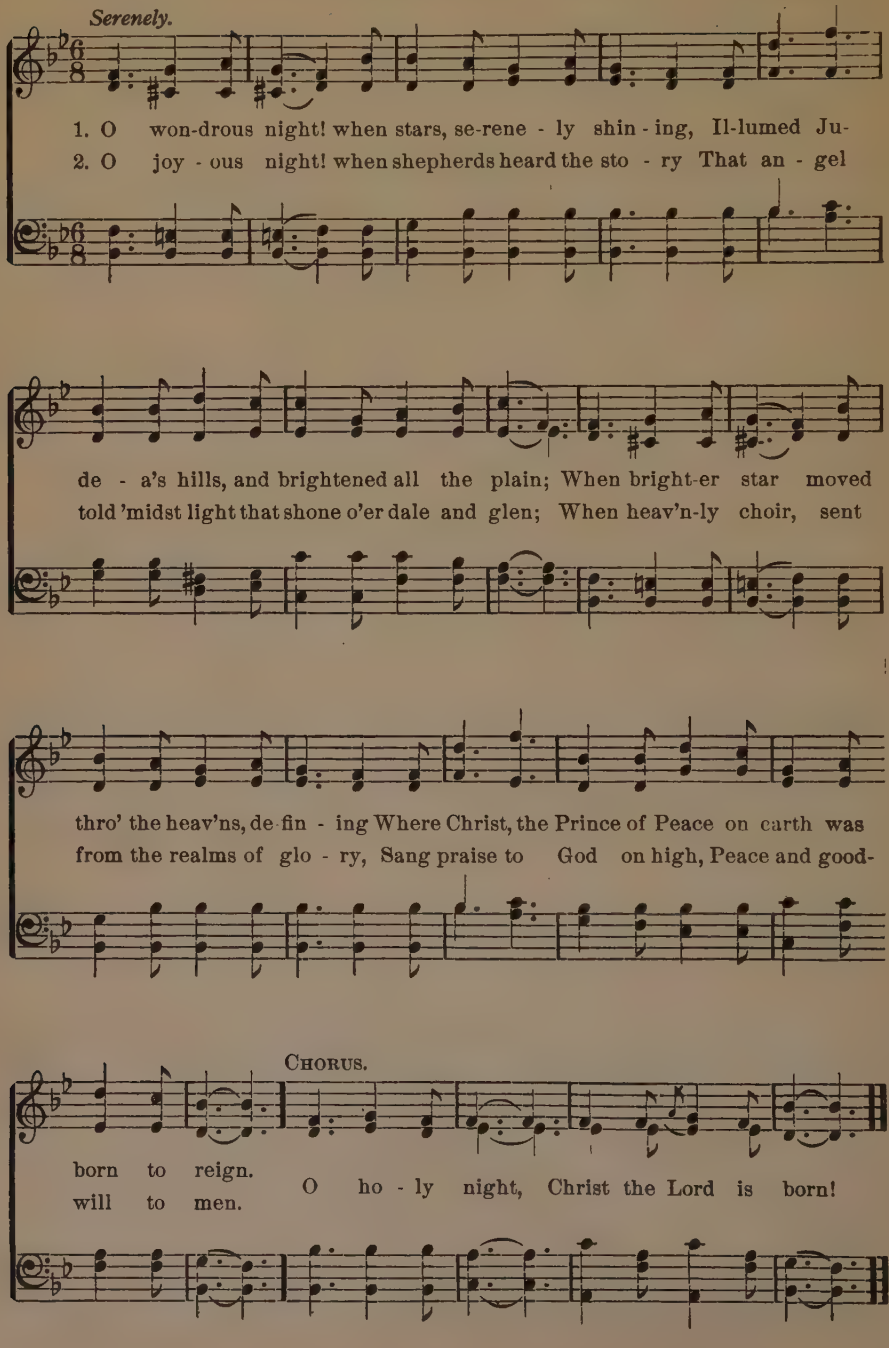
J. H. Spielman. Voice of Joy.


1. Si - lent night! peace-ful night, Thro' the dark - ness comes the light;
2. Si - lent night! peace-ful night, Dark-ness flies and all is bright;
3. Si - lent night! peace-ful night, As the guid - ing Star doth light
4. Si - lent night! peace-ful night, Child of Won - der! Prince of Light!
Heav'n - ly guard-ians their vig - ils keep, O'er the In - fant Re-
Shep - herds hear the glad an - gels sing: Hail, all hail, to the
Kings of O - ri - ent on their way; Thus, dear Sav - ior, lead
With all an - gels and saints we bring Praise and wor - ship to
deem-er's sleep, Who in swaddling clothes ar-rayed, In a man-ger's laid.
new - born King! Lo, re-demp-tion draw - eth near, See, the Christ is here.
us, we pray, By Thy Gos - pel's liv - ing flame, To a - dore Thy name.
Thee, our King. O dear Christ-child, draw Thou near, Bless us with Thy cheer.

144 O Wondrous Night.

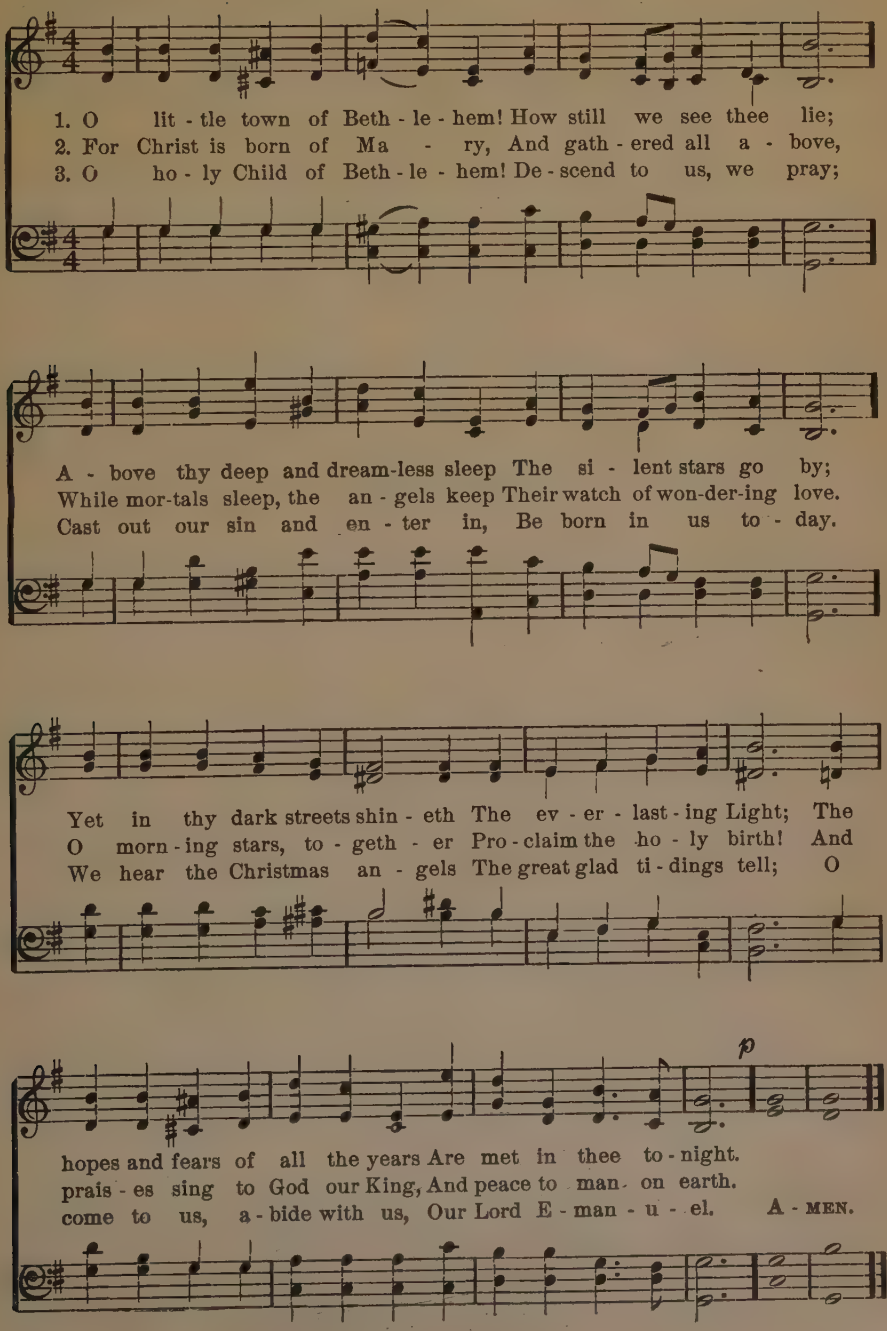
A. S. Doughty. Geo. C. Hugg.

Serenely.


1. O won-drous night! when stars, se-rene - ly shin - ing, Il-lumed Ju-
2. O joy - ous night! when shepherds heard the sto - ry That an - gel
de - a's hills, and brightened all the plain; When bright-er star moved
told 'midst light that shone o'er dale and glen; When heav'n-ly choir, sent
thro' the heav'ns, de-fin - ing Where Christ, the Prince of Peace on earth was
from the realms of glo - ry, Sang praise to God on high, Peace and good-
Chorus.
born to reign.
will to men.
O ho - ly night, Christ the Lord is born!

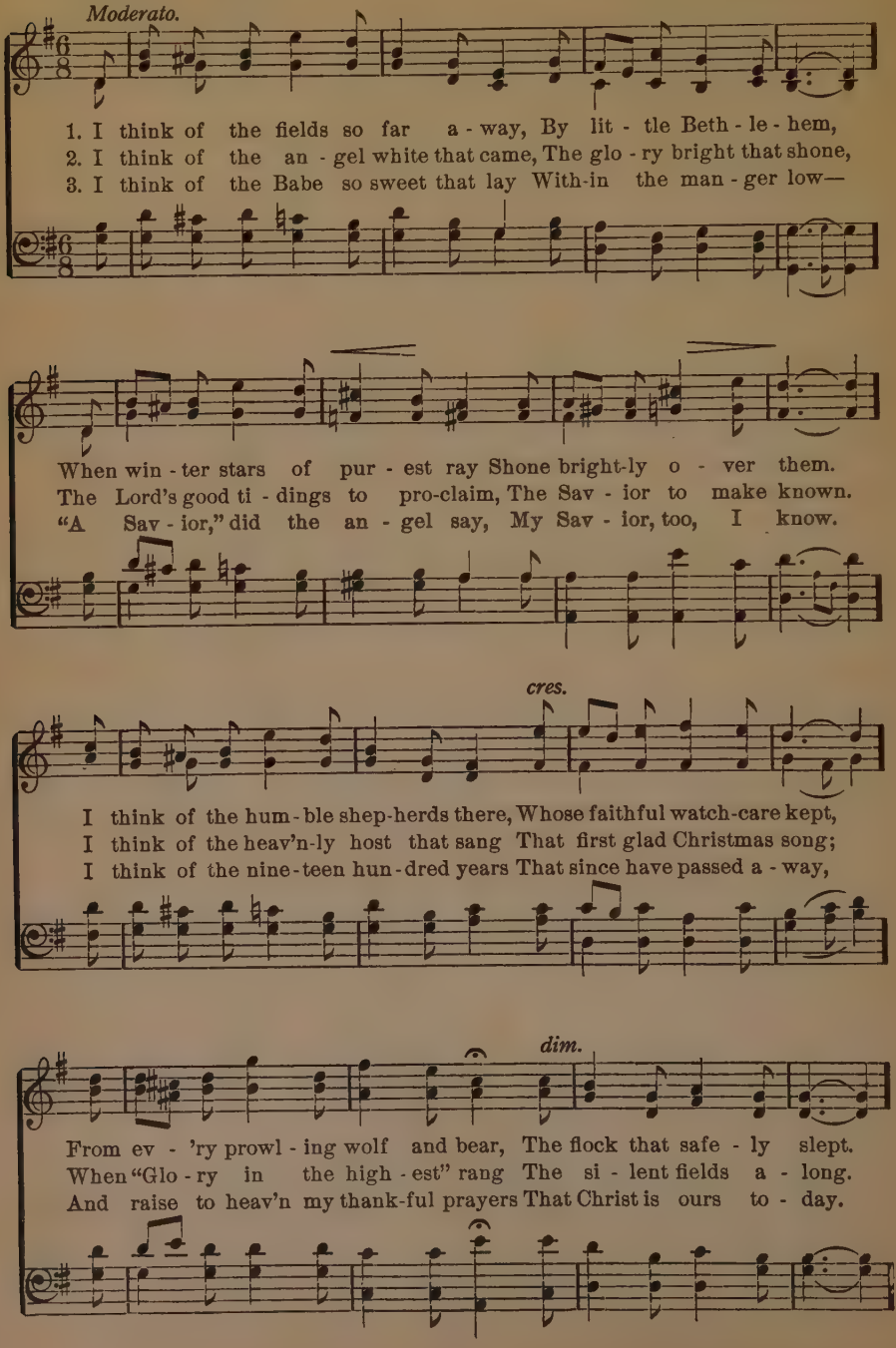
145 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

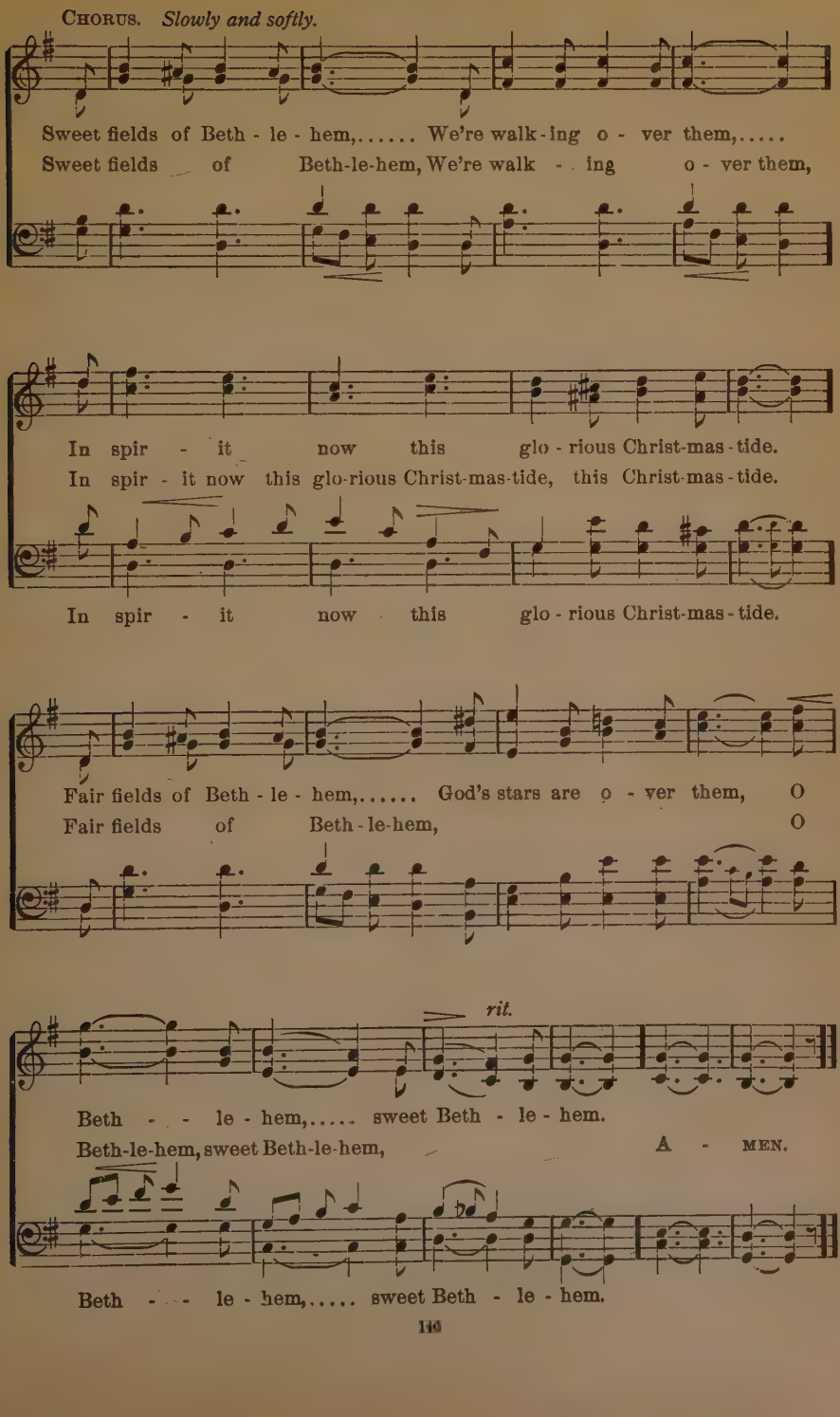
Phillips Brooks. English.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-der-ing love.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And
We hear the Christmas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O
p
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God our King, And peace to man on earth.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el. A - MEN.

146 Sweet Fields of Bethlehem.

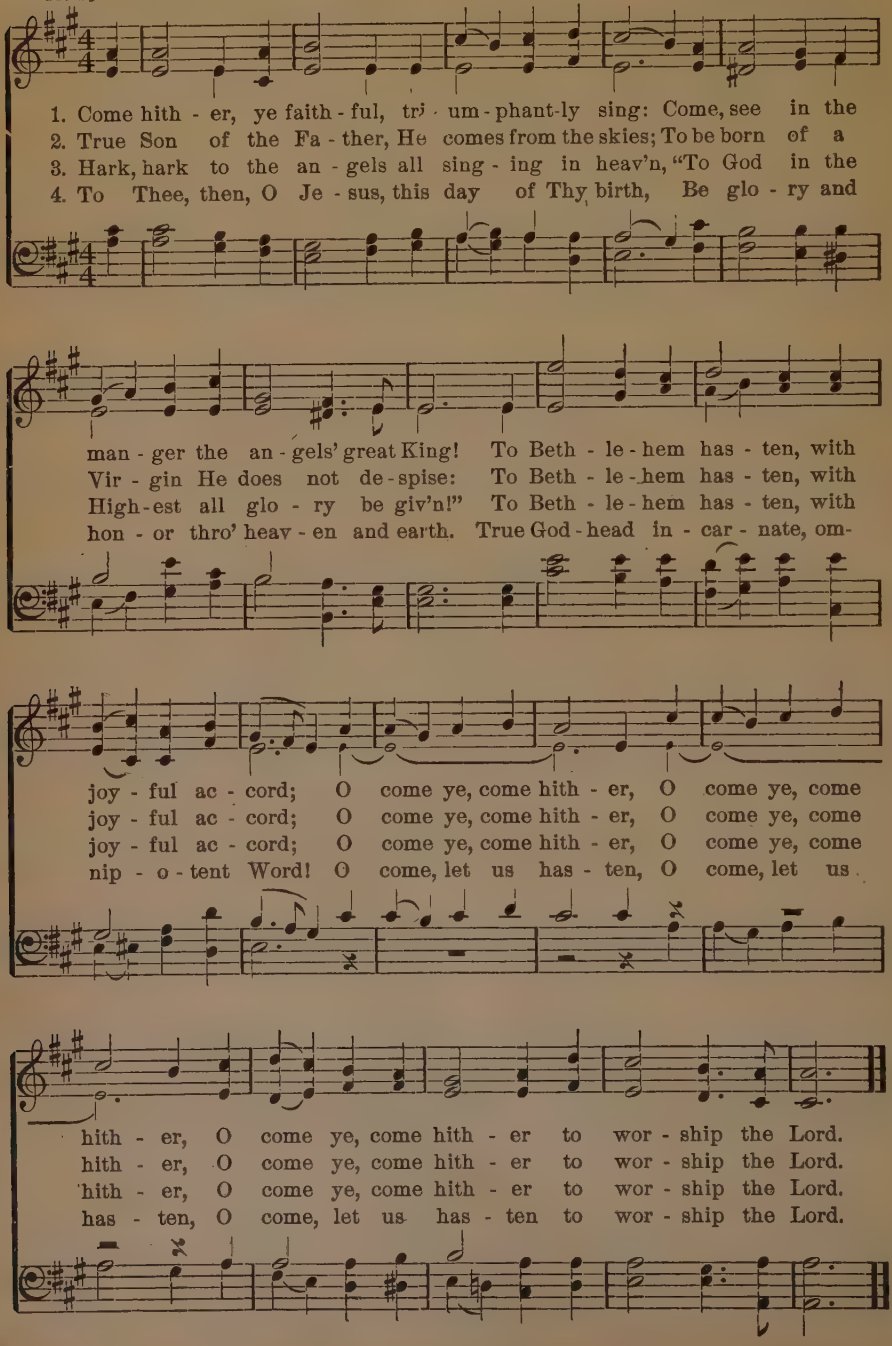
J. M. Hull—J. H. Kuhlmann. L. H. Burry. Arr. by E. P.


Moderato.
1. I think of the fields so far a - way, By lit - tle Beth - le - hem,
2. I think of the an - gel white that came, The glo - ry bright that shone,
3. I think of the Babe so sweet that lay With-in the man - ger low—
When win - ter stars of pur - est ray Shone bright-ly o - ver them.
The Lord's good ti - dings to pro-claim, The Sav - ior to make known.
"A Sav - ior," did the an - gel say, My Sav - ior, too, I know.
cres.
I think of the hum - ble shep-herds there, Whose faithful watch-care kept,
I think of the heav'n-ly host that sang That first glad Christmas song;
I think of the nine-teen hun - dred years That since have passed a - way,
dim.
From ev - 'ry prowl - ing wolf and bear, The flock that safe - ly slept.
When "Glo - ry in the high - est" rang The si - lent fields a - long.
And raise to heav'n my thank-ful prayers That Christ is ours to - day.


CHORUS. Slowly and softly.
Sweet fields of Beth - le - hem,..... We're walk-ing o - ver them,.....
Sweet fields of Beth-le-hem, We're walk - ing o - ver them,
In spir - it now this glo - rious Christ-mas-tide.
In spir - it now this glo-rious Christ-mas-tide, this Christ-mas-tide.
In spir - it now this glo - rious Christ-mas-tide.
Fair fields of Beth - le - hem,..... God's stars are o - ver them, O
Fair fields of Beth-le-hem, O
rit.
Beth - - le - hem,..... sweet Beth - le - hem.
Beth-le-hem, sweet Beth-le-hem, A - MEN.
Beth - - le - hem,..... sweet Beth - le - hem.

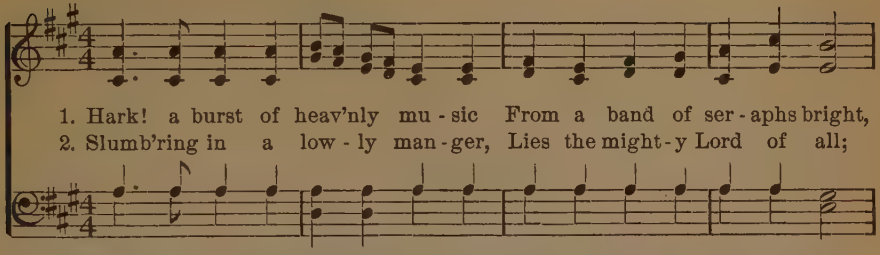
149 Come Hither, Ye Faithful, Triumphantly Sing.

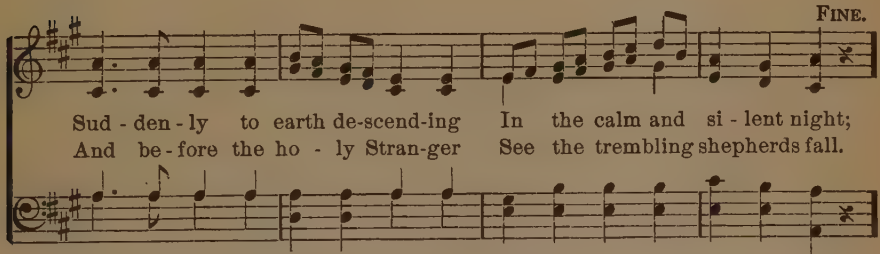
Tr. by Edward Caswell. John Reading.

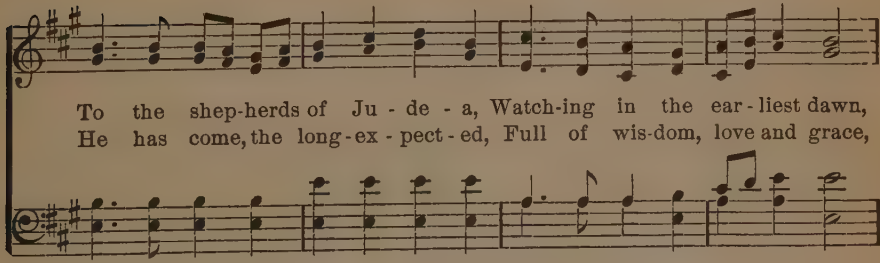

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant-ly sing: Come, see in the
2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To be born of a
3. Hark, hark to the an - gels all sing - ing in heav'n, "To God in the
4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and
man - ger the an - gels' great King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
Vir - gin He does not de - spise: To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
High-est all glo - ry be giv'n!" To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
hon - or thro' heav - en and earth. True God - head in - car - nate, om-
joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
nip - o - tent Word! O come, let us has - ten, O come, let us
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord.
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord.
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord.
has - ten, O come, let us has - ten to wor - ship the Lord.

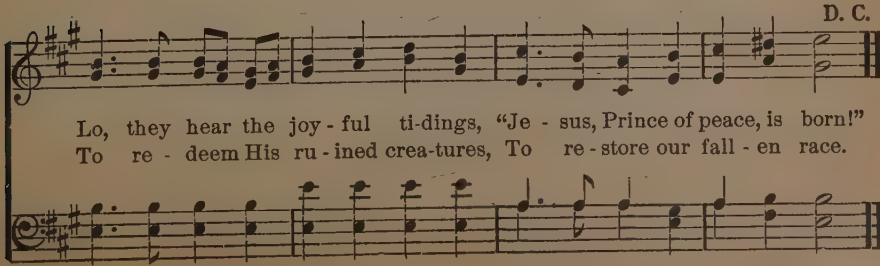
150 Hark! a Burst of Heavenly Music.

Goodrich's Service and Tune Book.


1. Hark! a burst of heav'nly mu - sic From a band of ser - aphs bright,
2. Slumb'ring in a low - ly man - ger, Lies the might - y Lord of all;
D.C.—Sweet and clear those an - gel voi - ces, Echo'ng thro' the star - ry sky,
D.C.—So let an - gels wake the cho - rus! So let ransomed men re - ply!

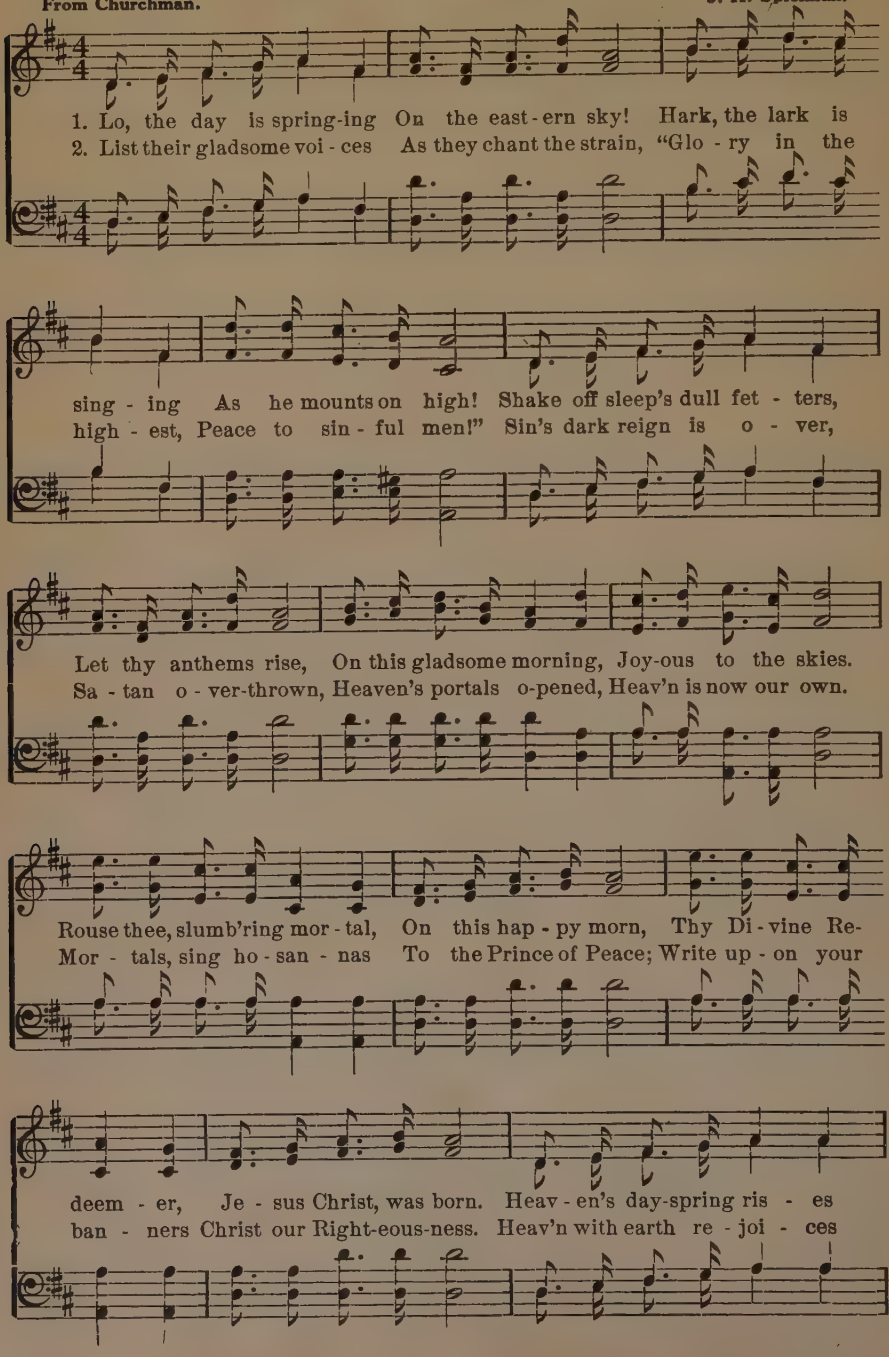

FINE.
Sud - den - ly to earth de-scend-ing In the calm and si - lent night;
And be - fore the ho - ly Stran-ger See the trembling shepherds fall.
As they chant the heav'nly cho - rus, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
Chanting the ce - les - tial an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

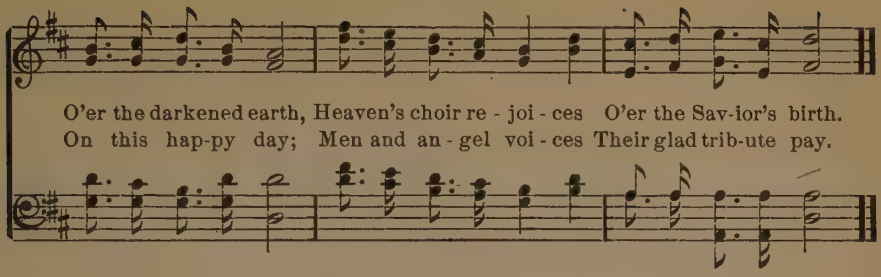



D. C.
Lo, they hear the joy - ful ti-dings, "Je - sus, Prince of peace, is born!"
To re - deem His ru - ined crea-tures, To re - store our fall - en race.

151 Lo, the Day is Springing!

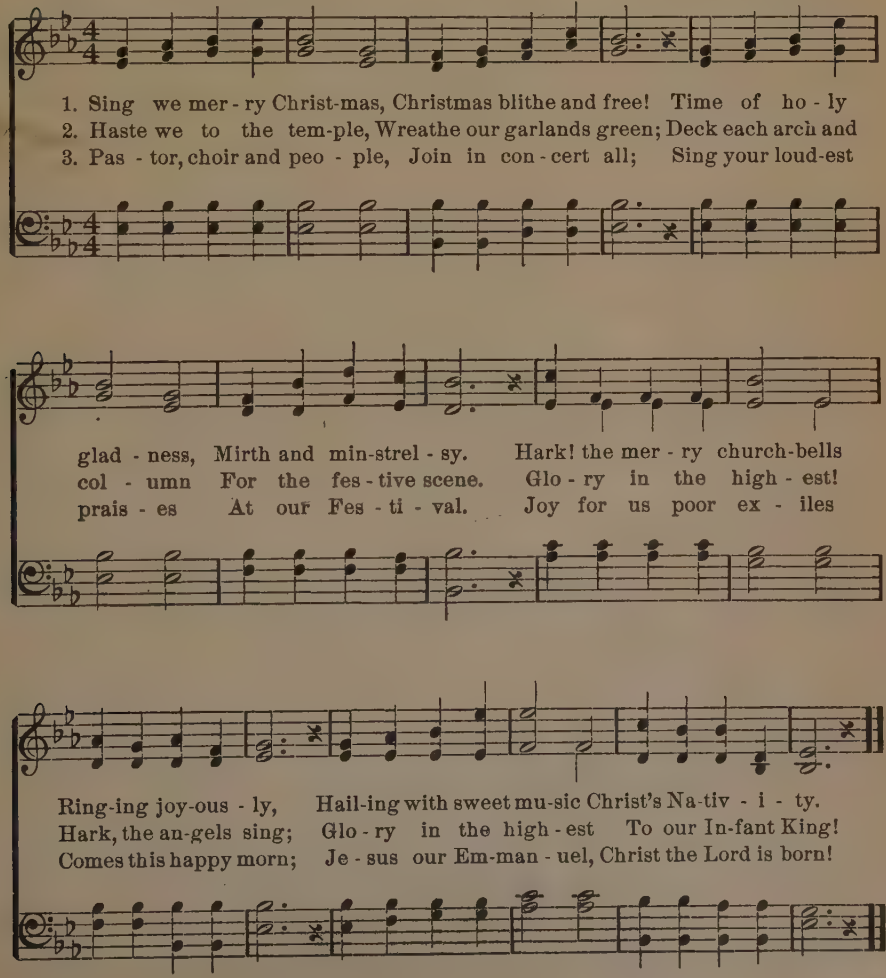
From Churchman. J. H. Spielman.


1. Lo, the day is spring-ing On the east-ern sky! Hark, the lark is
2. List their gladsome voi-ces As they chant the strain, "Glo-ry in the
sing-ing As he mounts on high! Shake off sleep's dull fet-ters,
high-est, Peace to sin-ful men!" Sin's dark reign is o-ver,
Let thy anthems rise, On this gladsome morning, Joy-ous to the skies.
Sa-tan o-ver-thrown, Heaven's portals o-pened, Heav'n is now our own.
Rouse thee, slumb'ring mor-tal, On this hap-py morn, Thy Di-vine Re-
Mor-tals, sing ho-san-nas To the Prince of Peace; Write up-on your
deem-er, Je-sus Christ, was born. Heav-en's day-spring ris-es
ban-ners Christ our Right-eous-ness. Heav'n with earth re-joi-ces


O'er the darkened earth, Heaven's choir re - joi - ces O'er the Sav-ior's birth.
On this hap-py day; Men and an - gel voi - ces Their glad trib-ute pay.

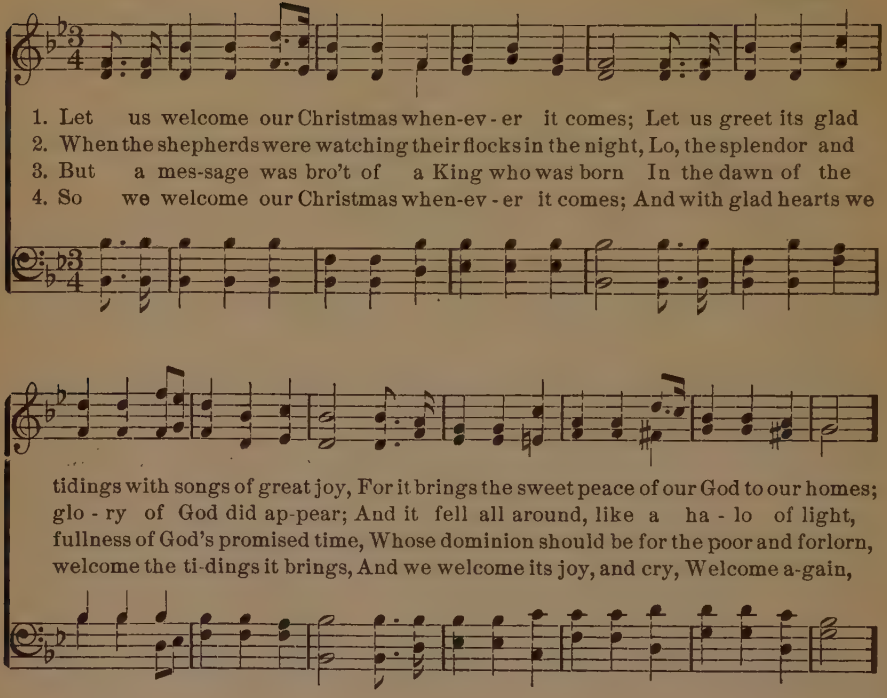
152 Sing We Merry Christmas.

Goodrich's Service and Tune Book. G. Council S. S. Book.


1. Sing we mer - ry Christ-mas, Christmas blithe and free! Time of ho - ly
2. Haste we to the tem-ple, Wreathe our garlands green; Deck each arch and
3. Pas - tor, choir and peo - ple, Join in con - cert all; Sing your loud-est
glad - ness, Mirth and min-strel - sy. Hark! the mer - ry church-bells
col - umn For the fes - tive scene. Glo - ry in the high - est!
prais - es At our Fes - ti - val. Joy for us poor ex - iles
Ring-ing joy-ous - ly, Hail-ing with sweet mu-sic Christ's Na-tiv - i - ty.
Hark, the an-gels sing; Glo - ry in the high - est To our In-fant King!
Comes this happy morn; Je - sus our Em-man - uel, Christ the Lord is born!

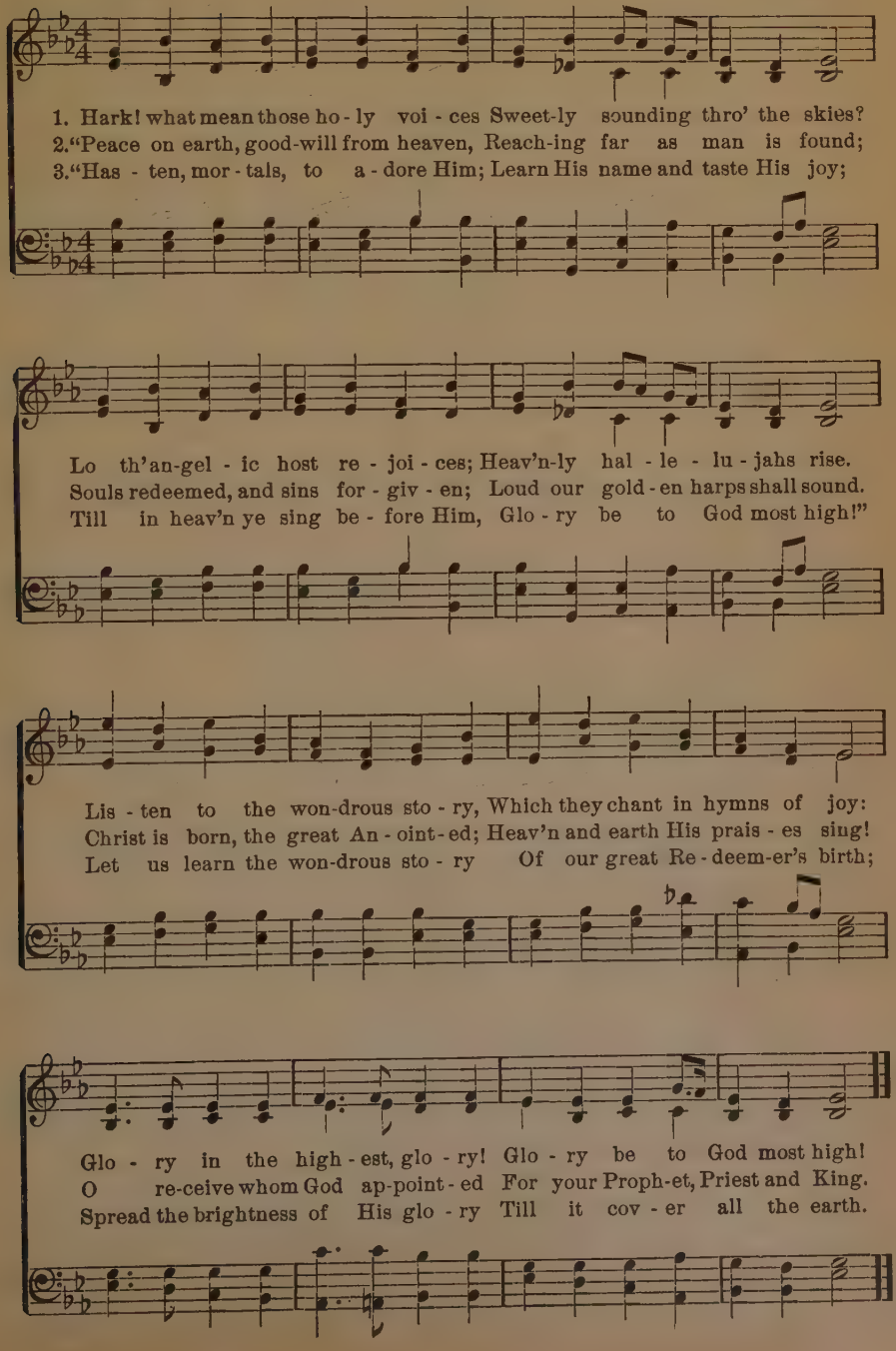
153 Welcome Christmas.

H. A. Becker. From Casket.


1. Let us welcome our Christmas when-ev-er it comes; Let us greet its glad
2. When the shepherds were watching their flocks in the night, Lo, the splendor and
3. But a mes-sage was bro't of a King who was born In the dawn of the
4. So we welcome our Christmas when-ev-er it comes; And with glad hearts we
tidings with songs of great joy, For it brings the sweet peace of our God to our homes;
glo-ry of God did ap-pear; And it fell all around, like a ha-lo of light,
fullness of God's promised time, Whose dominion should be for the poor and forlorn,
welcome the ti-dings it brings, And we welcome its joy, and cry, Welcome a-gain,
Chorus.
'Tis the theme with which angels their voi-ces em-ploy.
While the shepherds did tremble in si-lence and fear.
And for men in all a-ges, each na-tion and clime.
O Re-deem-er and Lord! Thou Most Royal of Kings!
O give thanks to the
Sav-ior, all people, and sing Al-le-lu-ias and glo-ri-as to Je-sus our King!

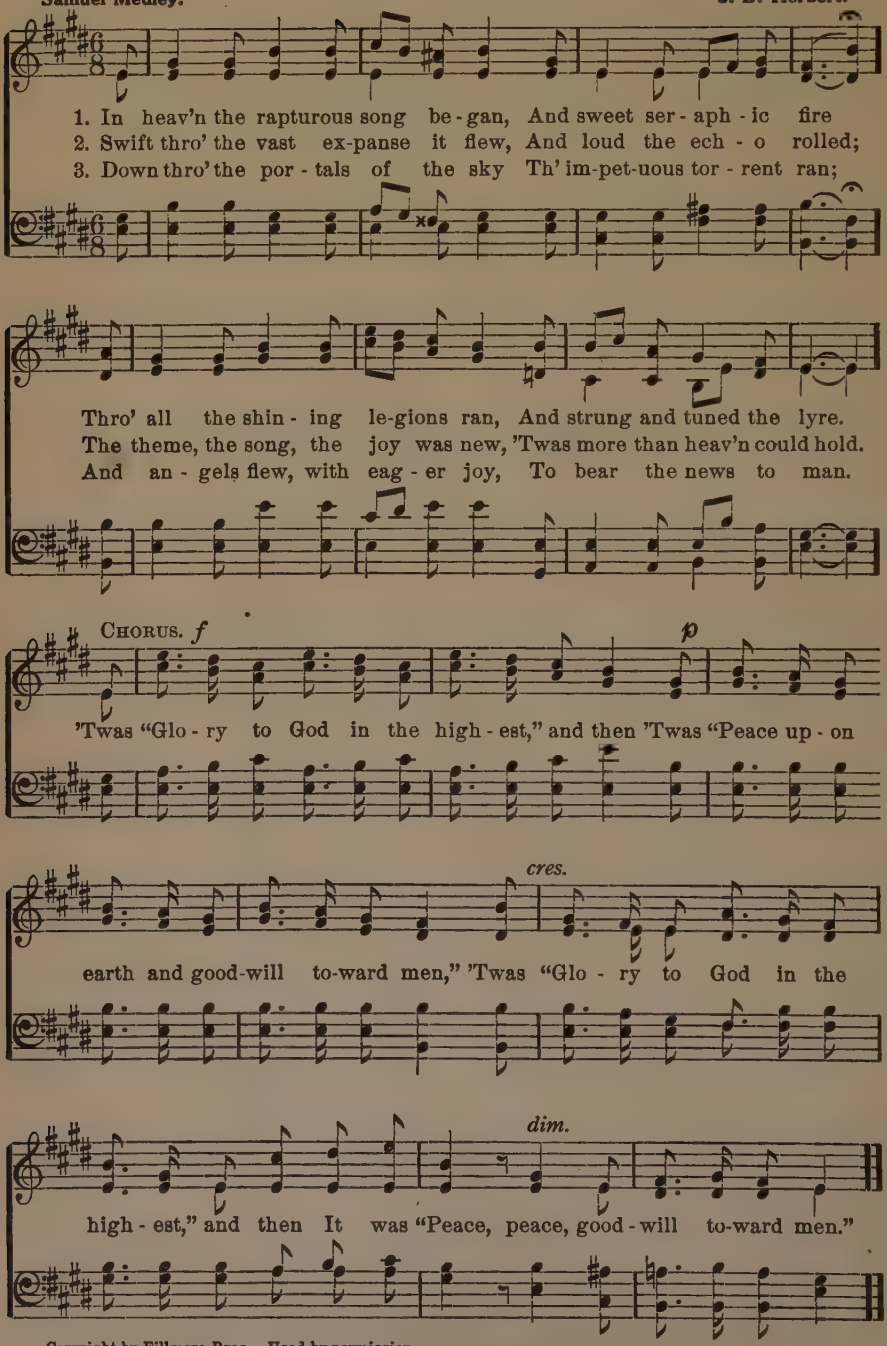
154 Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices.

John Cawood. D. Bortniansky.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?
2."Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reach-ing far as man is found;
3."Has - ten, mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy;
Lo th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en; Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him, Glo - ry be to God most high!"
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Christ is born, the great An - oint - ed; Heav'n and earth His prais - es sing!
Let us learn the won-drous sto - ry Of our great Re - deem-er's birth;
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!
O re-ceive whom God ap-point - ed For your Proph-et, Priest and King.
Spread the brightness of His glo - ry Till it cov - er all the earth.

155 The Angels' Song.

Samuel Medley. J. B. Herbert.


1. In heav'n the rapturous song be-gan, And sweet ser-aph-ic fire
2. Swift thro' the vast ex-panse it flew, And loud the ech-o rolled;
3. Down thro' the por-tals of the sky Th' im-pet-uous tor-rent ran;
Thro' all the shin-ing le-gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.
The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
And an-gels flew, with eag-er joy, To bear the news to man.
Chorus. f
'Twas "Glo-ry to God in the high-est," and then 'Twas "Peace up-on
p
cres.
earth and good-will to-ward men," 'Twas "Glo-ry to God in the
dim.
high-est," and then It was "Peace, peace, good-will to-ward men."

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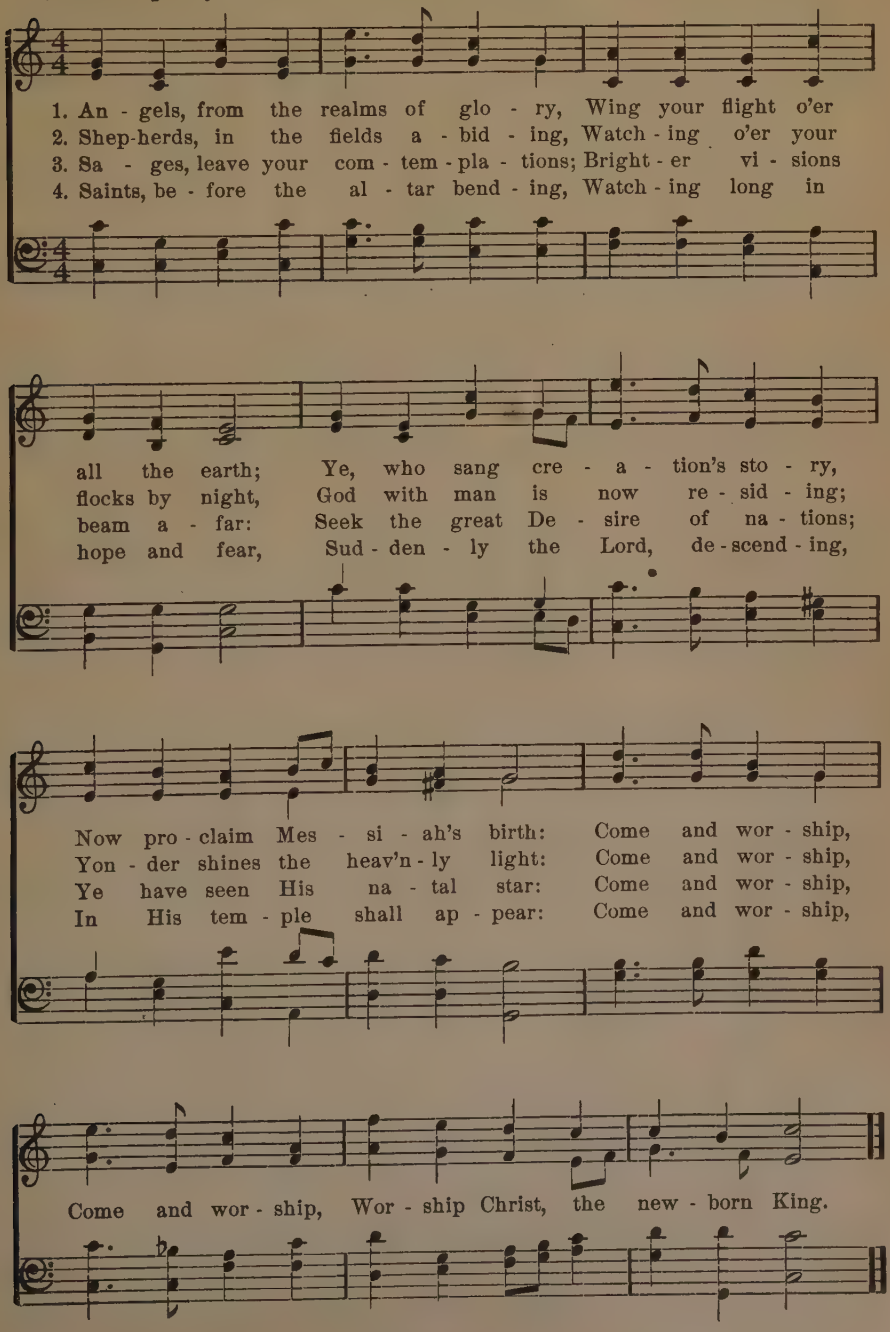
156 Angels, From the Realms of Glory.

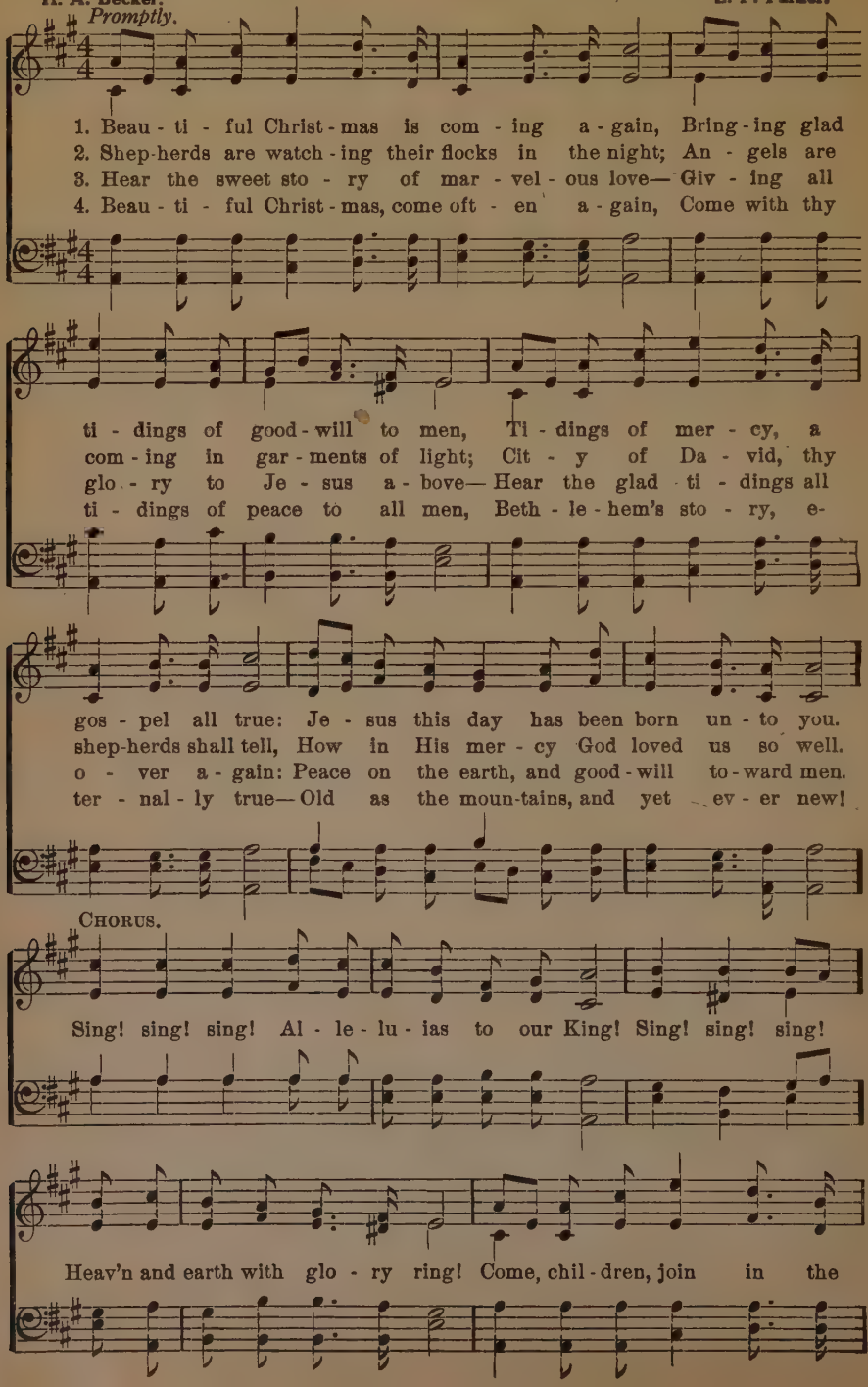
James Montgomery. Henry Smart.

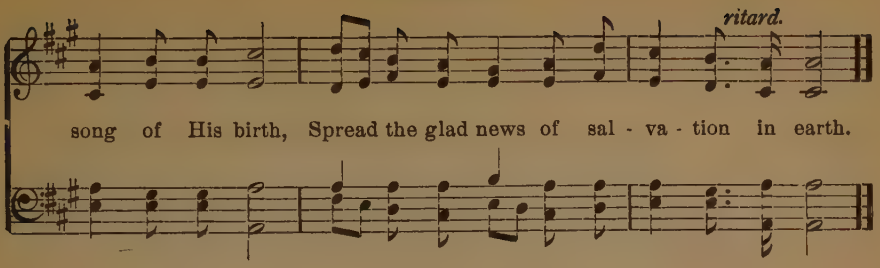

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shep-herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
3. Sa - ges, leave your com - tem - pla - tions; Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far:
4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
God with man is now re - sid - ing;
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions;
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,
Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,
Yon - der shines the heav'n - ly light: Come and wor - ship,
Ye have seen His na - tal star: Come and wor - ship,
In His tem - ple shall ap - pear: Come and wor - ship,
Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

157 Beautiful Christmas is Coming Again.

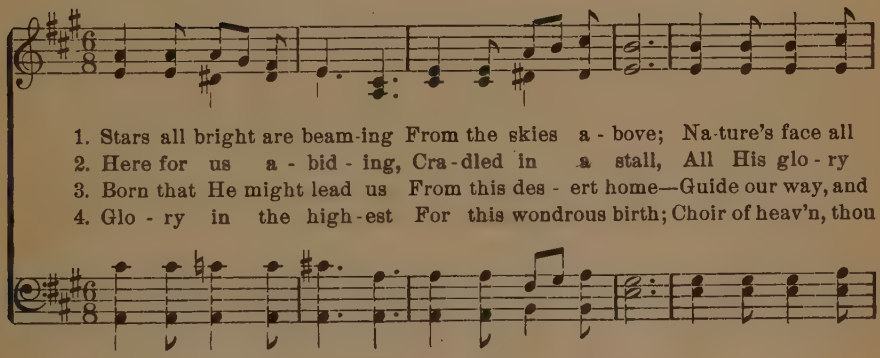
H. A. Becker. E. P. Parker.

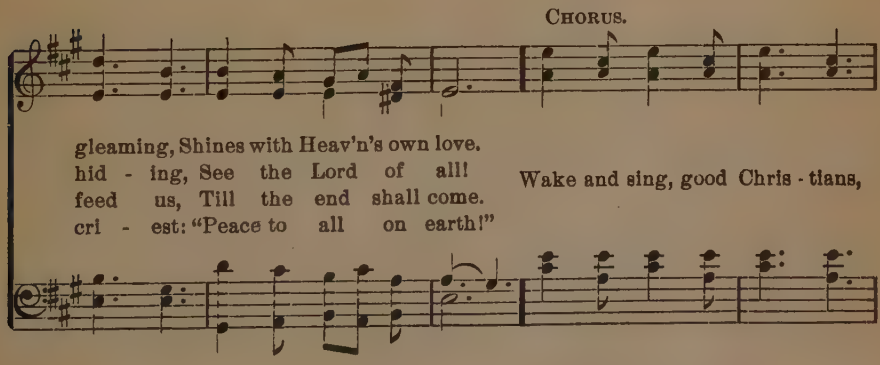
Promptly.

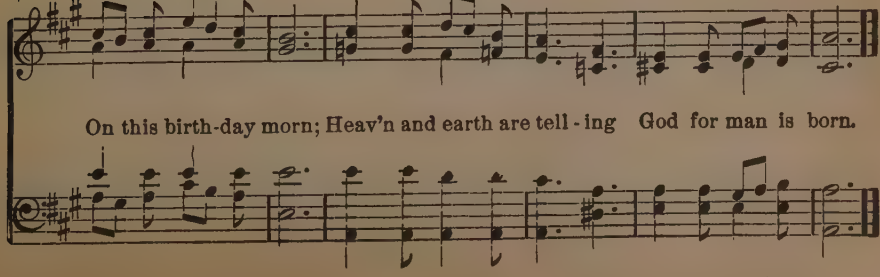

1. Beau - ti - ful Christ - mas is com - ing a - gain, Bring - ing glad
2. Shep-herds are watch - ing their flocks in the night; An - gels are
3. Hear the sweet sto - ry of mar - vel - ous love— Giv - ing all
4. Beau - ti - ful Christ - mas, come oft - en a - gain, Come with thy
ti - dings of good - will to men, Ti - dings of mer - cy, a
com - ing in gar - ments of light; Cit - y of Da - vid, thy
glo - ry to Je - sus a - bove— Hear the glad ti - dings all
ti - dings of peace to all men, Beth - le - hem's sto - ry, e-
gos - pel all true: Je - sus this day has been born un - to you.
shep-herds shall tell, How in His mer - cy God loved us so well.
o - ver a - gain: Peace on the earth, and good - will to - ward men.
ter - nal - ly true— Old as the moun-tains, and yet ev - er new!
Chorus.
Sing! sing! sing! Al - le - lu - ias to our King! Sing! sing! sing!
Heav'n and earth with glo - ry ring! Come, chil - dren, join in the



158 Stars All Bright Are Beaming.


1. Stars all bright are beam-ing From the skies a - bove; Na-ture's face all
2. Here for us a - bid - ing, Cra-dled in a stall, All His glo - ry
3. Born that He might lead us From this des - ert home—Guide our way, and
4. Glo - ry in the high-est For this wondrous birth; Choir of heav'n, thou

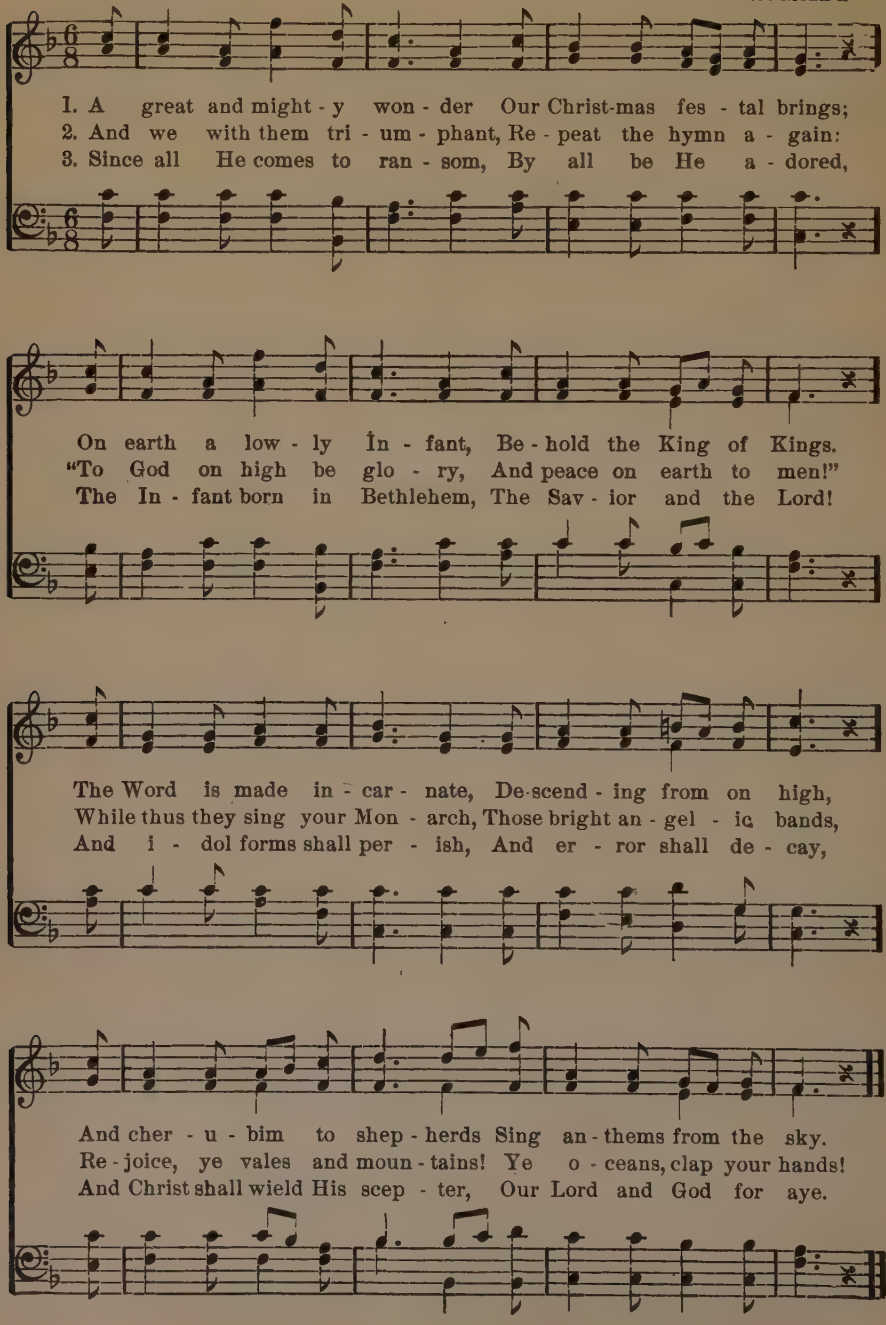

Chorus.
gleaming, Shines with Heav'n's own love.
hid - ing, See the Lord of all!
feed us, Till the end shall come.
cri - est: "Peace to all on earth!"
Wake and sing, good Chris - tians,



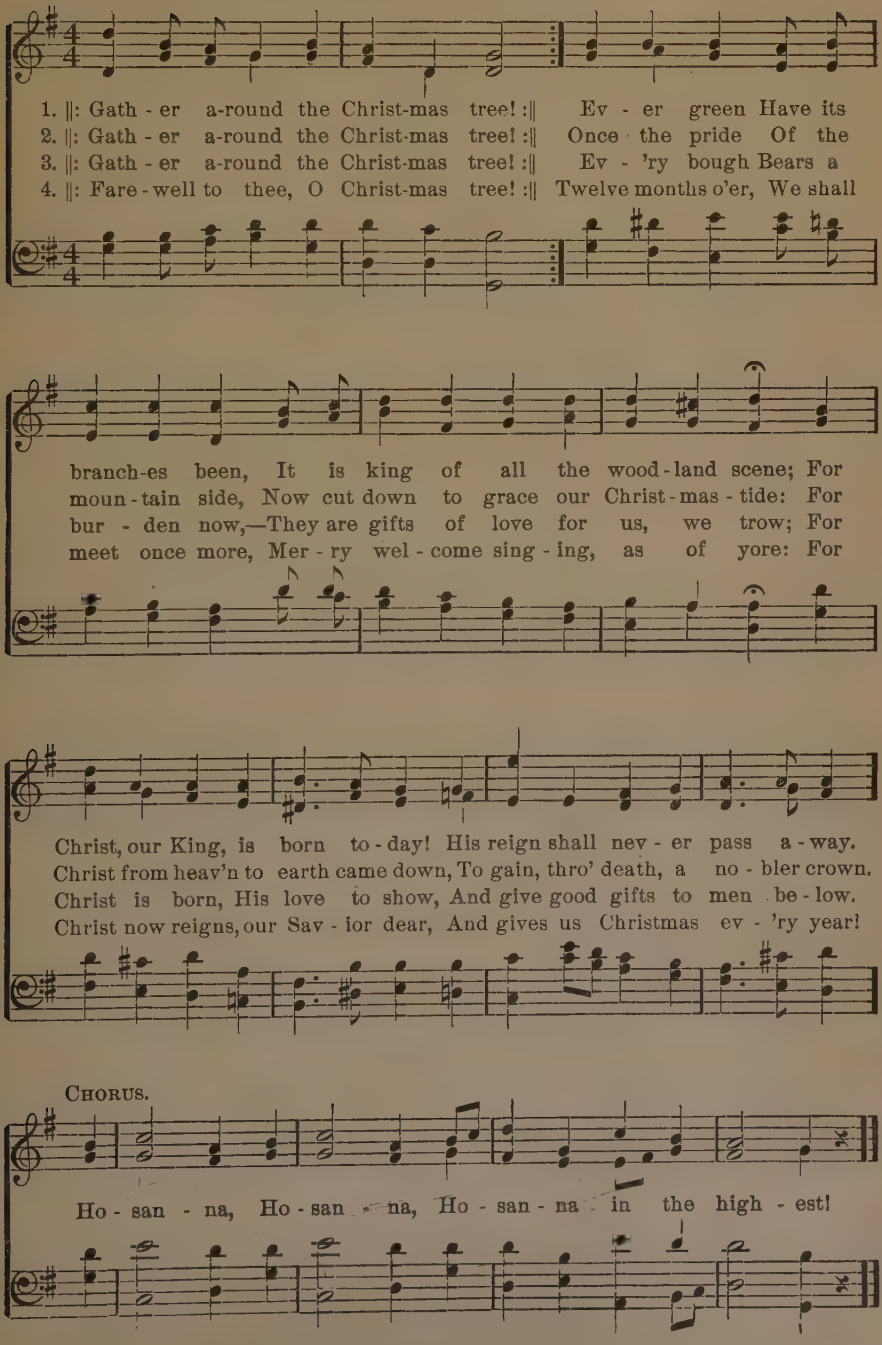
159 A Great and Mighty Wonder.

From the Greek.
Tr. by John M. Neale.

W. Mozart.


1. A great and might - y won - der Our Christ-mas fes - tal brings;
2. And we with them tri - um - phant, Re - peat the hymn a - gain:
3. Since all He comes to ran - som, By all be He a - dored,
On earth a low - ly In - fant, Be - hold the King of Kings.
"To God on high be glo - ry, And peace on earth to men!"
The In - fant born in Bethlehem, The Sav - ior and the Lord!
The Word is made in - car - nate, De-scend - ing from on high,
While thus they sing your Mon - arch, Those bright an - gel - ic bands,
And i - dol forms shall per - ish, And er - ror shall de - cay,
And cher - u - bim to shep - herds Sing an - thems from the sky.
Re - joice, ye vales and moun - tains! Ye o - ceans, clap your hands!
And Christ shall wield His scep - ter, Our Lord and God for aye.

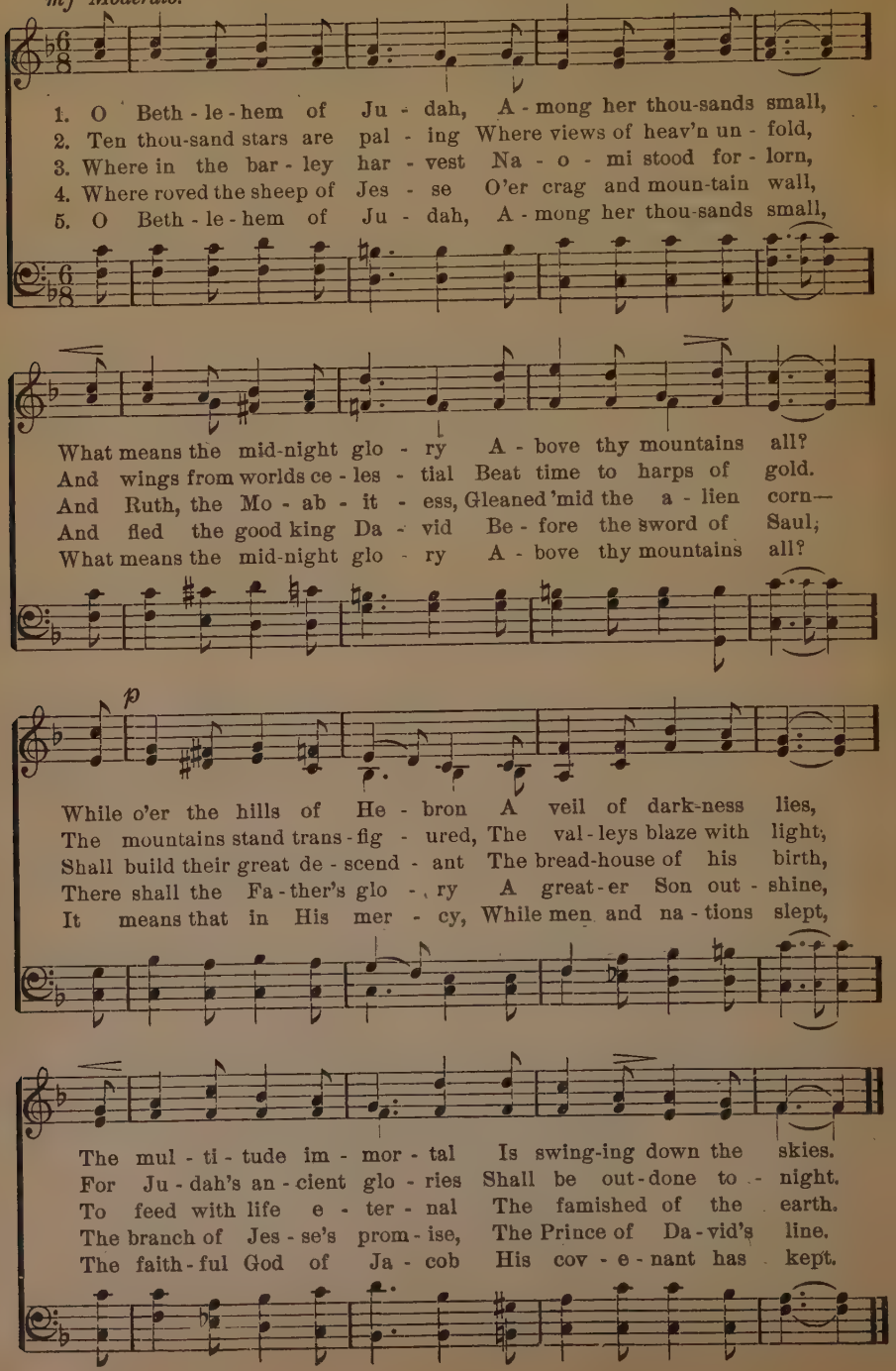
160 Gather Around the Christmas Tree.


1. ‖: Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! :‖ Ev - er green Have its
2. ‖: Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! :‖ Once the pride Of the
3. ‖: Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! :‖ Ev - 'ry bough Bears a
4. ‖: Fare - well to thee, O Christ-mas tree! :‖ Twelve months o'er, We shall
branch-es been, It is king of all the wood-land scene; For
moun-tain side, Now cut down to grace our Christ-mas-tide: For
bur - den now,—They are gifts of love for us, we trow; For
meet once more, Mer - ry wel - come sing - ing, as of yore: For
Christ, our King, is born to-day! His reign shall nev - er pass a-way.
Christ from heav'n to earth came down, To gain, thro' death, a no - bler crown.
Christ is born, His love to show, And give good gifts to men be - low.
Christ now reigns, our Sav - ior dear, And gives us Christmas ev - 'ry year!
Chorus.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

161 O Bethlehem of Judah.

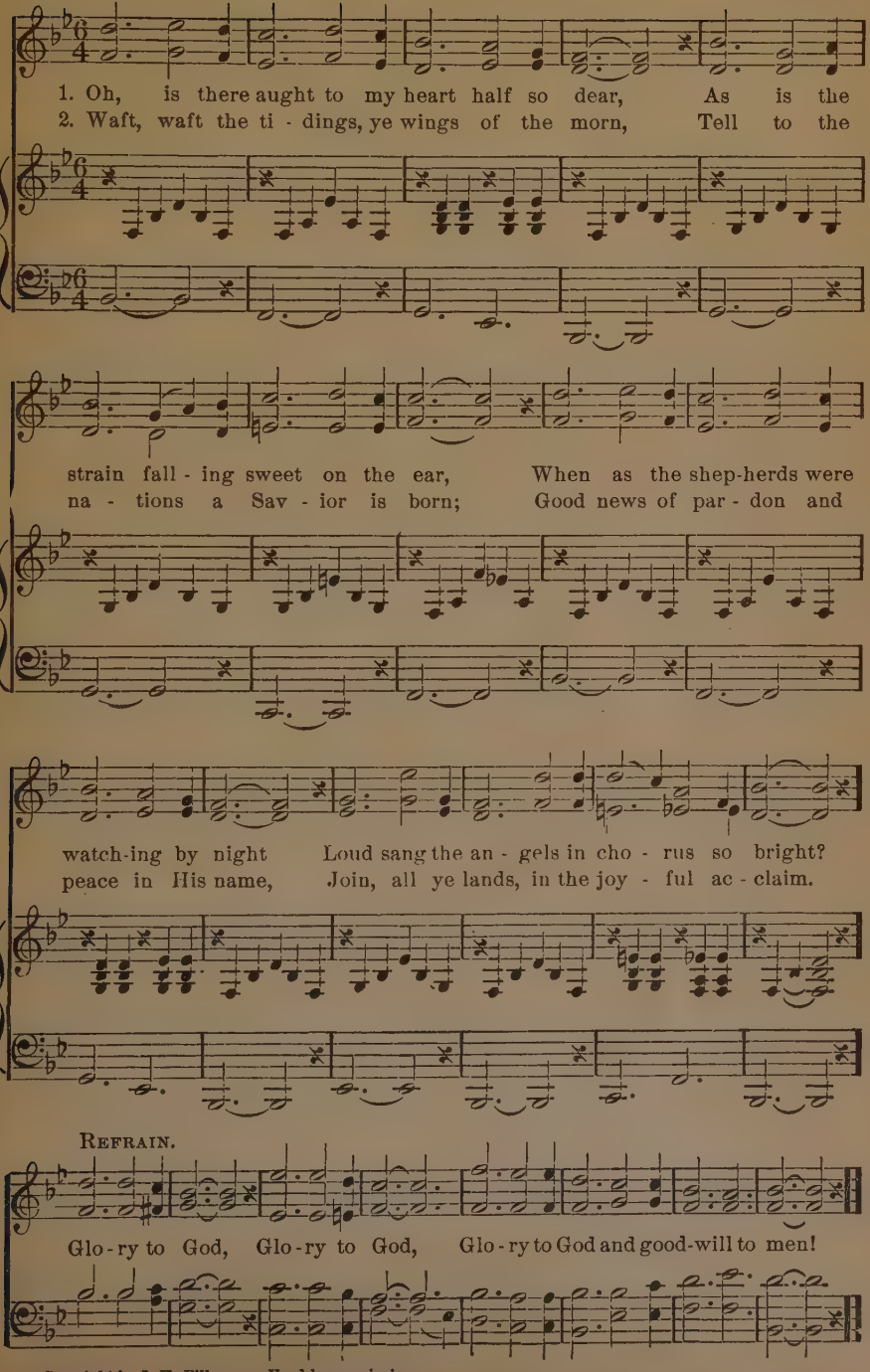
J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.

mf Moderato.


1. O Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, A - mong her thou-sands small,
2. Ten thou-sand stars are pal - ing Where views of heav'n un - fold,
3. Where in the bar - ley har - vest Na - o - mi stood for - lorn,
4. Where roved the sheep of Jes - se O'er crag and moun-tain wall,
5. O Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, A - mong her thou-sands small,
What means the mid-night glo - ry A - bove thy mountains all?
And wings from worlds ce - les - tial Beat time to harps of gold.
And Ruth, the Mo - ab - it - ess, Gleaned 'mid the a - lien corn—
And fled the good king Da - vid Be - fore the sword of Saul;
What means the mid-night glo - ry A - bove thy mountains all?
p
While o'er the hills of He - bron A veil of dark-ness lies,
The mountains stand trans - fig - ured, The val - leys blaze with light;
Shall build their great de - scend - ant The bread-house of his birth,
There shall the Fa - ther's glo - ry A great-er Son out - shine,
It means that in His mer - cy, While men and na - tions slept,
The mul - ti - tude im - mor - tal Is swing-ing down the skies.
For Ju - dah's an - cient glo - ries Shall be out - done to - night.
To feed with life e - ter - nal The famished of the earth.
The branch of Jes - se's prom - ise, The Prince of Da - vid's line.
The faith - ful God of Ja - cob His cov - e - nant has kept.

162 Glory To God.

J. H. Fillmore.


1. Oh, is there aught to my heart half so dear, As is the
2. Waft, waft the ti - dings, ye wings of the morn, Tell to the
strain fall - ing sweet on the ear, When as the shep-herds were
na - tions a Sav - ior is born; Good news of par - don and
watch-ing by night Loud sang the an - gels in cho - rus so bright?
peace in His name, Join, all ye lands, in the joy - ful ac - claim.
Refrain.
Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God and good-will to men!

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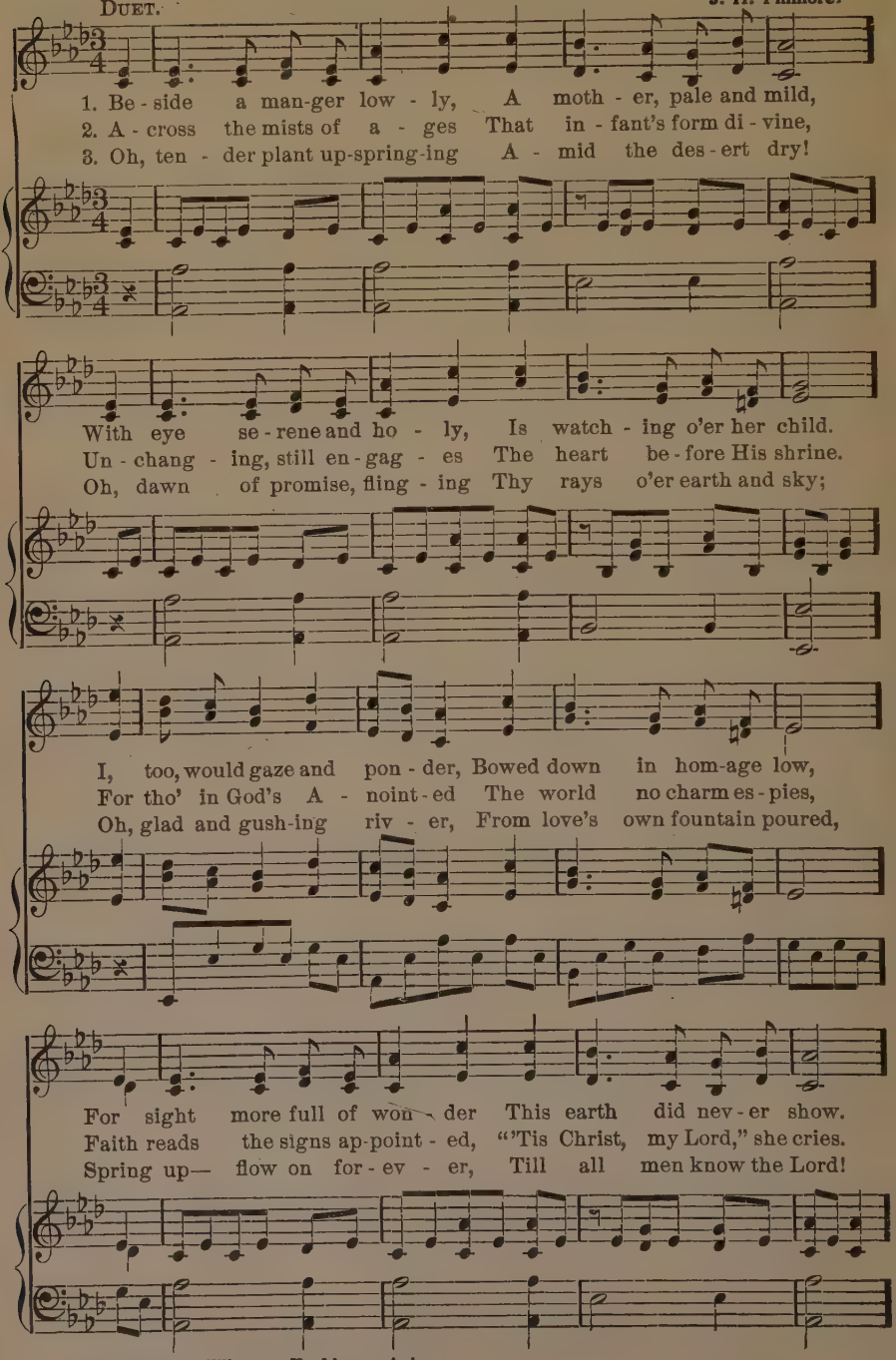
163 Beside the Manger Lowly.

J. H. Fillmore.

DUET.


1. Be - side a man-ger low - ly, A moth - er, pale and mild,
2. A - cross the mists of a - ges That in - fant's form di - vine,
3. Oh, ten - der plant up-spring-ing A - mid the des - ert dry!
With eye se - rene and ho - ly, Is watch - ing o'er her child.
Un - chang - ing, still en - gag - es The heart be - fore His shrine.
Oh, dawn of promise, fling - ing Thy rays o'er earth and sky;
I, too, would gaze and pon - der, Bowed down in hom-age low,
For tho' in God's A - noint - ed The world no charm es - pies,
Oh, glad and gush-ing riv - er, From love's own fountain poured,
For sight more full of won - der This earth did nev - er show.
Faith reads the signs ap-point - ed, "'Tis Christ, my Lord," she cries.
Spring up— flow on for - ev - er, Till all men know the Lord!

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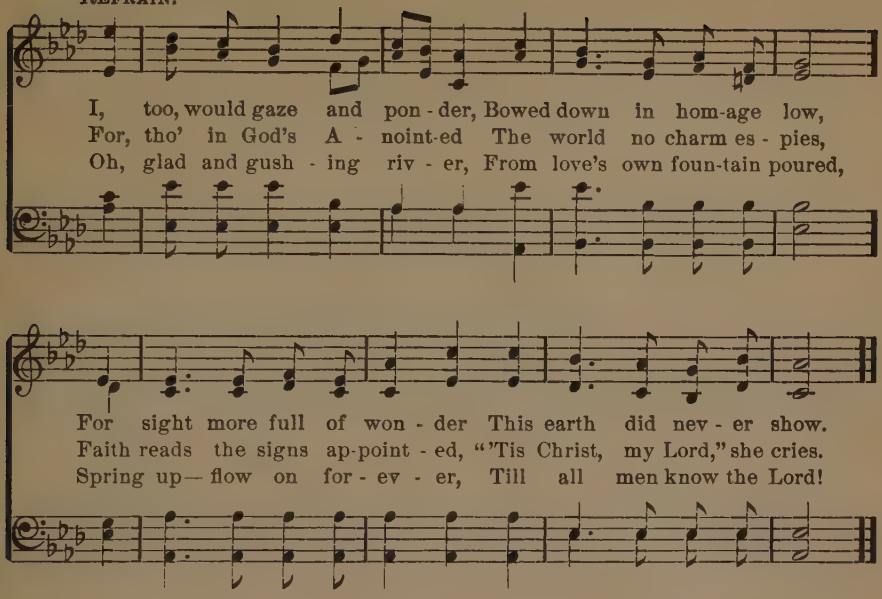
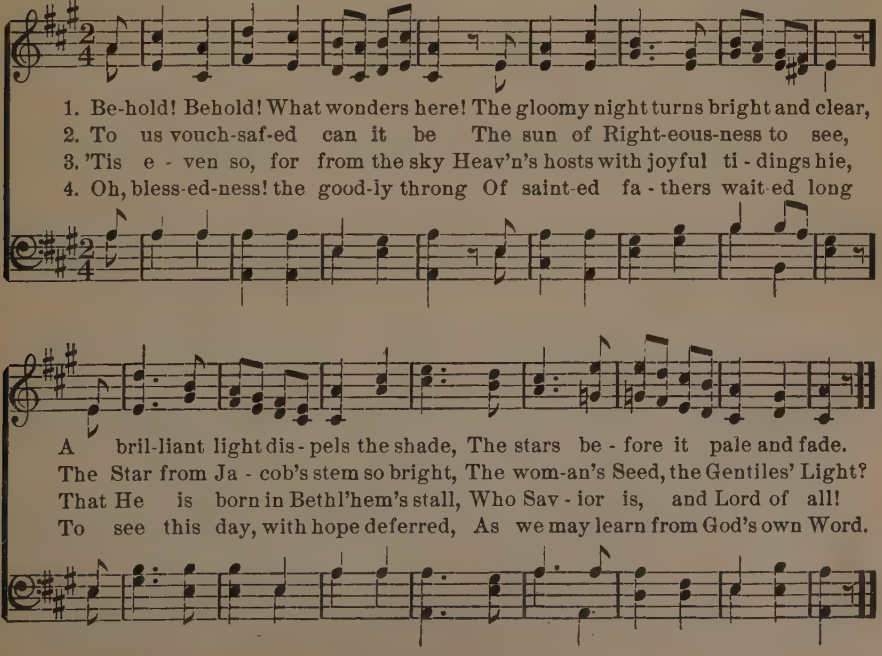

I, too, would gaze and pon - der, Bowed down in hom-age low,
For, tho' in God's A - noint-ed The world no charm es - pies,
Oh, glad and gush - ing riv - er, From love's own foun-tain poured,
For sight more full of won - der This earth did nev - er show.
Faith reads the signs ap-point - ed, "'Tis Christ, my Lord," she cries.
Spring up— flow on for - ev - er, Till all men know the Lord!

164 Behold! Behold! What Wonders Here!

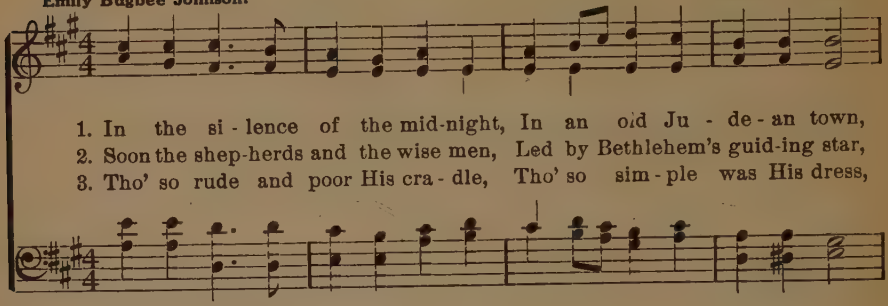
Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by John Kelly.

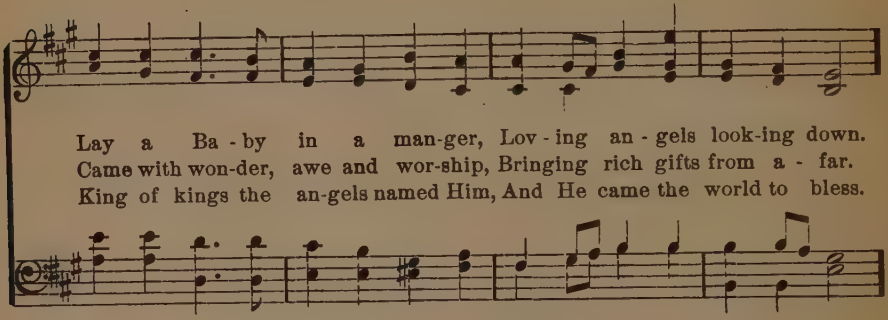
From Psalterlust.


1. Be-hold! Behold! What wonders here! The gloomy night turns bright and clear,
2. To us vouch-saf-ed can it be The sun of Right-eous-ness to see,
3. 'Tis e - ven so, for from the sky Heav'n's hosts with joyful ti - dings hie,
4. Oh, bless-ed-ness! the good-ly throng Of saint-ed fa - thers wait-ed long
A bril-liant light dis - pels the shade, The stars be - fore it pale and fade.
The Star from Ja - cob's stem so bright, The wom-an's Seed, the Gentiles' Light?
That He is born in Bethl'hem's stall, Who Sav - ior is, and Lord of all!
To see this day, with hope deferred, As we may learn from God's own Word.

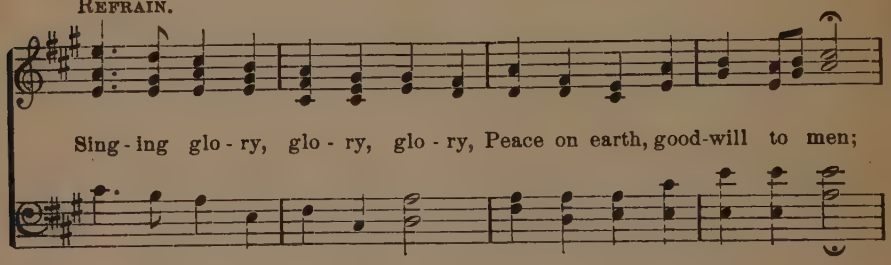
165 In the Silence of the Midnight.

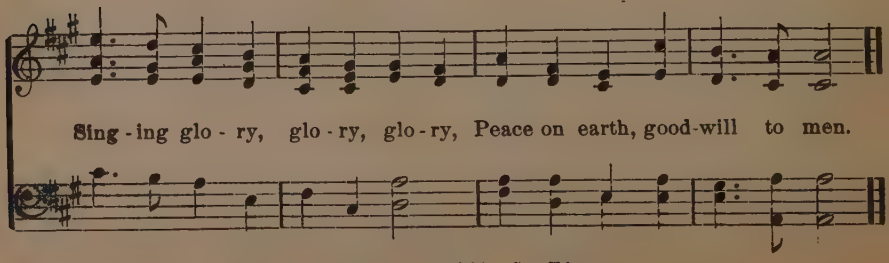
Emily Bugbee Johnson. Mildred J. Hill.


1. In the si - lence of the mid-night, In an old Ju - de - an town,
2. Soon the shep-herds and the wise men, Led by Bethlehem's guid-ing star,
3. Tho' so rude and poor His cra - dle, Tho' so sim - ple was His dress,


Lay a Ba - by in a man-ger, Lov - ing an - gels look-ing down.
Came with won-der, awe and wor-ship, Bringing rich gifts from a - far.
King of kings the an-gels named Him, And He came the world to bless.

REFRAIN.





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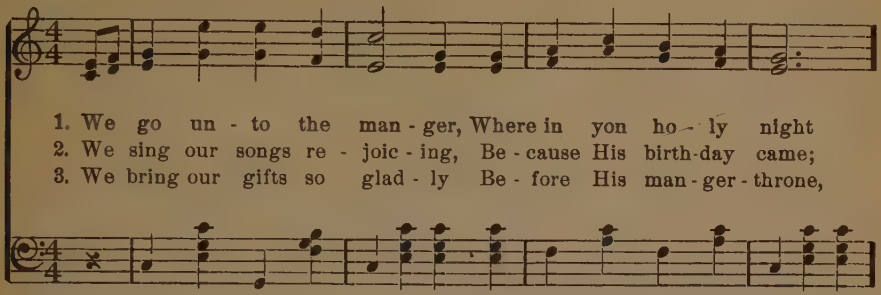
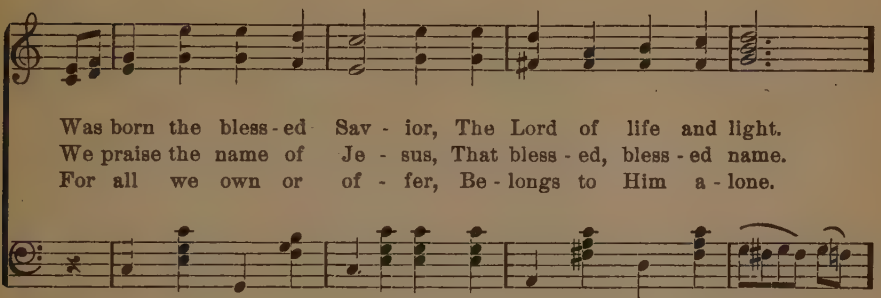
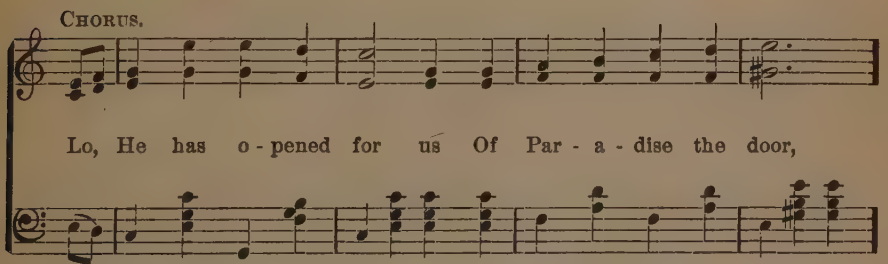
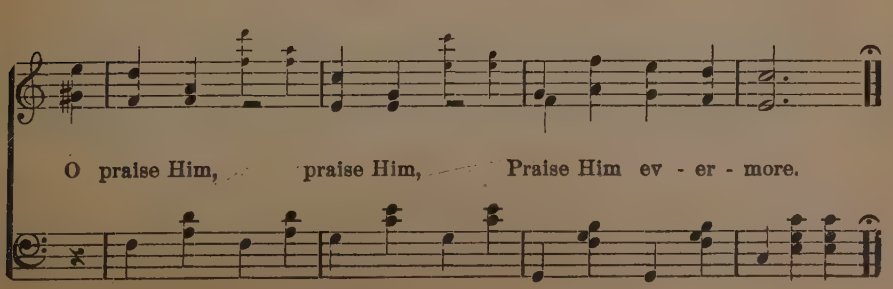
166 We Bring Our Gifts So Gladly.

Tr. by J. H. Kuhlmann. H. P. Dannecker.


1. We go un - to the man - ger, Where in yon ho - ly night
2. We sing our songs re - joic - ing, Be - cause His birth-day came;
3. We bring our gifts so glad - ly Be - fore His man - ger - throne,

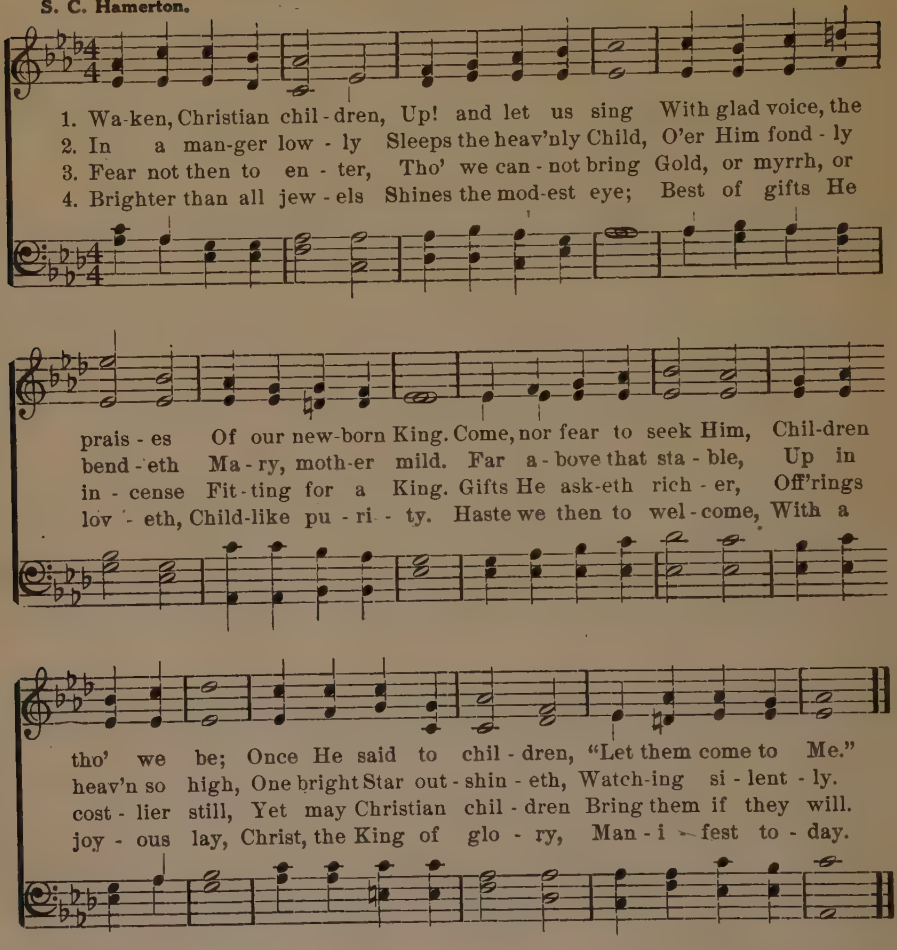

Was born the bless - ed Sav - ior, The Lord of life and light.
We praise the name of Je - sus, That bless - ed, bless - ed name.
For all we own or of - fer, Be - longs to Him a - lone.





167 Waken, Christian Children.

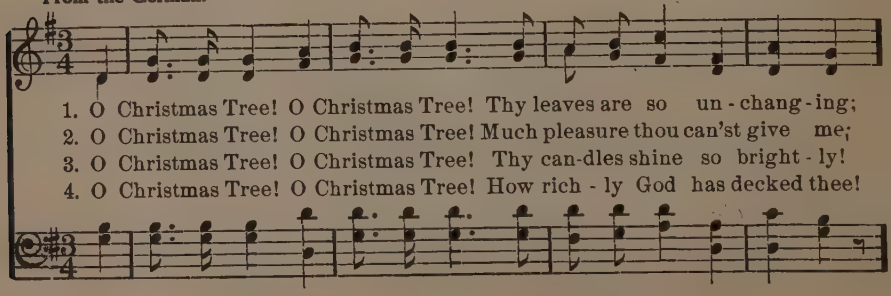
S. C. Hamerton.

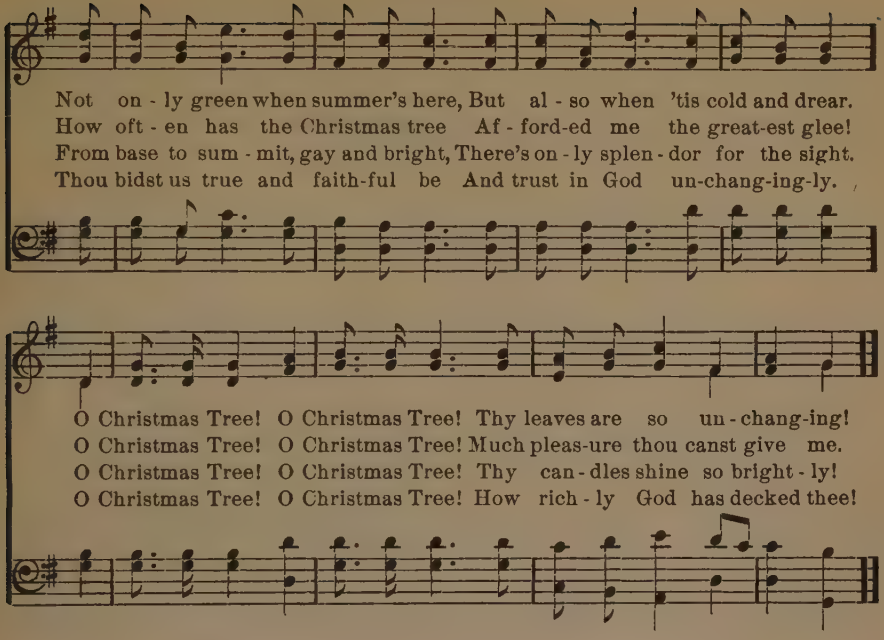

1. Wa-ken, Christian chil-dren, Up! and let us sing With glad voice, the
2. In a man-ger low-ly Sleeps the heav'nly Child, O'er Him fond-ly
3. Fear not then to en-ter, Tho' we can-not bring Gold, or myrrh, or
4. Brighter than all jew-els Shines the mod-est eye; Best of gifts He
prais-es Of our new-born King. Come, nor fear to seek Him, Chil-dren
bend-eth Ma-ry, moth-er mild. Far a-bove that sta-ble, Up in
in-cense Fit-ting for a King. Gifts He ask-eth rich-er, Off'rings
lov-eth, Child-like pu-ri-ty. Haste we then to wel-come, With a
tho' we be; Once He said to chil-dren, "Let them come to Me."
heav'n so high, One bright Star out-shin-eth, Watch-ing si-lent-ly.
cost-lier still, Yet may Christian chil-dren Bring them if they will.
joy-ous lay, Christ, the King of glo-ry, Man-i-fest to-day.

168 O Christmas Tree.

From the German.

German.

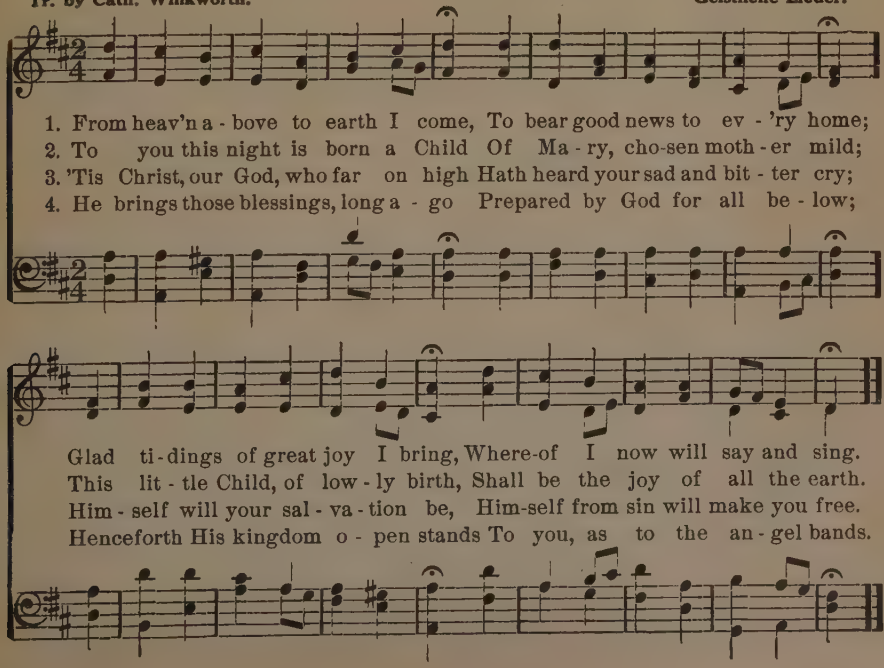

1. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-chang-ing;
2. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleasure thou can'st give me;
3. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy can-dles shine so bright-ly!
4. O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How rich-ly God has decked thee!


Not on - ly green when summer's here, But al - so when 'tis cold and drear.
How oft - en has the Christmas tree Af - ford-ed me the great-est glee!
From base to sum - mit, gay and bright, There's on - ly splen - dor for the sight.
Thou bidst us true and faith-ful be And trust in God un-chang-ing-ly.
O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy leaves are so un - chang-ing!
O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Much pleas-ure thou canst give me.
O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! Thy can - dles shine so bright - ly!
O Christmas Tree! O Christmas Tree! How rich - ly God has decked thee!

169 From Heaven Above to Earth I Come.

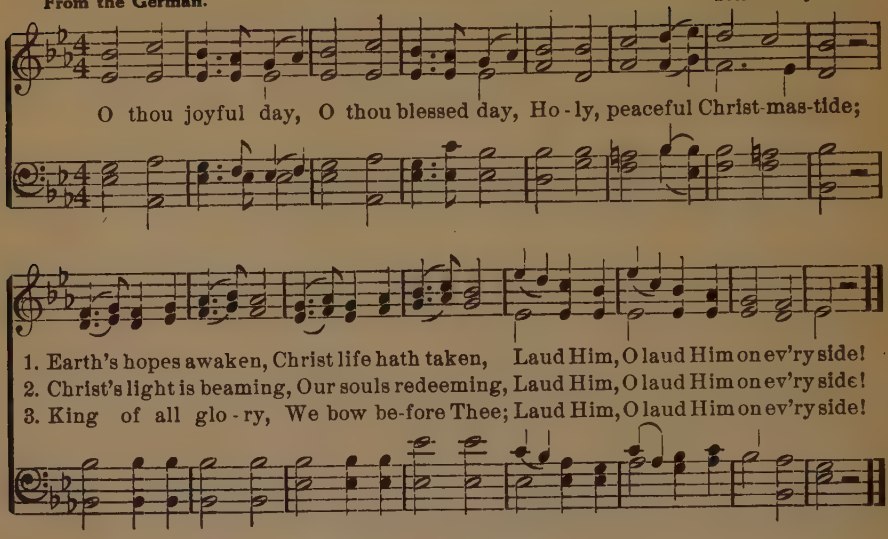
Dr. M. Luther.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

From Dr. M. Luther's Geistliche Lieder.


1. From heav'n a - bove to earth I come, To bear good news to ev - 'ry home;
2. To you this night is born a Child Of Ma - ry, cho-sen moth - er mild;
3. 'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high Hath heard your sad and bit - ter cry;
4. He brings those blessings, long a - go Prepared by God for all be - low;
Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing.
This lit - tle Child, of low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.
Him - self will your sal - va - tion be, Him-self from sin will make you free.
Henceforth His kingdom o - pen stands To you, as to the an - gel bands.

170 O Thou Joyful Day.

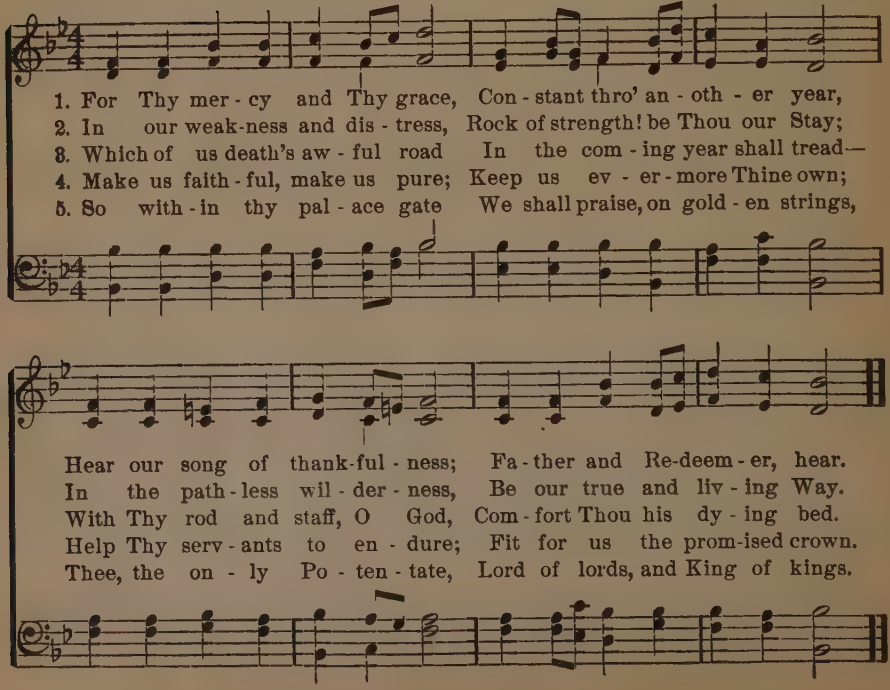
From the German. Sicilian Hymn.


O thou joyful day, O thou blessed day, Ho-ly, peaceful Christ-mas-tide;
1. Earth's hopes awaken, Christ life hath taken, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev'ry side!
2. Christ's light is beaming, Our souls redeeming, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev'ry side!
3. King of all glo-ry, We bow be-fore Thee; Laud Him, O laud Him on ev'ry side!

Close of Year.

171 For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace.

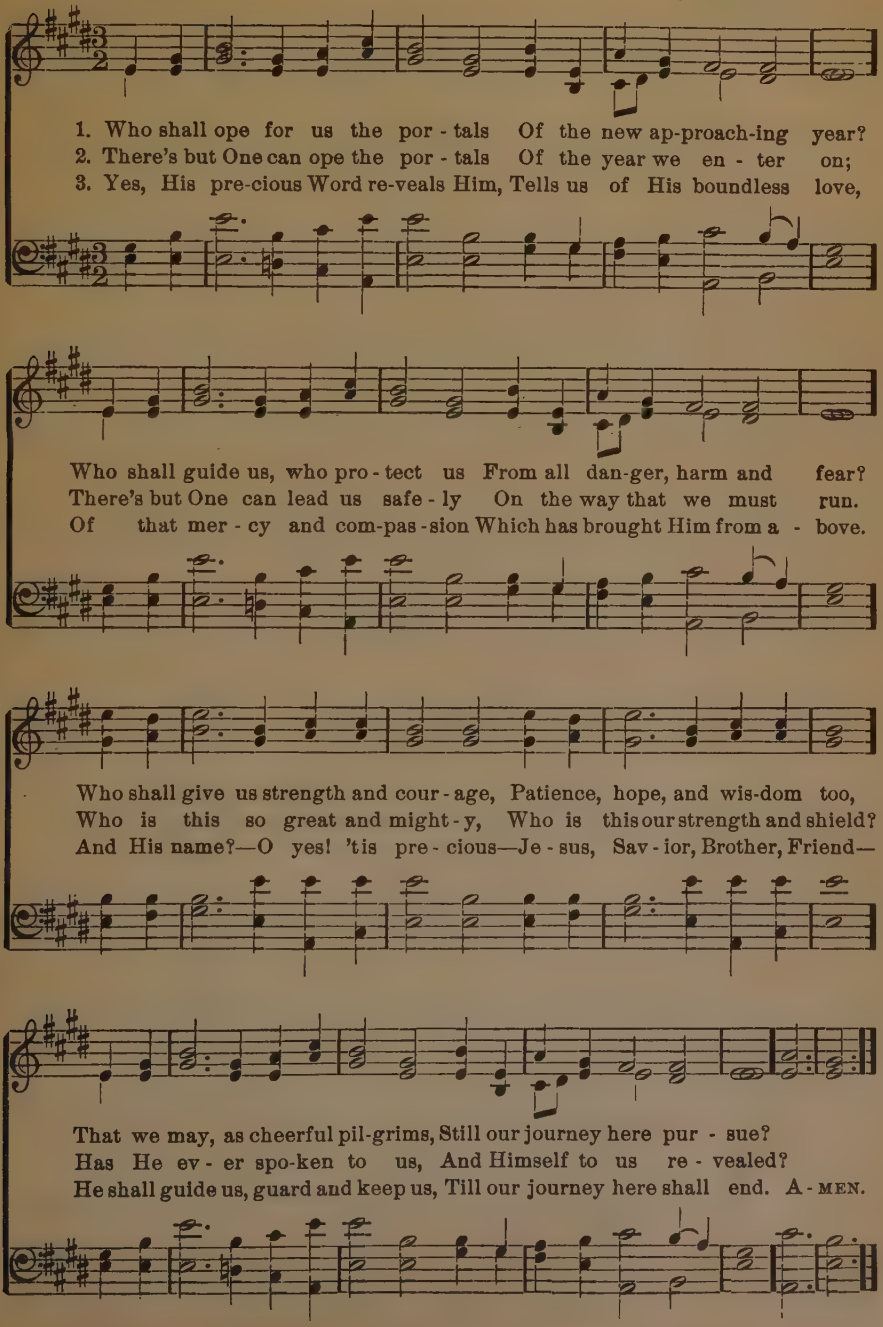
H. Downton. H. A. C. Malan.


1. For Thy mer-cy and Thy grace, Con-stant thro' an-oth-er year,
2. In our weak-ness and dis-tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our Stay;
3. Which of us death's aw-ful road In the com-ing year shall tread—
4. Make us faith-ful, make us pure; Keep us ev-er-more Thine own;
5. So with-in thy pal-ace gate We shall praise, on gold-en strings,
Hear our song of thank-ful-ness; Fa-ther and Re-deem-er, hear.
In the path-less wil-der-ness, Be our true and liv-ing Way.
With Thy rod and staff, O God, Com-fort Thou his dy-ing bed.
Help Thy serv-ants to en-dure; Fit for us the prom-ised crown.
Thee, the on-ly Po-ten-tate, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

172 Who Shall Ope For Us the Portals.

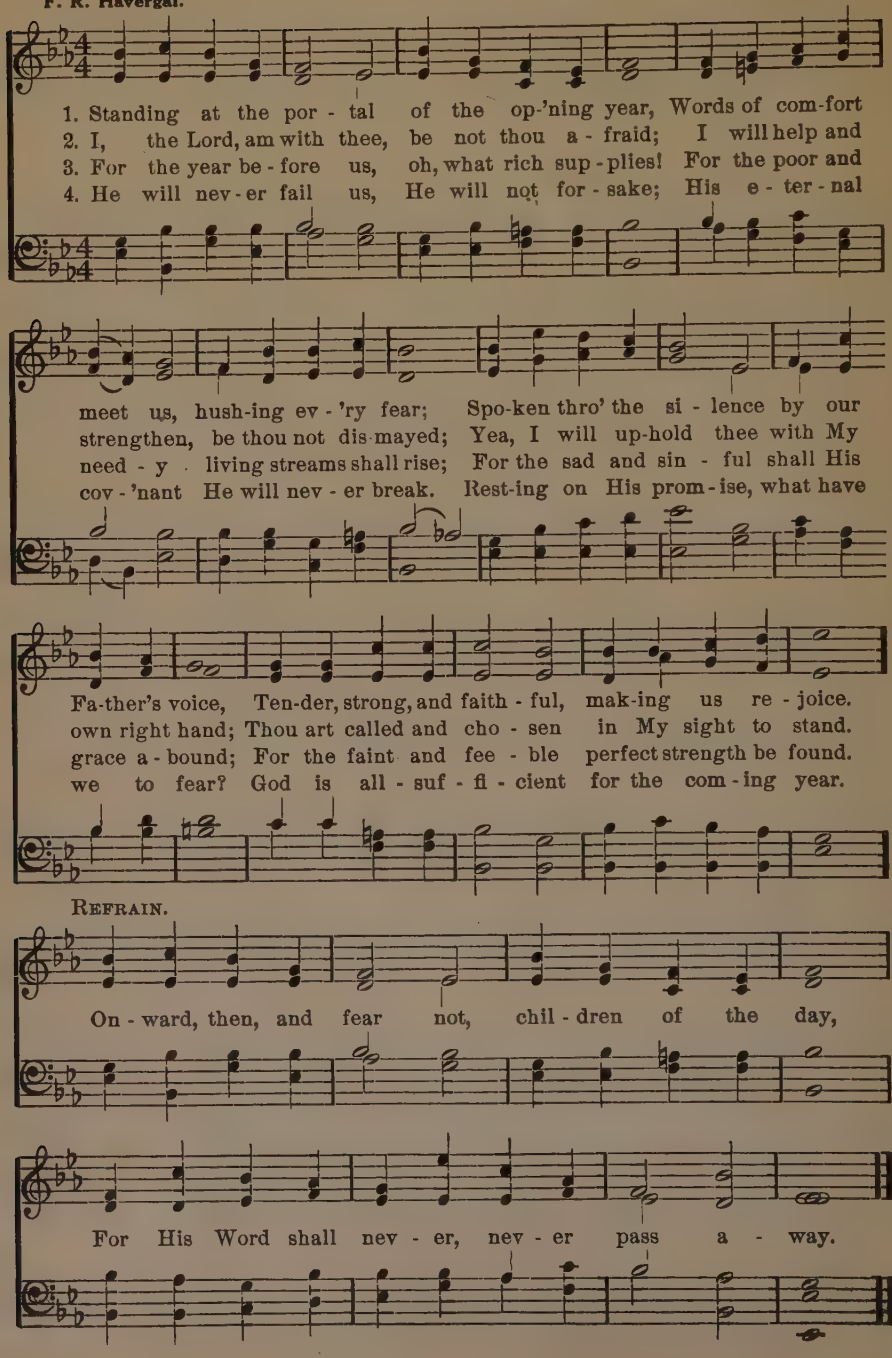
P. A. Peter.

From a Gregorian Chant.
By Lowell Mason.


1. Who shall ope for us the por - tals Of the new ap-proach-ing year?
2. There's but One can ope the por - tals Of the year we en - ter on;
3. Yes, His pre-cious Word re-veals Him, Tells us of His boundless love,
Who shall guide us, who pro - tect us From all dan-ger, harm and fear?
There's but One can lead us safe - ly On the way that we must run.
Of that mer - cy and com-pas - sion Which has brought Him from a - bove.
Who shall give us strength and cour - age, Patience, hope, and wis-dom too,
Who is this so great and might - y, Who is this our strength and shield?
And His name?—O yes! 'tis pre - cious—Je - sus, Sav - ior, Brother, Friend—
That we may, as cheerful pil-grims, Still our journey here pur - sue?
Has He ev - er spo-ken to us, And Himself to us re - vealed?
He shall guide us, guard and keep us, Till our journey here shall end. A - MEN.

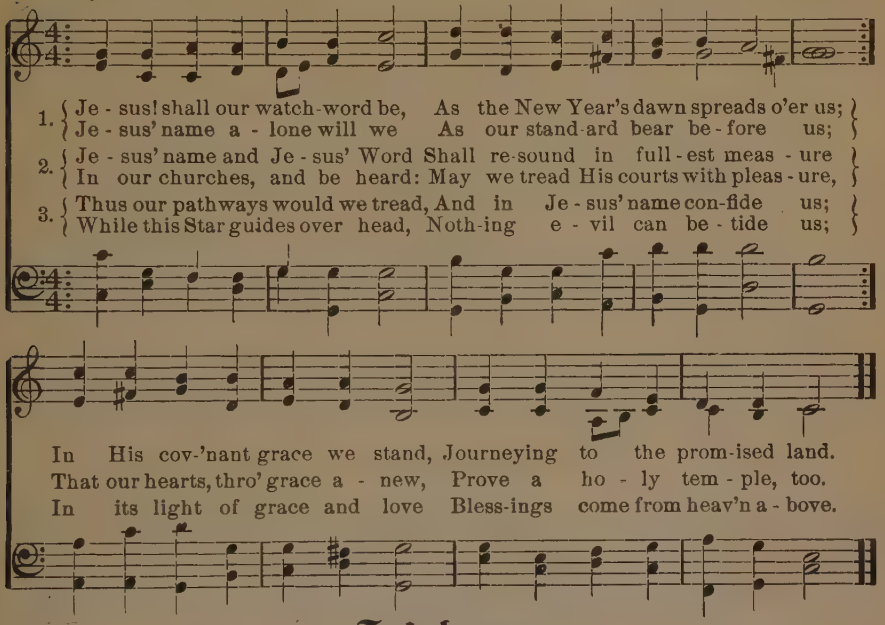
173 Standing At the Portal.

F. R. Havergal. F. A. Mann.


1. Standing at the por - tal of the op-'ning year, Words of com-fort
2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be not thou a - fraid; I will help and
3. For the year be - fore us, oh, what rich sup - plies! For the poor and
4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; His e - ter - nal
meet us, hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spo-ken thro' the si - lence by our
strengthen, be thou not dis-mayed; Yea, I will up-hold thee with My
need - y living streams shall rise; For the sad and sin - ful shall His
cov - 'nant He will nev - er break. Rest-ing on His prom - ise, what have
Fa-ther's voice, Ten-der, strong, and faith - ful, mak-ing us re - joice.
own right hand; Thou art called and cho - sen in My sight to stand.
grace a - bound; For the faint and fee - ble perfect strength be found.
we to fear? God is all - suf - fi - cient for the com - ing year.
REFRAIN.
On - ward, then, and fear not, chil - dren of the day,
For His Word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way.

174 Jesus! Shall Our Watch-word Be.

B. Schmolck. (Festival of the Circumcision.)
Tr. by J. D. Burns. Andreas Hammerschmidt.

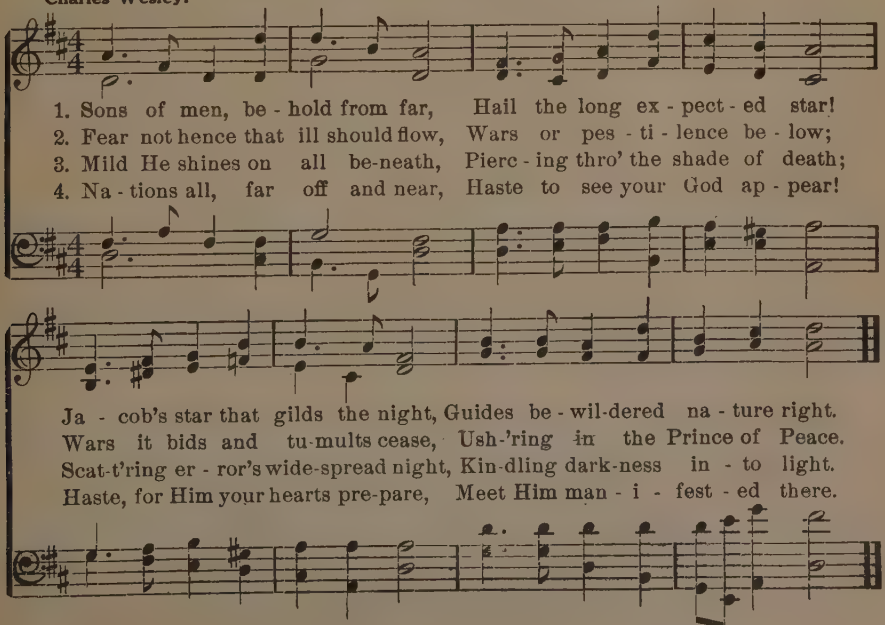

1. Je - sus! shall our watch-word be, As the New Year's dawn spreads o'er us;
Je - sus' name a - lone will we As our stand-ard bear be - fore us;
2. Je - sus' name and Je - sus' Word Shall re-sound in full - est meas - ure
In our churches, and be heard: May we tread His courts with pleas - ure,
3. Thus our pathways would we tread, And in Je - sus' name con-fide us;
While this Star guides over head, Noth-ing e - vil can be - tide us;

In His cov-'nant grace we stand, Journeying to the prom-ised land.
That our hearts, thro' grace a - new, Prove a ho - ly tem - ple, too.
In its light of grace and love Bless-ings come from heav'n a - bove.

Epiphany.

175 Sons of Men, Behold From Far.

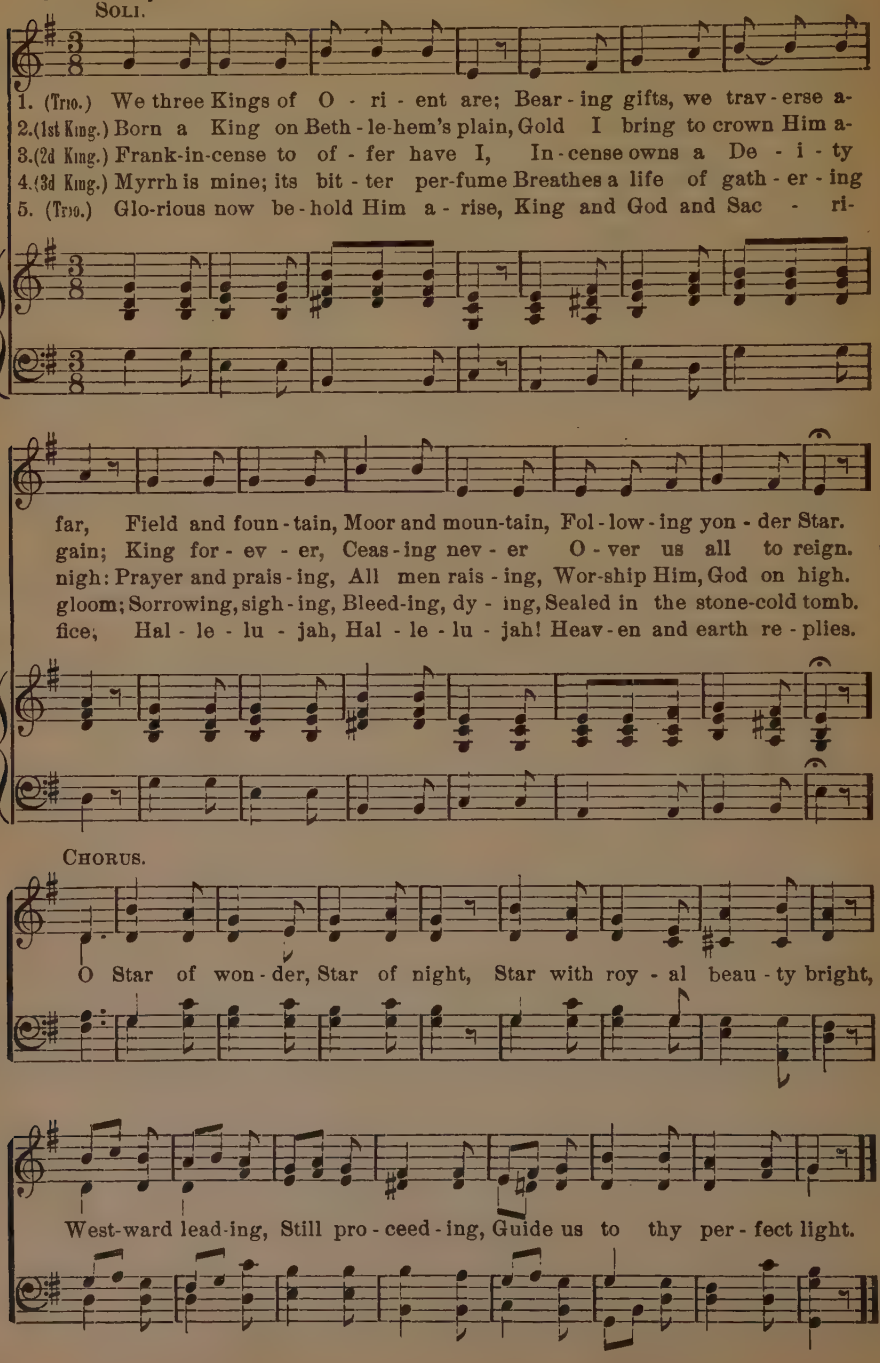
Charles Wesley.


1. Sons of men, be - hold from far, Hail the long ex - pect - ed star!
2. Fear not hence that ill should flow, Wars or pes - ti - lence be - low;
3. Mild He shines on all be-neath, Pierc - ing thro' the shade of death;
4. Na - tions all, far off and near, Haste to see your God ap - pear!

Ja - cob's star that gilds the night, Guides be - wil-dered na - ture right.
Wars it bids and tu-mults cease, Ush-'ring in the Prince of Peace.
Scat-t'ring er - ror's wide-spread night, Kin-dling dark-ness in - to light.
Haste, for Him your hearts pre-pare, Meet Him man - i - fest - ed there.

176 Three Kings of Orient.

John H. Hopkins. Alt. and Adap. by Carl Ackermann.


Soli.
1. (Trio.) We three Kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts, we trav - erse a-
2. (1st King.) Born a King on Beth - le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a-
3. (2d King.) Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty
4. (3d King.) Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing
5. (Trio.) Glo-rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri-
far, Field and foun - tain, Moor and moun-tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
gain; King for - ev - er, Ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
nigh: Prayer and prais - ing, All men rais - ing, Wor-ship Him, God on high.
gloom; Sorrowing, sigh - ing, Bleed-ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
fice, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Heav - en and earth re - plies.
Chorus.
O Star of won - der, Star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
West-ward lead-ing, Still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

177 There Came Three Kings.

Gerard Moultrie. Emanuel Poppen.

March time.

mf *f*

mf Voices in Unison.

1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - piph - a - ny;
2. The star shone bright-ly o - ver - head, The air was calm and still,
3. An old man knelt at a man - ger low, A Babe lay in the stall;

Their gifts they bare, both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee:
O'er Bethlehem's field its rays were shed, The dew lay on the hill:
The star-light played on the In-fant brow, Deep si-lence lay o'er all;

p *f*

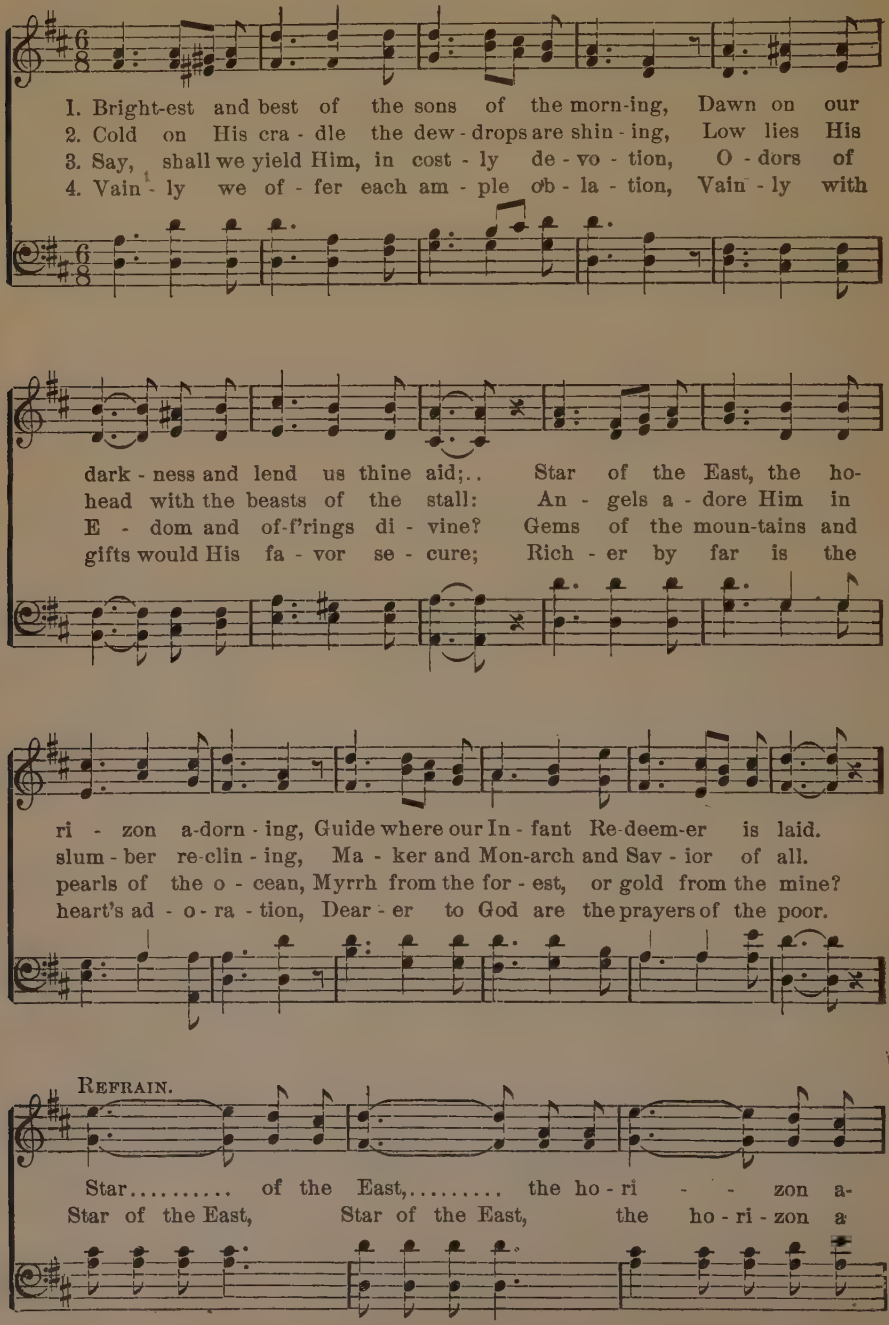
Gold, frank - in - cense, and myrrh are there,— Where is the
We see no throne, no pal - ace fair,— Where is the
A maid - en knelt o'er the Babe in prayer,— There is the

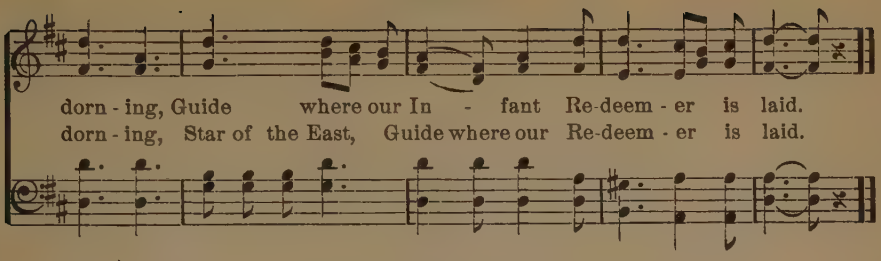
CHORUS. *ad lib.*

King? O where? O where? Where is the King? O where?
King? O where? O where? Where is the King? O where?
King! O there! O there! There is the King! O there!

178 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

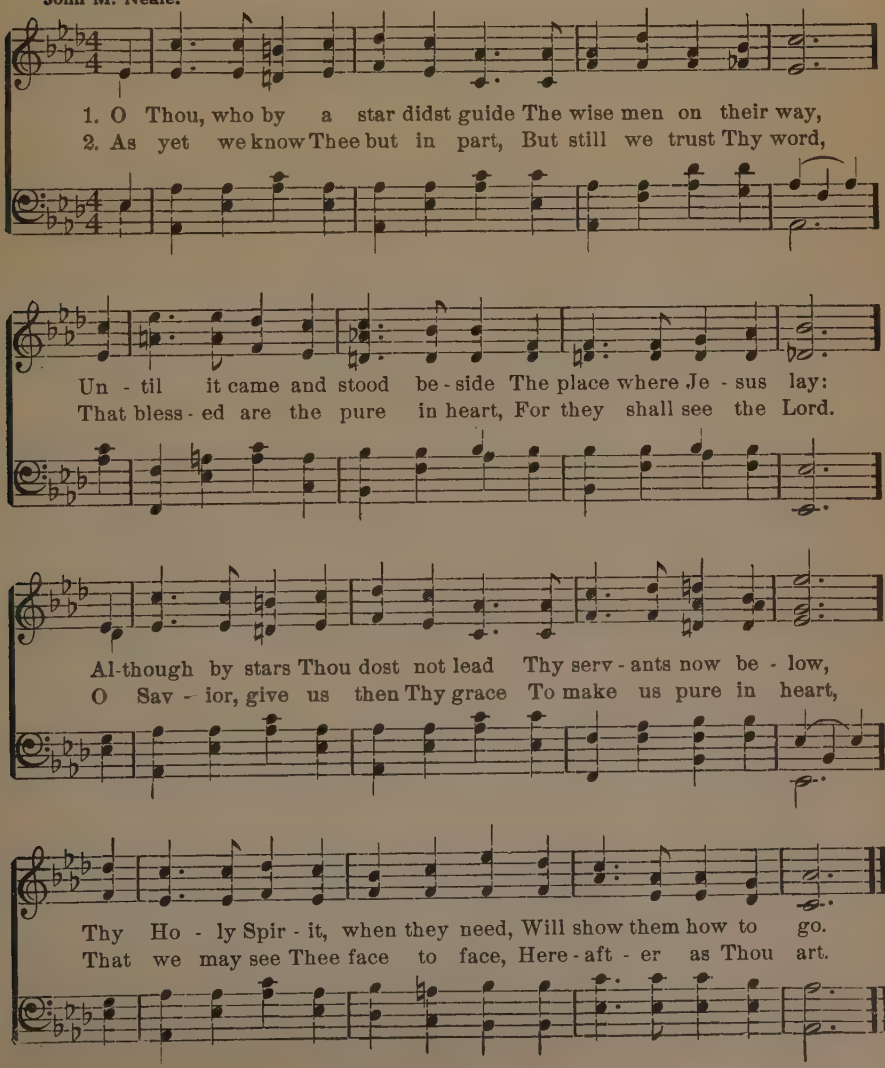
Reginald Heber. J. H. Spielman.


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple o'b - la - tion, Vain - ly with
dark - ness and lend us thine aid;.. Star of the East, the ho-
head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him in
E - dom and of-f'rings di - vine? Gems of the moun-tains and
gifts would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the
ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where our In - fant Re-deem-er is laid.
slum - ber re-clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon-arch and Sav - ior of all.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
REFRAIN.
Star..... of the East,..... the ho - ri - - - zon a-
Star of the East, Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a



179 O Thou, Who by a Star.

John M. Neale.


1. O Thou, who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way,
2. As yet we know Thee but in part, But still we trust Thy word,
Un - til it came and stood be - side The place where Je - sus lay:
That bless - ed are the pure in heart, For they shall see the Lord.
Al-though by stars Thou dost not lead Thy serv - ants now be - low,
O Sav - ior, give us then Thy grace To make us pure in heart,
Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, when they need, Will show them how to go.
That we may see Thee face to face, Here - aft - er as Thou art.

180 Arise and Shine.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.

f Spirited.

1. 'Tis dark-ness gross that cov - ers The earth and worlds for - lorn; A-
2. The bright-ness of thy ris - ing On ev - 'ry land shall be, And
3. Thy walls are called sal - va - tion, Thy gates are named with praise, The

p

lone in thee, O Zi - on, Still beams the star of morn; The Lord is ris'n up-
all the sea's a-bun-dance Con-vert-ed un - to thee; The mul - ti-tudes of
Ho - ly One of Is - rael Is with thee all thy days; To turn them from trans-

cres.

on thee, The light of truth is thine; Oh, in the gloom a - round thee,
Gen - tiles Shall gath - er at thy shrine As sons and daughters 'round thee,
gres-sions Is this Re-deem-er thine; Oh, for the wrongs in Ja - cob,

CHORUS.

dim. *f*

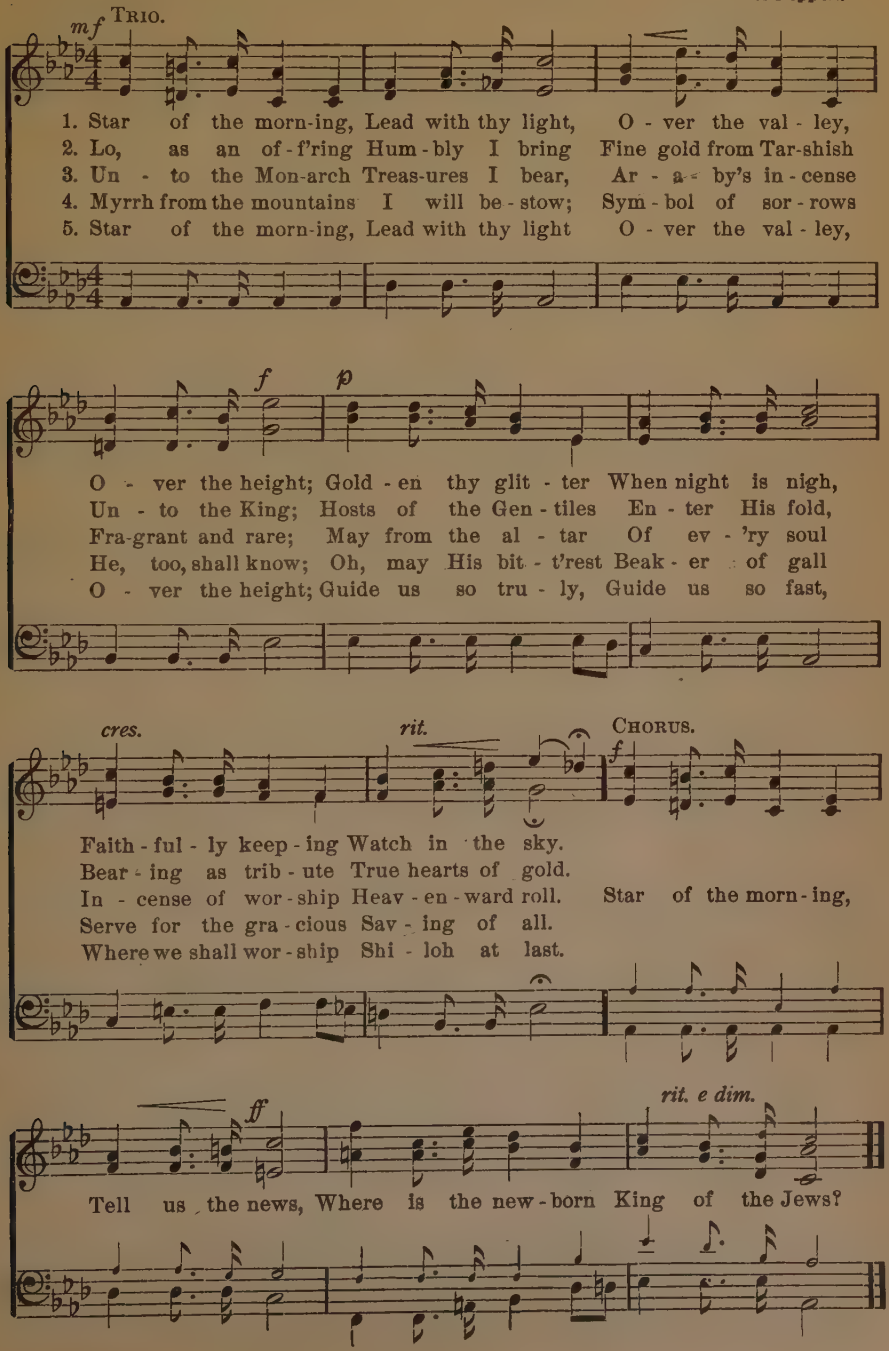
Zi - on, a-rise and shine! A-rise, the clouds are drift-ing A-way from hearts of

p

sin; Shine on, the gloom is lift - ing To let the day-star in. A - MEN.

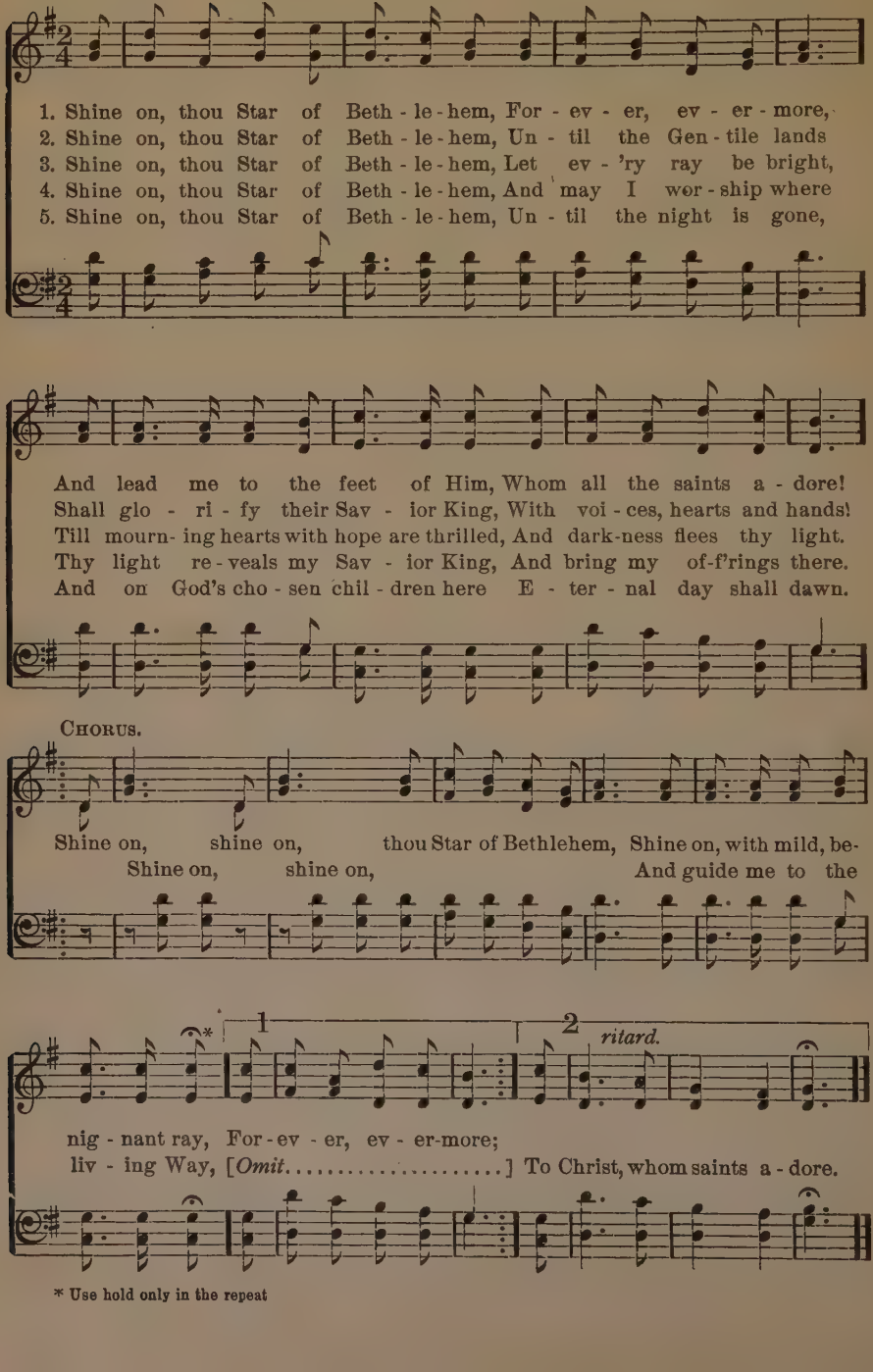
181 Song of the Wise Men.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.


mf TRIO.
1. Star of the morn-ing, Lead with thy light, O - ver the val - ley,
2. Lo, as an of - f'ring Hum - bly I bring Fine gold from Tar-shish
3. Un - to the Mon-arch Treas-ures I bear, Ar - a - by's in - cense
4. Myrrh from the mountains I will be - stow; Sym - bol of sor - rows
5. Star of the morn-ing, Lead with thy light O - ver the val - ley,
f p
O - ver the height; Gold - en thy glit - ter When night is nigh,
Un - to the King; Hosts of the Gen - tiles En - ter His fold,
Fra-grant and rare; May from the al - tar Of ev - 'ry soul
He, too, shall know; Oh, may His bit - t'rest Beak - er of gall
O - ver the height; Guide us so tru - ly, Guide us so fast,
cres. rit. CHORUS. f
Faith - ful - ly keep - ing Watch in the sky.
Bear - ing as trib - ute True hearts of gold.
In - cense of wor - ship Heav - en - ward roll. Star of the morn - ing,
Serve for the gra - cious Sav - ing of all.
Where we shall wor - ship Shi - loh at last.
ff rit. e dim.
Tell us the news, Where is the new - born King of the Jews?

182 Shine On, Thou Star of Bethlehem.

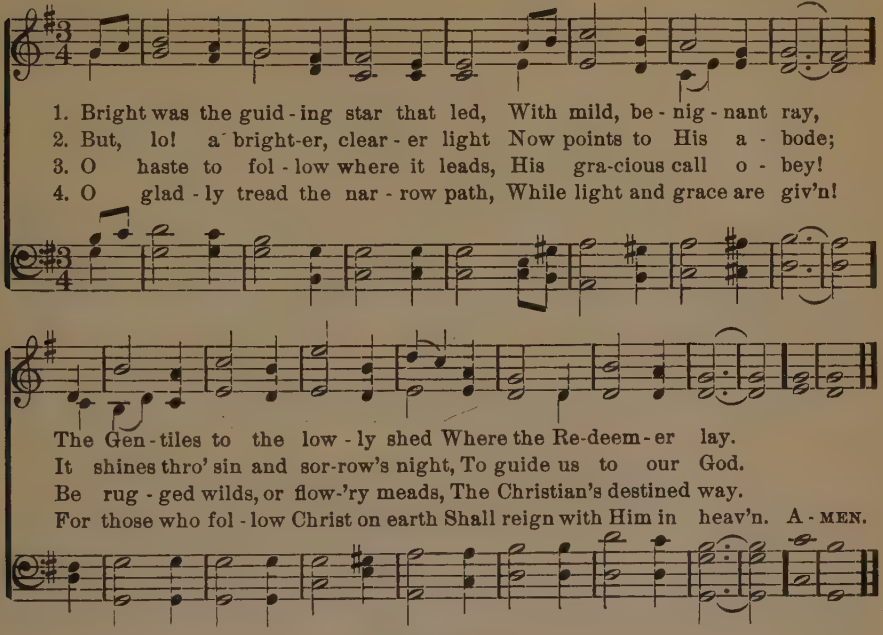
H. A. Becker. From Casket.


1. Shine on, thou Star of Beth - le - hem, For - ev - er, ev - er - more,
2. Shine on, thou Star of Beth - le - hem, Un - til the Gen - tile lands
3. Shine on, thou Star of Beth - le - hem, Let ev - 'ry ray be bright,
4. Shine on, thou Star of Beth - le - hem, And may I wor - ship where
5. Shine on, thou Star of Beth - le - hem, Un - til the night is gone,
And lead me to the feet of Him, Whom all the saints a - dore!
Shall glo - ri - fy their Sav - ior King, With voi - ces, hearts and hands!
Till mourn- ing hearts with hope are thrilled, And dark-ness flees thy light.
Thy light re - veals my Sav - ior King, And bring my of-f'rings there.
And on God's cho - sen chil - dren here E - ter - nal day shall dawn.
Chorus.
Shine on, shine on, thou Star of Bethlehem, Shine on, with mild, be-
Shine on, shine on, And guide me to the
1
2
ritard.
nig - nant ray, For - ev - er, ev - er-more;
liv - ing Way, [Omit.....] To Christ, whom saints a - dore.

* Use hold only in the repeat

183 Bright Was the Guiding Star.

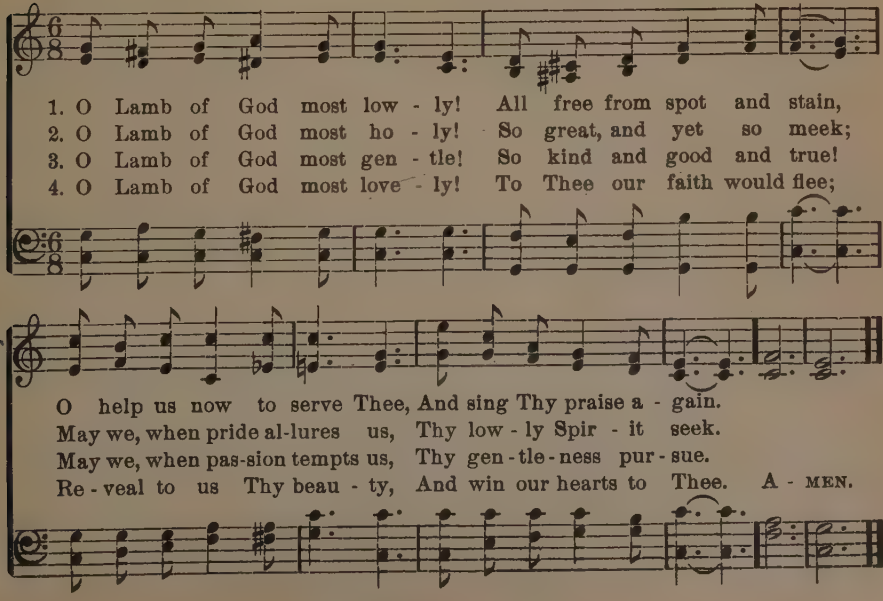
Harriet Auber. Adap. from Rossini.


1. Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray,
2. But, lo! a bright-er, clear - er light Now points to His a - bode;
3. O haste to fol - low where it leads, His gra-cious call o - bey!
4. O glad - ly tread the nar - row path, While light and grace are giv'n!
The Gen - tiles to the low - ly shed Where the Re-deem - er lay.
It shines thro' sin and sor-row's night, To guide us to our God.
Be rug - ged wilds, or flow-'ry meads, The Christian's destined way.
For those who fol - low Christ on earth Shall reign with Him in heav'n. A - MEN.

Lent.

184 O Lamb of God Most Lowly.

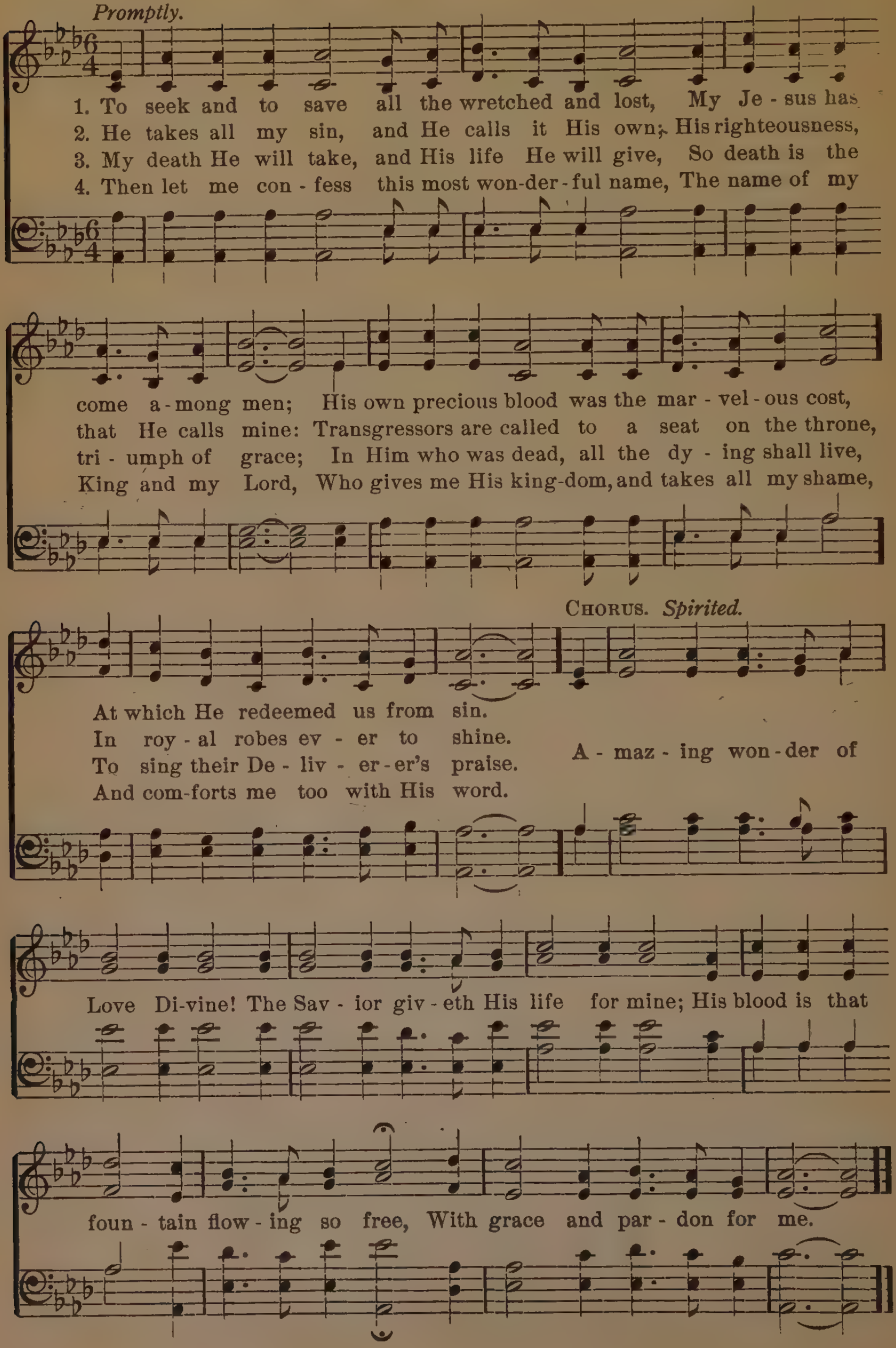
Wm. P. Balfern.


1. O Lamb of God most low - ly! All free from spot and stain,
2. O Lamb of God most ho - ly! So great, and yet so meek;
3. O Lamb of God most gen - tle! So kind and good and true!
4. O Lamb of God most love - ly! To Thee our faith would flee;
O help us now to serve Thee, And sing Thy praise a - gain.
May we, when pride al-lures us, Thy low - ly Spir - it seek.
May we, when pas-sion tempts us, Thy gen - tle - ness pur - sue.
Re - veal to us Thy beau - ty, And win our hearts to Thee. A - MEN.

185 To Seek and to Save.

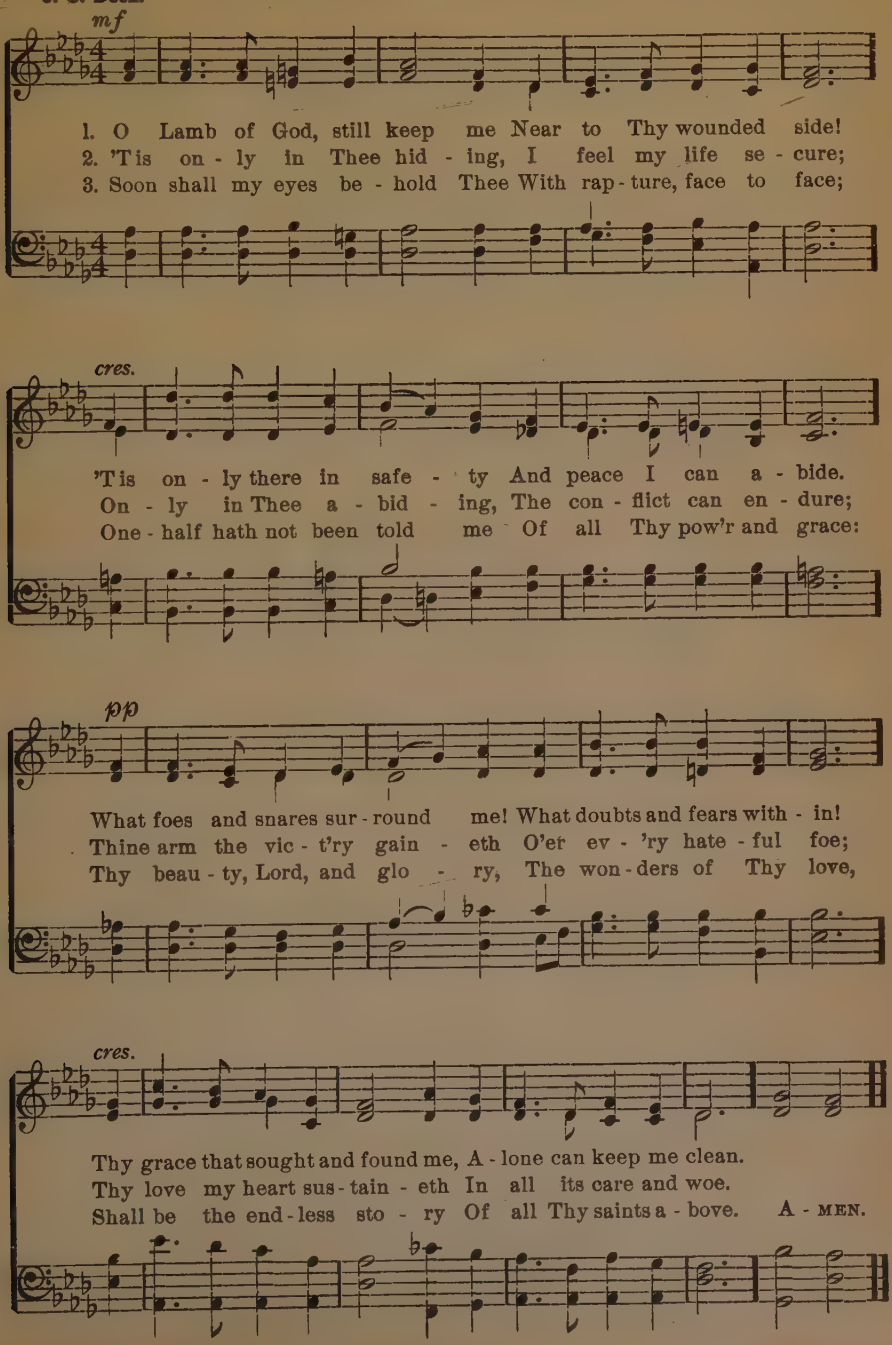
H. A. Becker. From Casket.

Promptly.


1. To seek and to save all the wretched and lost, My Je - sus has
2. He takes all my sin, and He calls it His own; His righteousness,
3. My death He will take, and His life He will give, So death is the
4. Then let me con - fess this most won-der - ful name, The name of my
come a - mong men; His own precious blood was the mar - vel - ous cost,
that He calls mine: Transgressors are called to a seat on the throne,
tri - umph of grace; In Him who was dead, all the dy - ing shall live,
King and my Lord, Who gives me His king-dom, and takes all my shame,
CHORUS. *Spirited.*
At which He redeemed us from sin.
In roy - al robes ev - er to shine.
To sing their De - liv - er - er's praise.
And com-forts me too with His word.
A - maz - ing won - der of
Love Di-vine! The Sav - ior giv - eth His life for mine; His blood is that
foun - tain flow - ing so free, With grace and par - don for me.

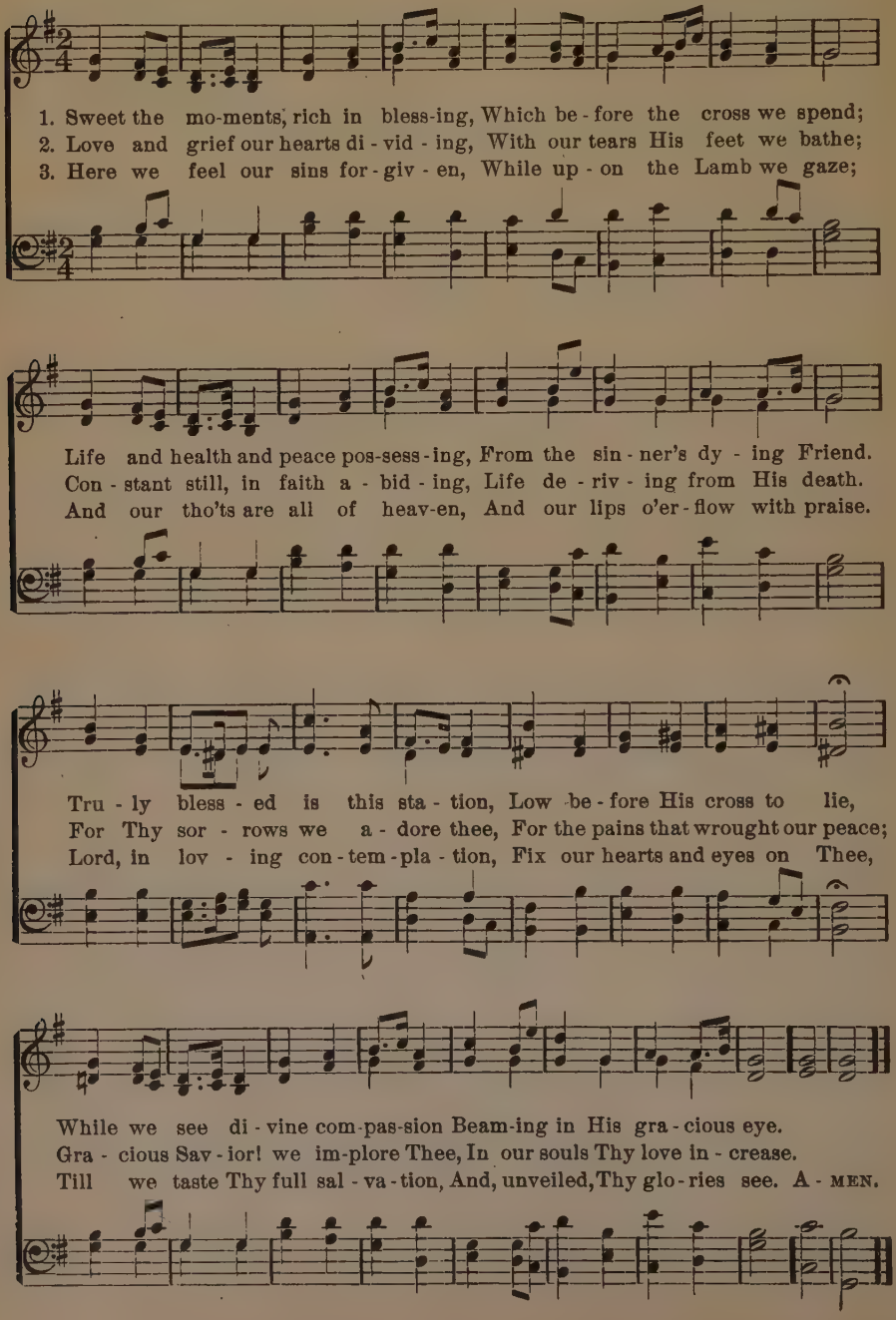
186 O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me.

J. C. Deck. F. C. Maker.


mf
1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side!
2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I feel my life se - cure;
3. Soon shall my eyes be - hold Thee With rap - ture, face to face;
cres.
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure;
One - half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace:
pp
What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!
Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe;
Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,
cres.
Thy grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove. A - MEN.

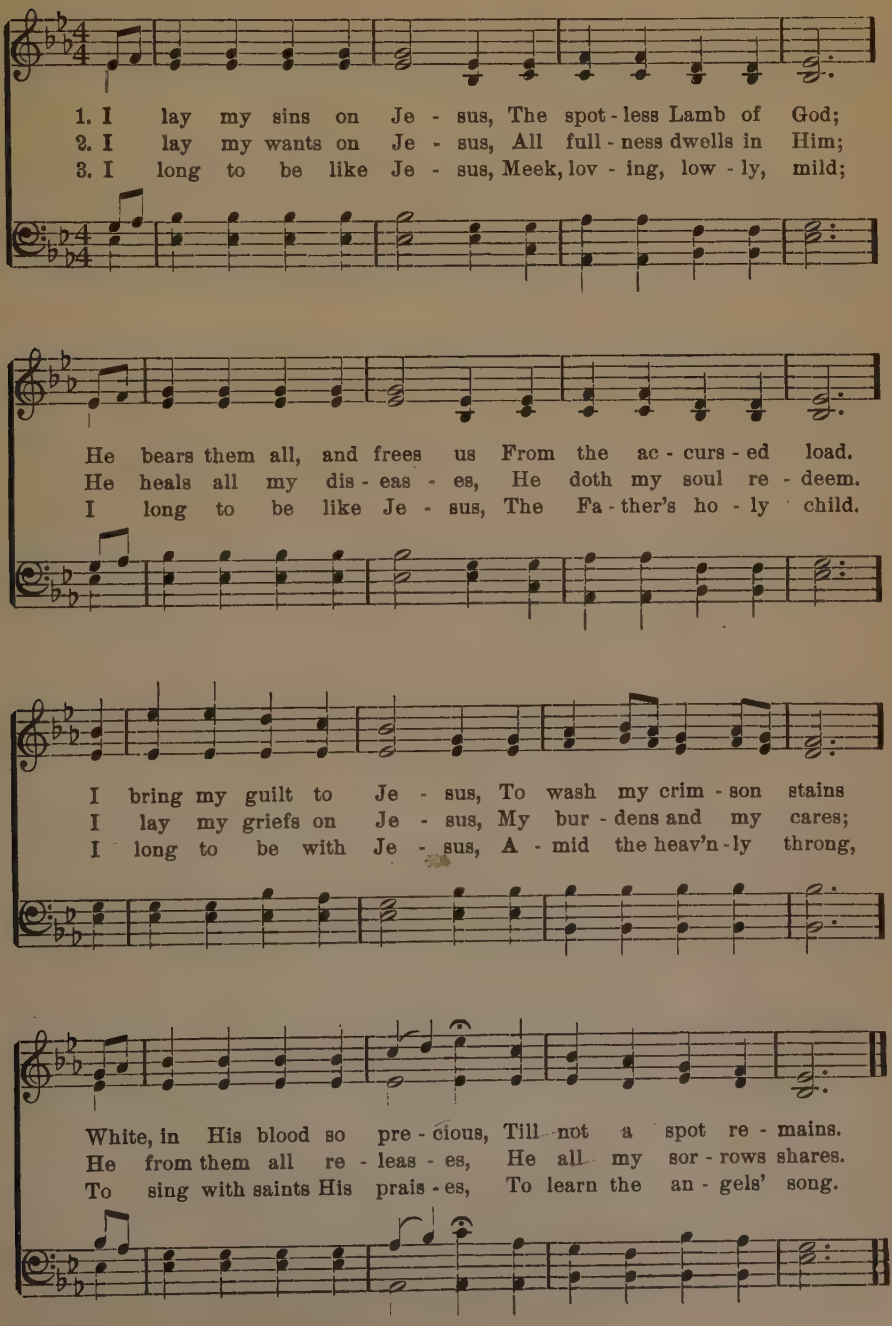
187 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

J. Allen and W. Shirley, Alt. Wolfgang A. Mozart.


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross we spend;
2. Love and grief our hearts di-vid-ing, With our tears His feet we bathe;
3. Here we feel our sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb we gaze;
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Con-stant still, in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.
And our tho'ts are all of heav-en, And our lips o'er-flow with praise.
Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
For Thy sor-rows we a-dore thee, For the pains that wrought our peace;
Lord, in lov-ing con-tem-pla-tion, Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
While we see di-vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.
Gra-cious Sav-ior! we im-plore Thee, In our souls Thy love in-crease.
Till we taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And, unveiled, Thy glo-ries see. A-MEN.

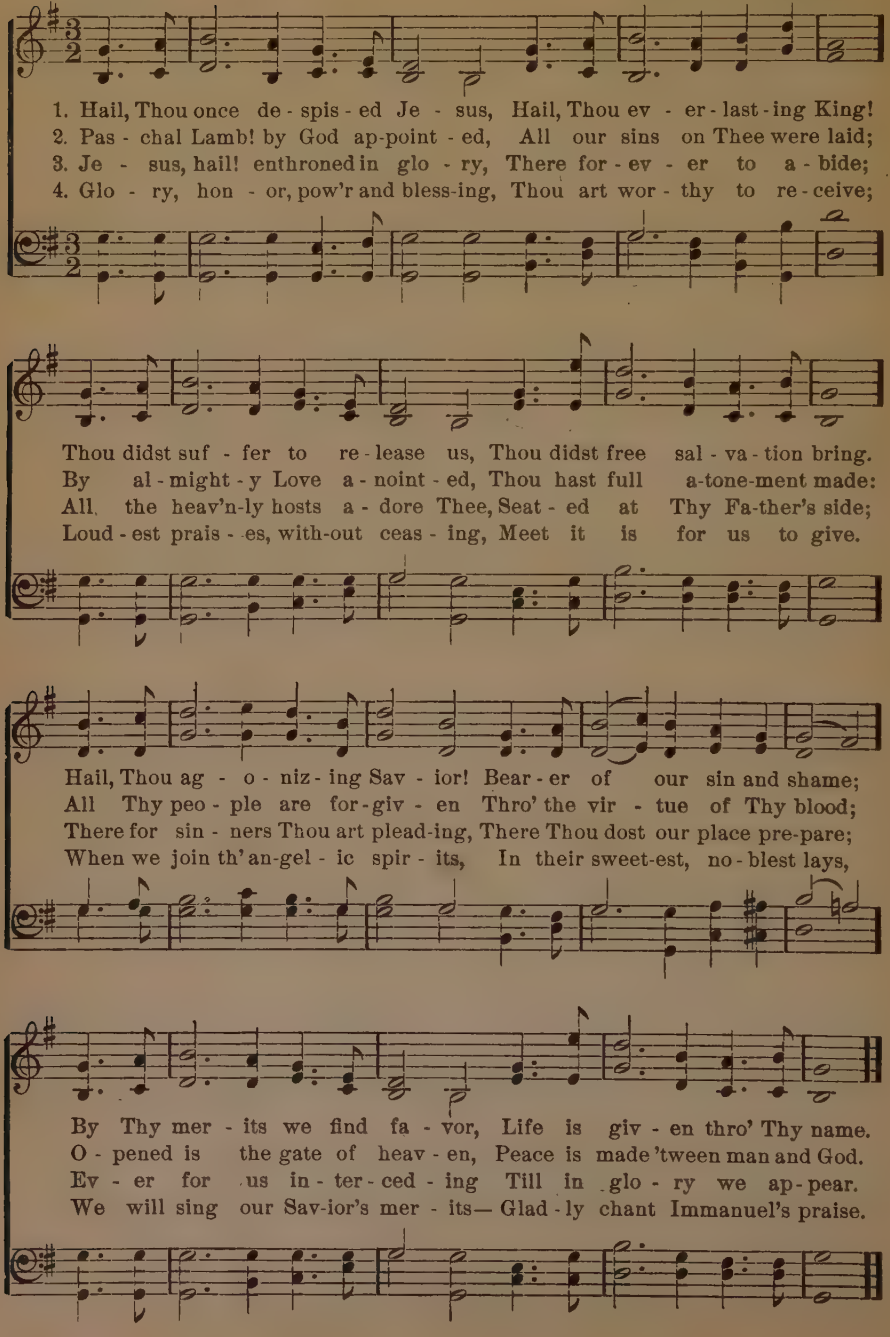
188 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Greek Melody.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,
White, in His blood so pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

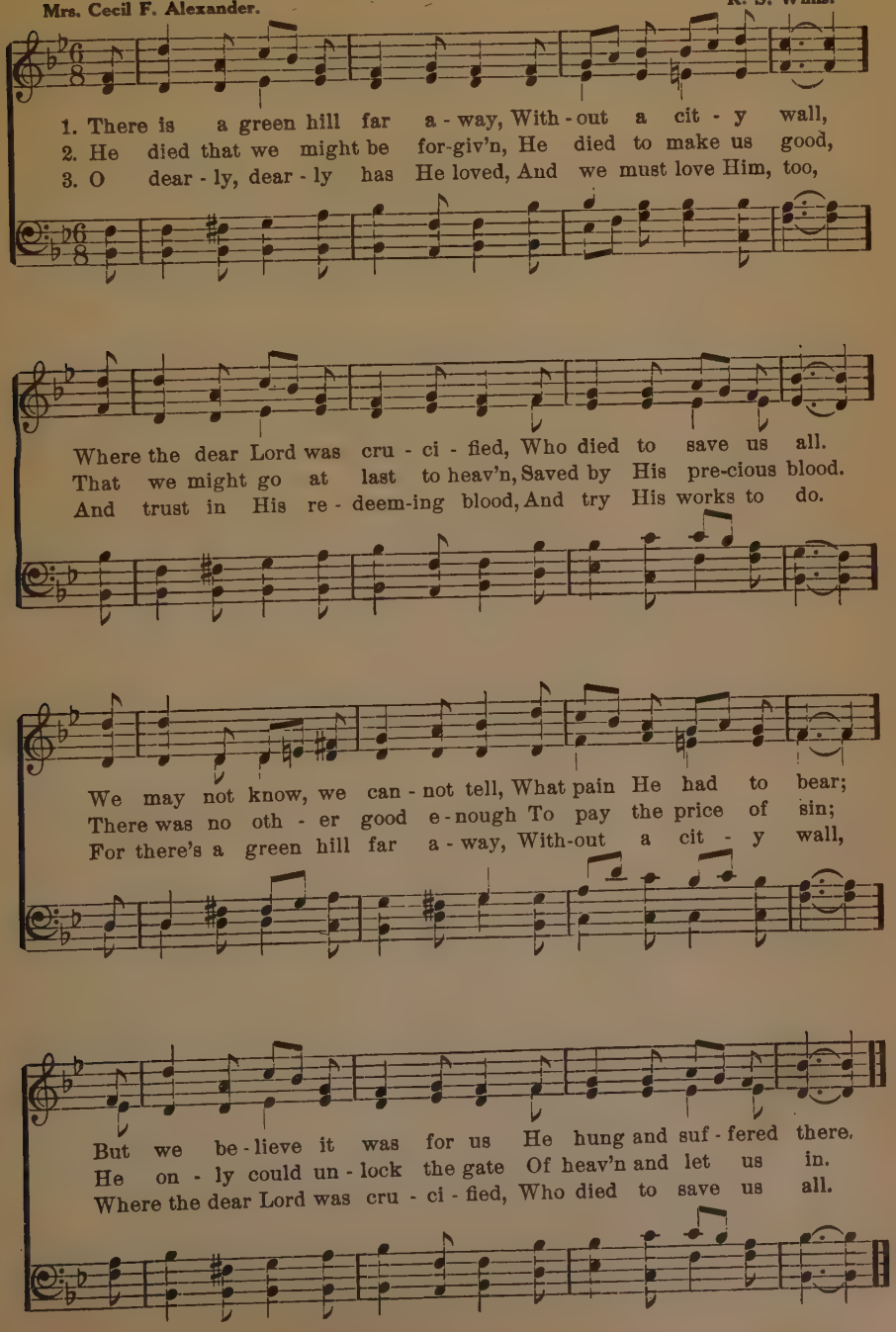
189 Hail! Thou Once Despised Jesus.

John Bakewell. Louis von Esch. Mod. by J. H. Spielman.


1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, Thou ev - er - last - ing King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb! by God ap-point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4. Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless-ing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y Love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made:
All the heav'n-ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa-ther's side;
Loud - est prais - es, with-out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior! Bear - er of our sin and shame;
All Thy peo - ple are for-giv - en Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;
There for sin - ners Thou art plead-ing, There Thou dost our place pre-pare;
When we join th' an-gel - ic spir - its, In their sweet-est, no - blest lays,
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'tween man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
We will sing our Sav-ior's mer - its— Glad - ly chant Immanuel's praise.

190 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

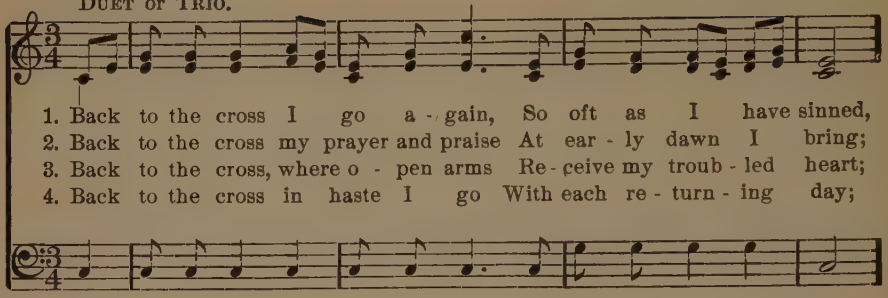
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. R. S. Willis.

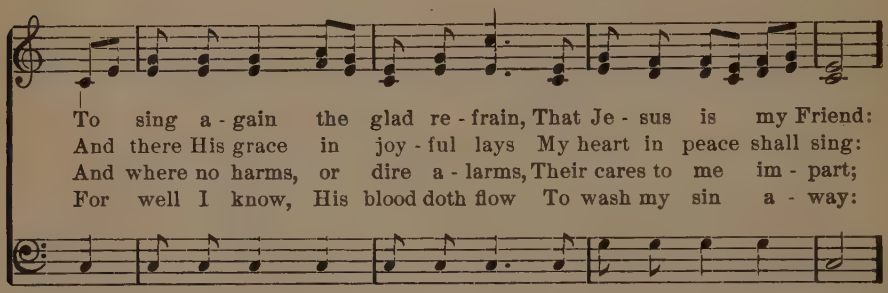

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.
We may not know, we can - not tell, What pain He had to bear;
There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
For there's a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

191 Back to the Cross.

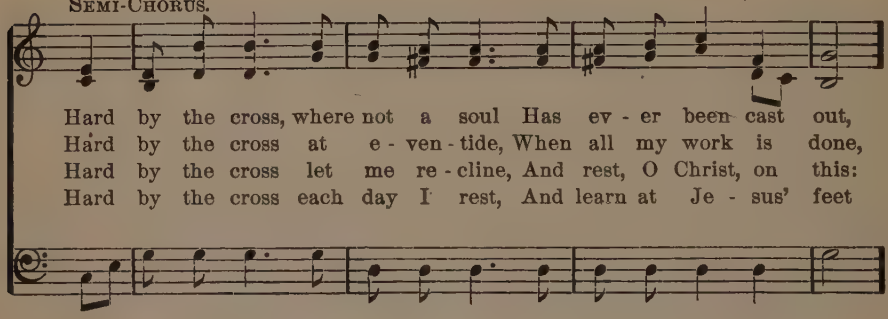
H. A. Becker. Arranged.

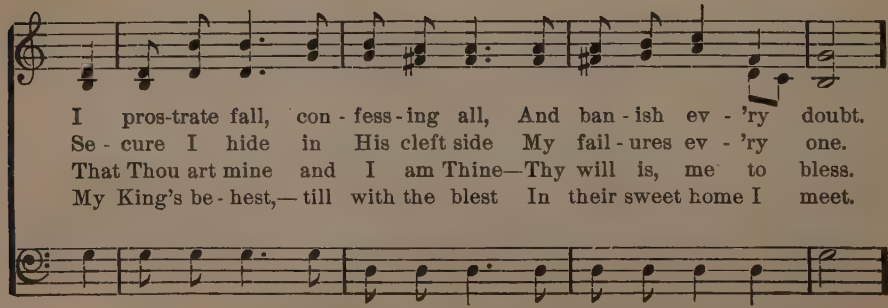
DUET or TRIO.


1. Back to the cross I go a - gain, So oft as I have sinned,
2. Back to the cross my prayer and praise At ear - ly dawn I bring;
3. Back to the cross, where o - pen arms Re - ceive my troub - led heart;
4. Back to the cross in haste I go With each re - turn - ing day;

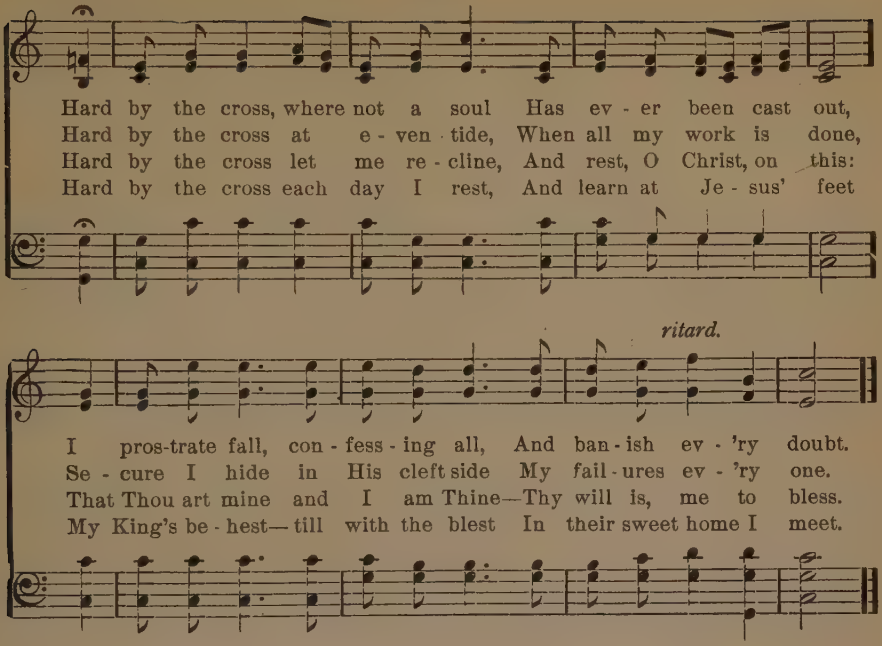

To sing a - gain the glad re - frain, That Je - sus is my Friend:
And there His grace in joy - ful lays My heart in peace shall sing:
And where no harms, or dire a - larms, Their cares to me im - part;
For well I know, His blood doth flow To wash my sin a - way:

SEMI-CHORUS.


Hard by the cross, where not a soul Has ev - er been cast out,
Hard by the cross at e - ven - tide, When all my work is done,
Hard by the cross let me re - cline, And rest, O Christ, on this:
Hard by the cross each day I rest, And learn at Je - sus' feet

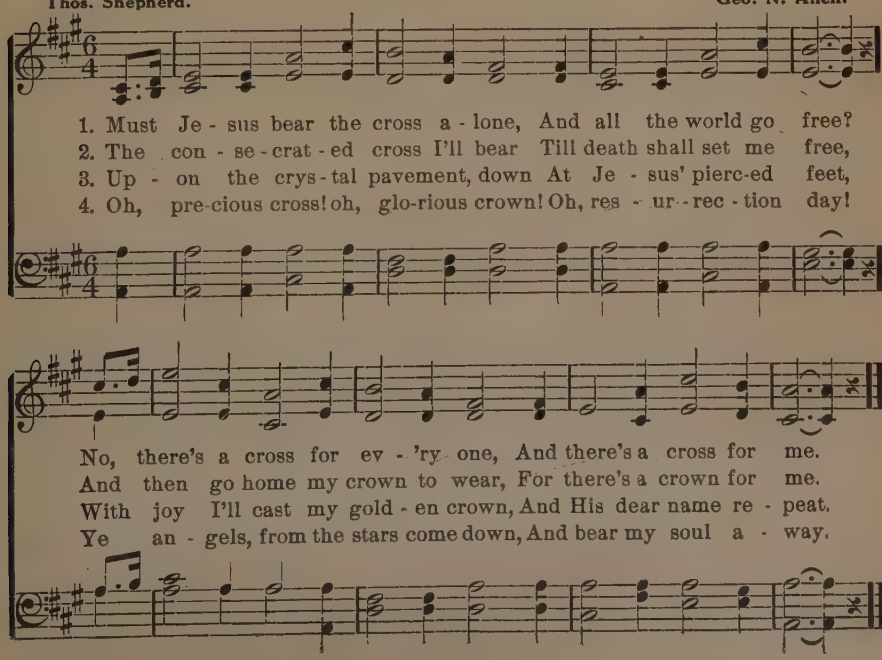

I pros-trate fall, con - fess - ing all, And ban - ish ev - 'ry doubt.
Se - cure I hide in His cleft side My fail - ures ev - 'ry one.
That Thou art mine and I am Thine—Thy will is, me to bless.
My King's be - hest,— till with the blest In their sweet home I meet.

CHORUS.


Hard by the cross, where not a soul Has ev - er been cast out,
Hard by the cross at e - ven - tide, When all my work is done,
Hard by the cross let me re - cline, And rest, O Christ, on this:
Hard by the cross each day I rest, And learn at Je - sus' feet
ritard.
I pros-trate fall, con - fess - ing all, And ban - ish ev - 'ry doubt.
Se - cure I hide in His cleft side My fail - ures ev - 'ry one.
That Thou art mine and I am Thine—Thy will is, me to bless.
My King's be - hest— till with the blest In their sweet home I meet.

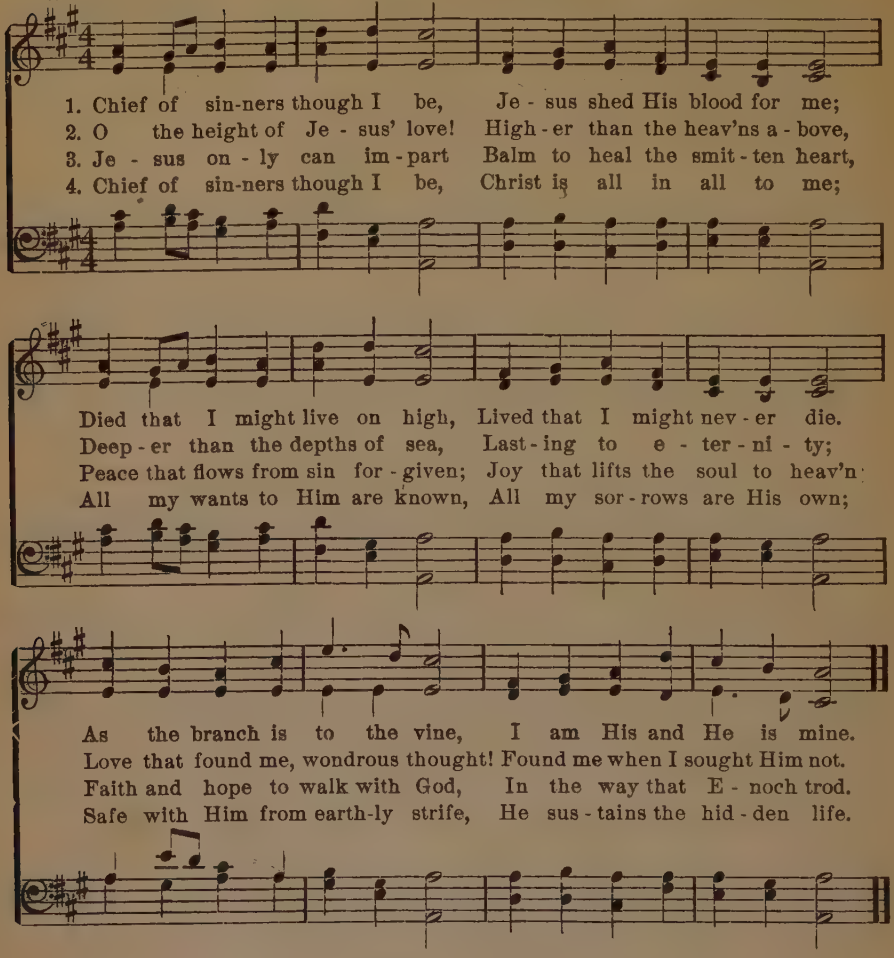
192 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

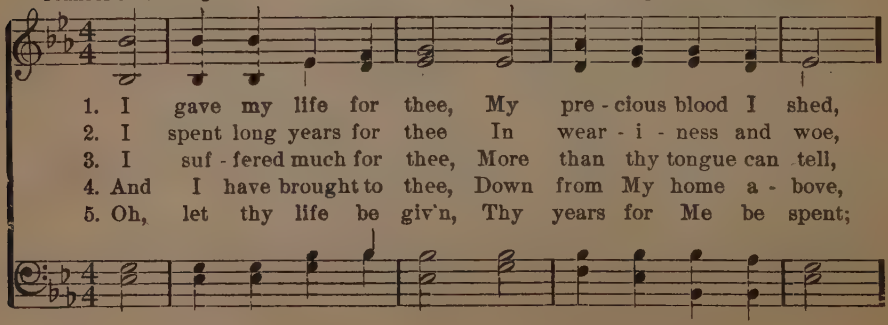
193 Chief of Sinners Though I Be.

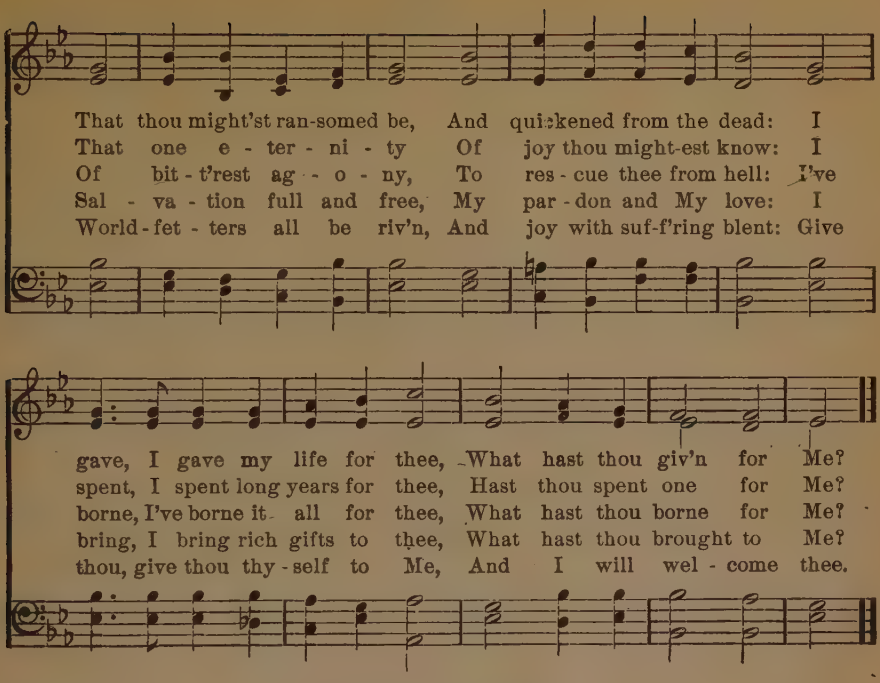
William McComb. Conrad Kocher.


1. Chief of sin-ners though I be, Je - sus shed His blood for me;
2. O the height of Je - sus' love! High - er than the heav'ns a - bove,
3. Je - sus on - ly can im - part Balm to heal the smit - ten heart,
4. Chief of sin-ners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;
Died that I might live on high, Lived that I might nev - er die.
Deep - er than the depths of sea, Last - ing to e - ter - ni - ty;
Peace that flows from sin for - given; Joy that lifts the soul to heav'n
All my wants to Him are known, All my sor - rows are His own;
As the branch is to the vine, I am His and He is mine.
Love that found me, wondrous thought! Found me when I sought Him not.
Faith and hope to walk with God, In the way that E - noch trod.
Safe with Him from earth-ly strife, He sus - tains the hid - den life.

194 I Gave My Life For Thee.

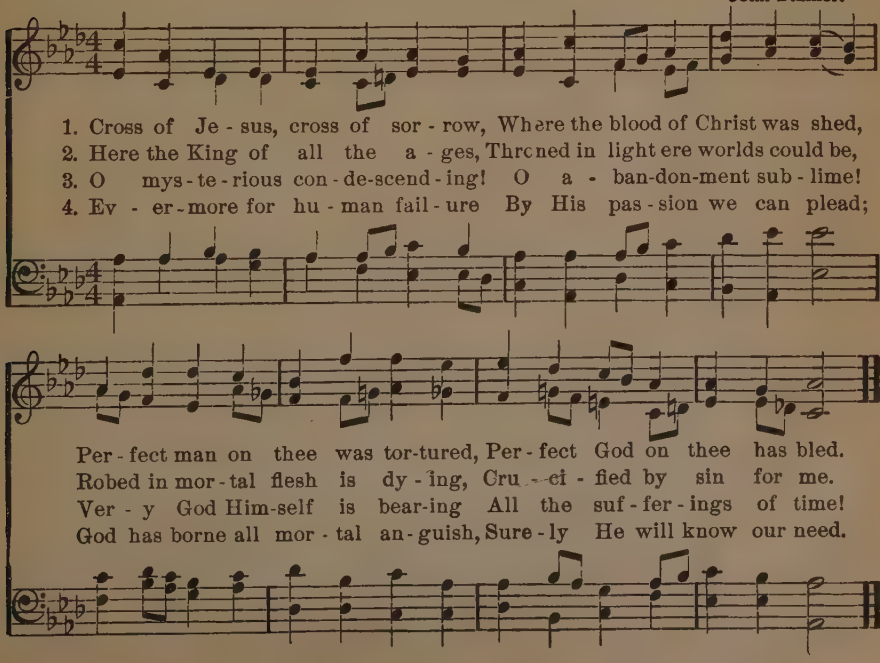
Frances R. Havergal. Adapted from Dr. Randall.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. I spent long years for thee In wear - i - ness and woe,
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
5. Oh, let thy life be giv'n, Thy years for Me be spent;


That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quickened from the dead: I
That one e - ter - ni - ty Of joy thou might-est know: I
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell: I've
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love: I
World-fet - ters all be riv'n, And joy with suf-f'ring blent: Give
gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
spent, I spent long years for thee, Hast thou spent one for Me?
borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
thou, give thou thy - self to Me, And I will wel - come thee.

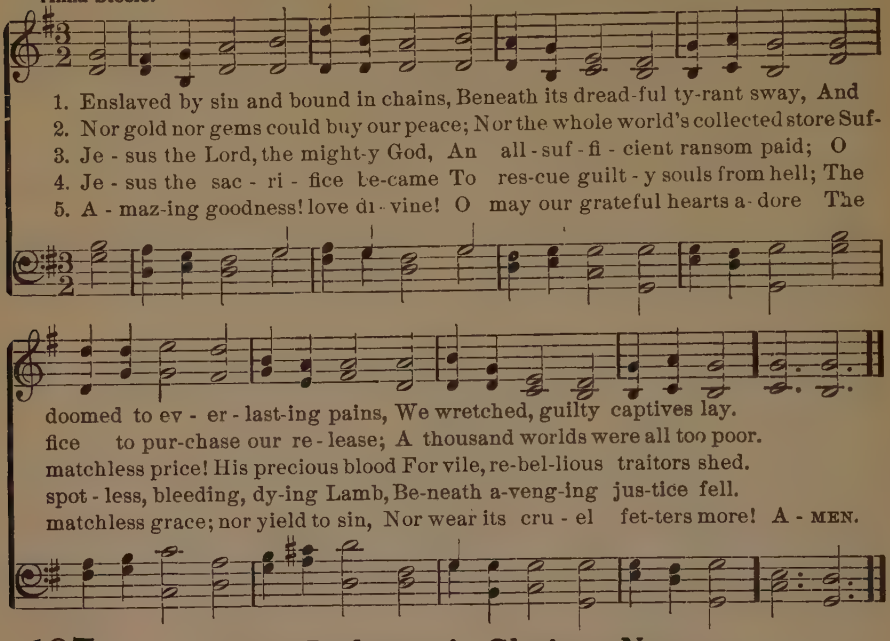
195 Cross of Jesus.

John Stainer.


1. Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of Christ was shed,
2. Here the King of all the a - ges, Throned in light ere worlds could be,
3. O mys - te - rious con - de-scend - ing! O a - ban-don-ment sub - lime!
4. Ev - er-more for hu - man fail - ure By His pas - sion we can plead;
Per - fect man on thee was tor-tured, Per - fect God on thee has bled.
Robed in mor - tal flesh is dy - ing, Cru - ci - fied by sin for me.
Ver - y God Him-self is bear-ing All the suf - fer - ings of time!
God has borne all mor - tal an-guish, Sure - ly He will know our need.

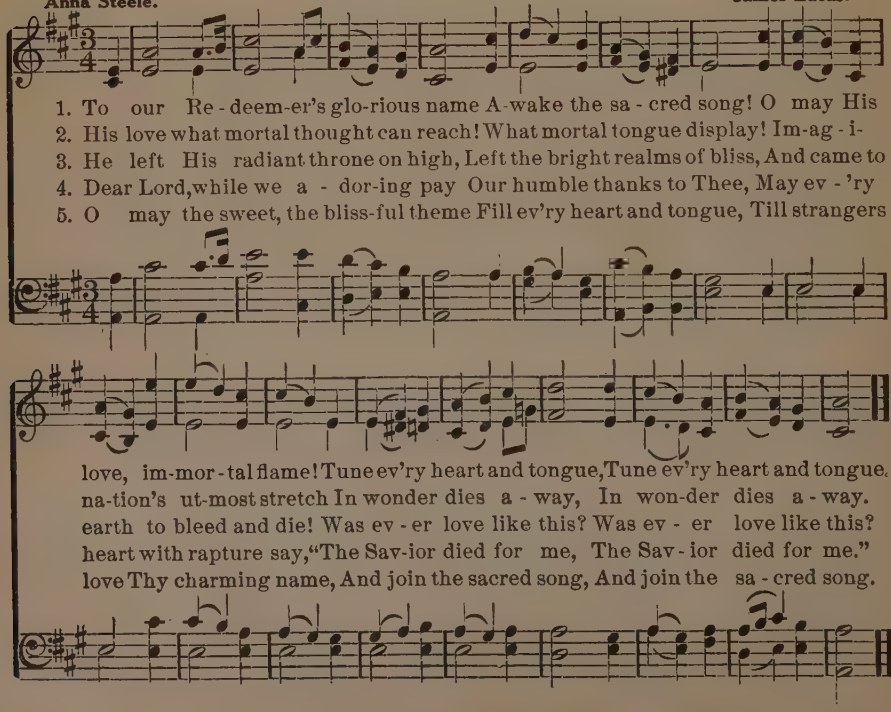
196 Enslaved by Sin and Bound in Chains.

Anna Steele. Lowell Mason.


1. Enslaved by sin and bound in chains, Beneath its dread-ful ty-rant sway, And
2. Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace; Nor the whole world's collected store Suf-
3. Je - sus the Lord, the might-y God, An all - suf - fi - cient ransom paid; O
4. Je - sus the sac - ri - fice be-came To res-cue guilt - y souls from hell; The
5. A - maz-ing goodness! love di - vine! O may our grateful hearts a - dore The
doomed to ev - er - last-ing pains, We wretched, guilty captives lay.
fice to pur-chase our re - lease; A thousand worlds were all too poor.
matchless price! His precious blood For vile, re-bel-lious traitors shed.
spot - less, bleeding, dy-ing Lamb, Be-neath a-veng-ing jus-tice fell.
matchless grace; nor yield to sin, Nor wear its cru - el fet-ters more! A - MEN.

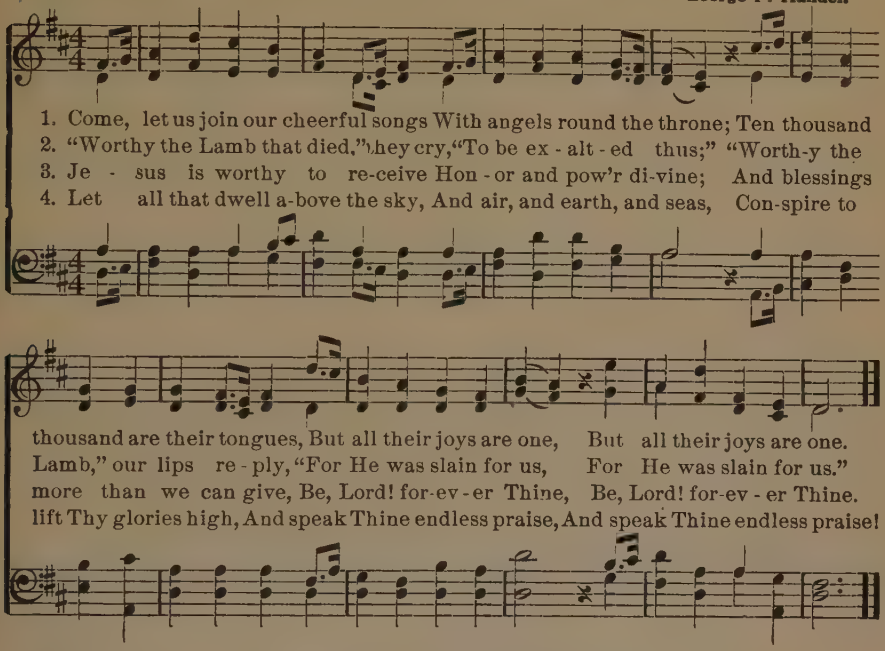
197 To Our Redeemer's Glorious Name.

Anna Steele. James Lucas.


1. To our Re - deem-er's glo-rious name A-wake the sa - cred song! O may His
2. His love what mortal thought can reach! What mortal tongue display! Im-ag - i-
3. He left His radiant throne on high, Left the bright realms of bliss, And came to
4. Dear Lord, while we a - dor-ing pay Our humble thanks to Thee, May ev - 'ry
5. O may the sweet, the bliss-ful theme Fill ev'ry heart and tongue, Till strangers
love, im-mor - tal flame! Tune ev'ry heart and tongue, Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
na-tion's ut-most stretch In wonder dies a - way, In won-der dies a - way.
earth to bleed and die! Was ev - er love like this? Was ev - er love like this?
heart with rapture say, "The Sav-ior died for me, The Sav - ior died for me."
love Thy charming name, And join the sacred song, And join the sa - cred song.

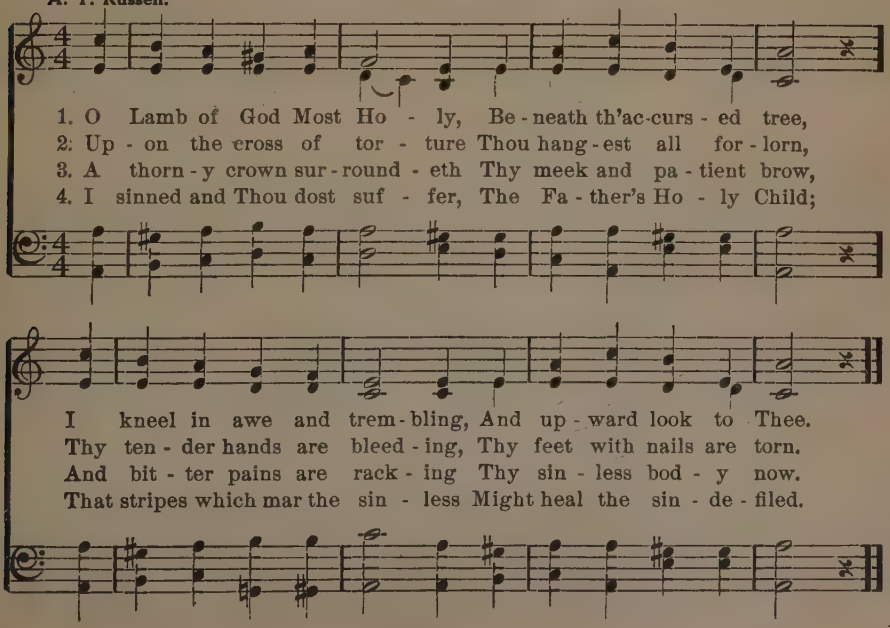
198 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts. George F. Handel.


1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus;" "Worth-y the
3. Je - sus is worthy to re-ceive Hon - or and pow'r di-vine; And blessings
4. Let all that dwell a-bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Con-spire to
thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.
Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us, For He was slain for us."
more than we can give, Be, Lord! for-ev - er Thine, Be, Lord! for-ev - er Thine.
lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise, And speak Thine endless praise!

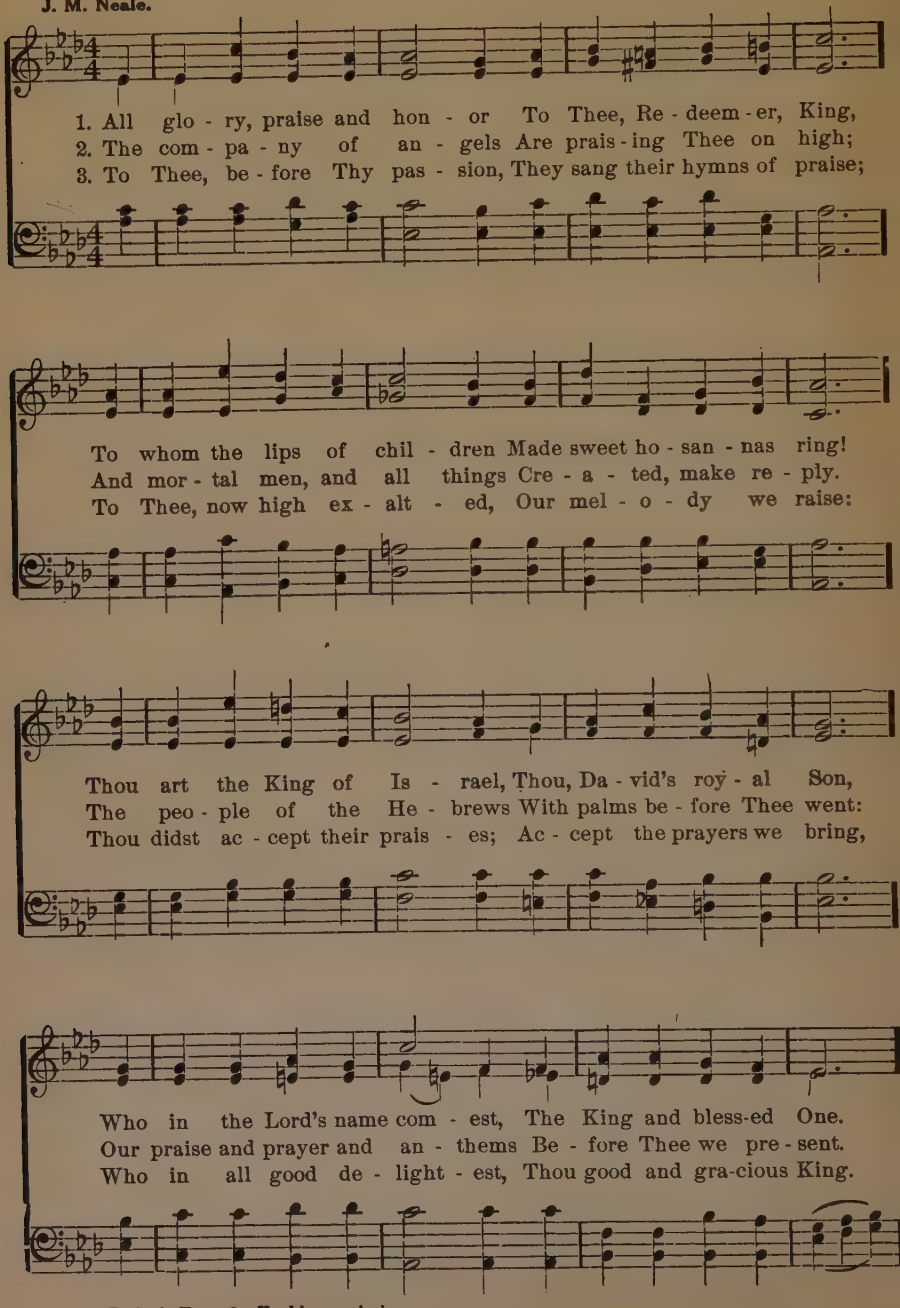
199 O Lamb of God Most Holy.

A. T. Russell.


1. O Lamb of God Most Ho - ly, Be - neath th'ac-curs - ed tree,
2. Up - on the cross of tor - ture Thou hang - est all for - lorn,
3. A thorn - y crown sur - round - eth Thy meek and pa - tient brow,
4. I sinned and Thou dost suf - fer, The Fa - ther's Ho - ly Child;
I kneel in awe and trem - bling, And up - ward look to Thee.
Thy ten - der hands are bleed - ing, Thy feet with nails are torn.
And bit - ter pains are rack - ing Thy sin - less bod - y now.
That stripes which mar the sin - less Might heal the sin - de - filed.

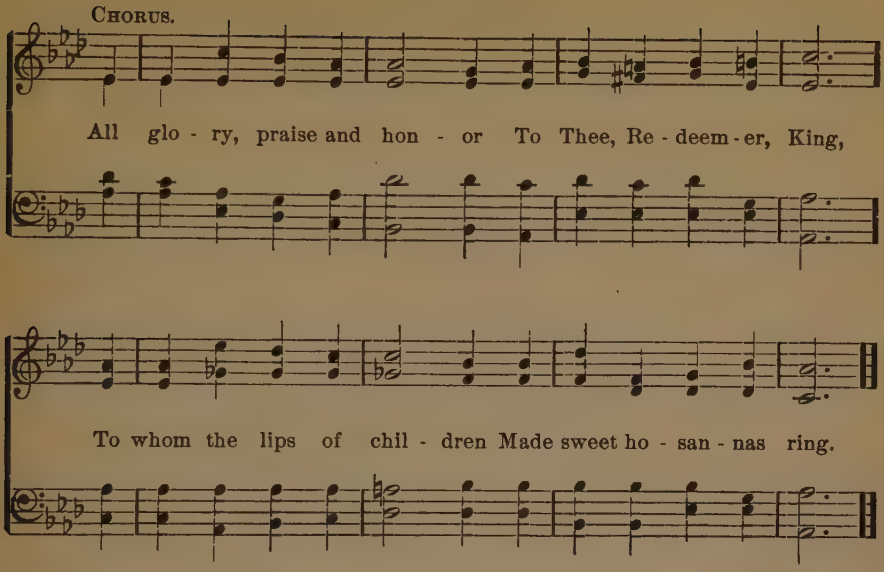
200 All Glory, Praise and Honor.

J. M. Neale.


1. All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high;
3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
And mor - tal men, and all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise:
Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou, Da - vid's roy - al Son,
The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went:
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless-ed One.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra-cious King.

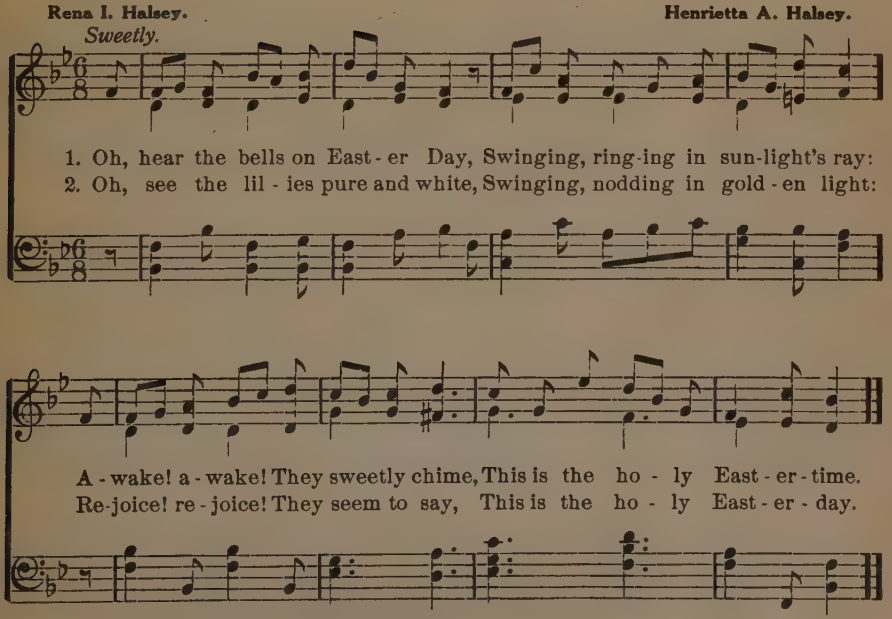
From Tucker's Hymnal. Used by permission.

Palm Sunday.



Easter.

201 Easter Song.


Rena I. Halsey.
Henrietta A. Halsey.
Sweetly.
1. Oh, hear the bells on East - er Day, Swinging, ring-ing in sun-light's ray:
2. Oh, see the lil - ies pure and white, Swinging, nodding in gold - en light:
A - wake! a - wake! They sweetly chime, This is the ho - ly East - er - time.
Re-joice! re - joice! They seem to say, This is the ho - ly East - er - day.

From "One Hundred Songs for Primary Schools," published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.
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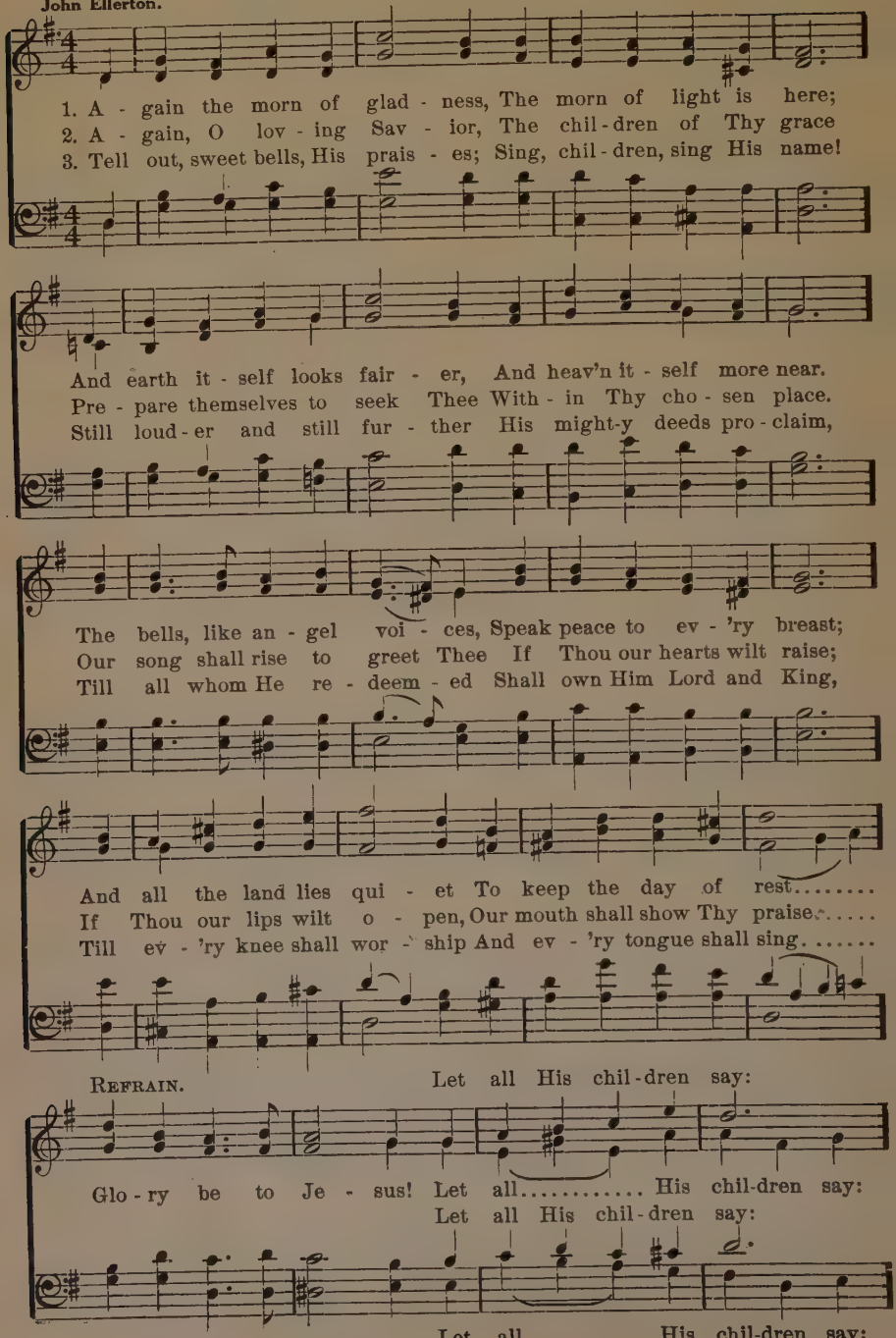
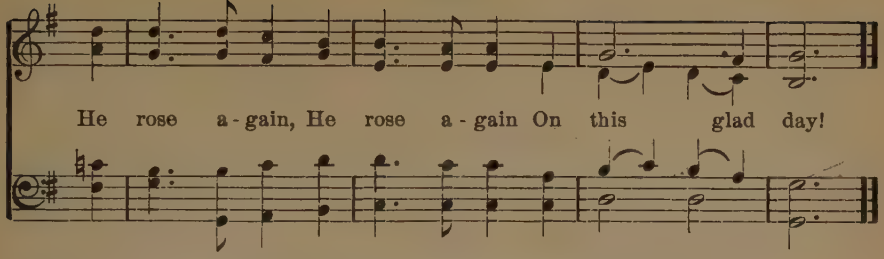
202 Again the Morn of Gladness.

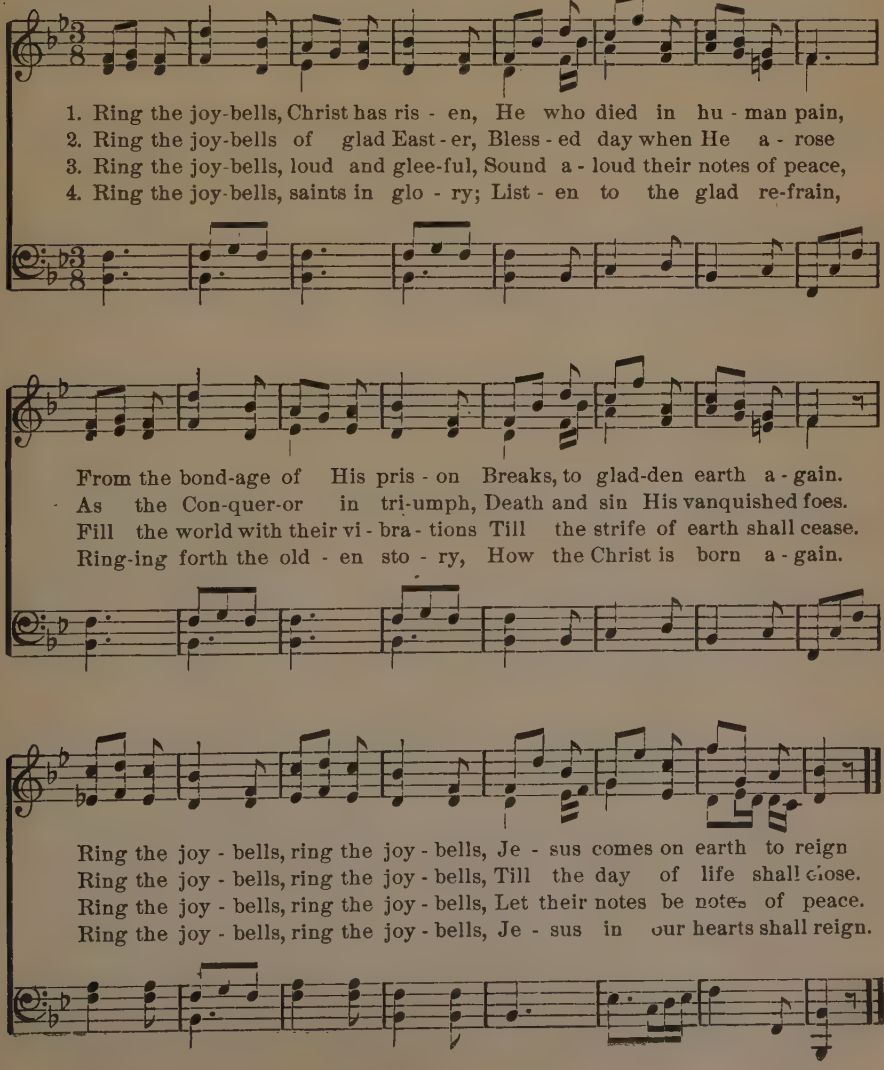
John Ellerton.


1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here;
2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - ior, The chil - dren of Thy grace
3. Tell out, sweet bells, His prais - es; Sing, chil - dren, sing His name!
And earth it - self looks fair - er, And heav'n it - self more near.
Pre - pare themselves to seek Thee With - in Thy cho - sen place.
Still loud - er and still fur - ther His might-y deeds pro - claim,
The bells, like an - gel voi - ces, Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast;
Our song shall rise to greet Thee If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
Till all whom He re - deem - ed Shall own Him Lord and King,
And all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest.....
If Thou our lips wilt o - pen, Our mouth shall show Thy praise.....
Till ev - 'ry knee shall wor - ship And ev - 'ry tongue shall sing.....
REFRAIN.
Let all His chil - dren say:
Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all..... His chil - dren say:
Let all His chil - dren say:
Let all..... His chil - dren say:



203 Ring the Joy-bells, Christ Has Risen.

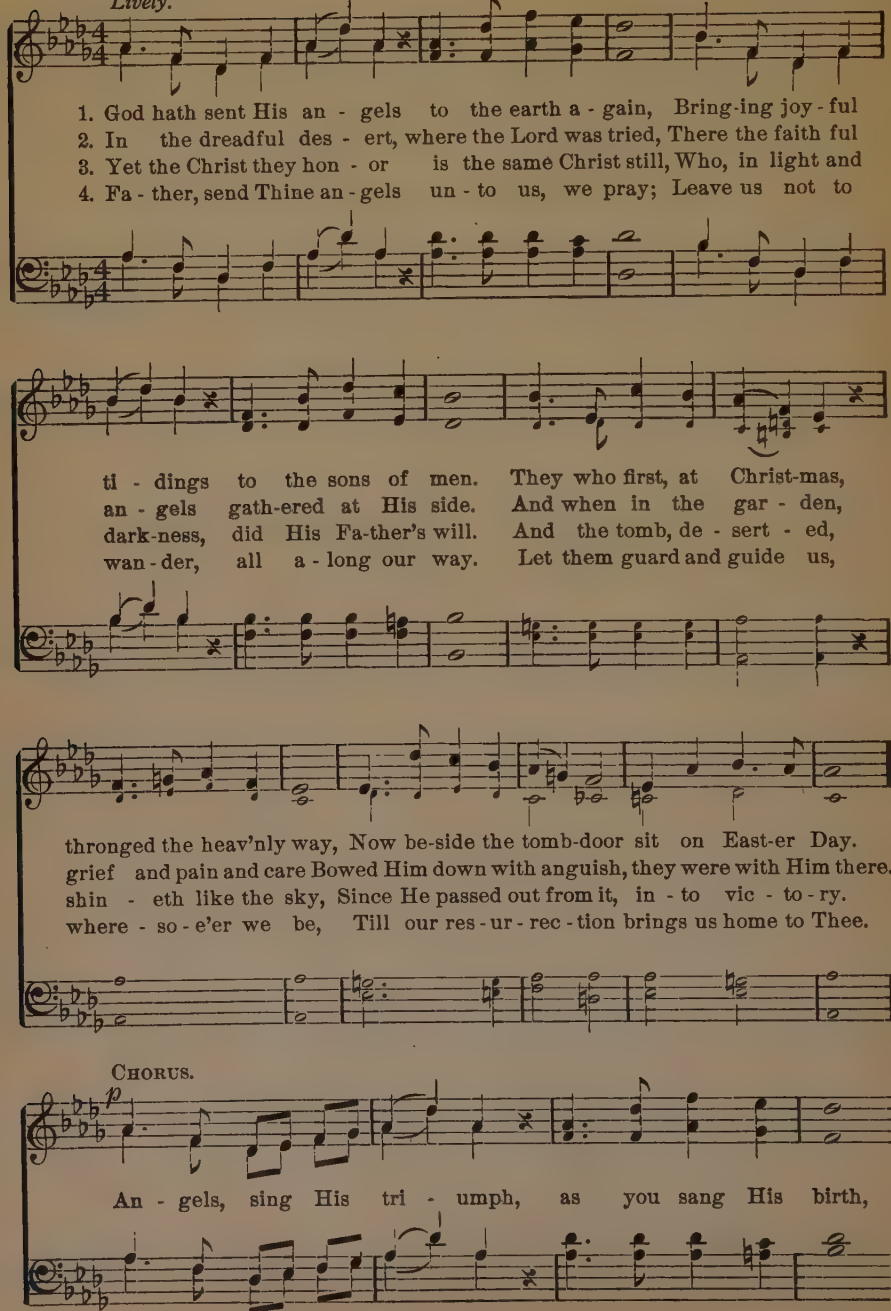
Anon. German.

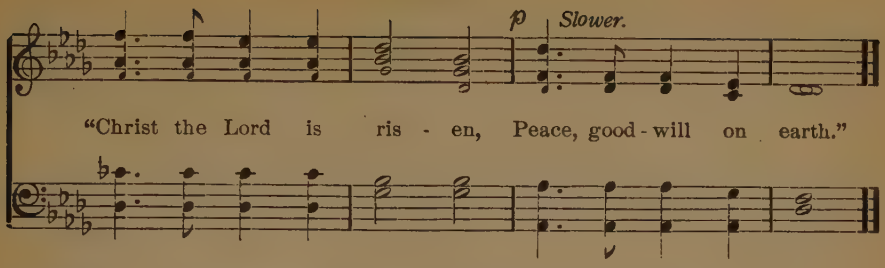

1. Ring the joy-bells, Christ has ris - en, He who died in hu - man pain,
2. Ring the joy-bells of glad East - er, Bless - ed day when He a - rose
3. Ring the joy-bells, loud and glee-ful, Sound a - loud their notes of peace,
4. Ring the joy-bells, saints in glo - ry; List - en to the glad re-frain,
From the bond-age of His pris - on Breaks, to glad-den earth a - gain.
As the Con-quer-or in tri-umph, Death and sin His vanquished foes.
Fill the world with their vi - bra - tions Till the strife of earth shall cease.
Ring-ing forth the old - en sto - ry, How the Christ is born a - gain.
Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells, Je - sus comes on earth to reign
Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells, Till the day of life shall close.
Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells, Let their notes be notes of peace.
Ring the joy - bells, ring the joy - bells, Je - sus in our hearts shall reign.

204 God Hath Sent His Angels.

Phillips Brooks. C. D. Parker.

Lively.

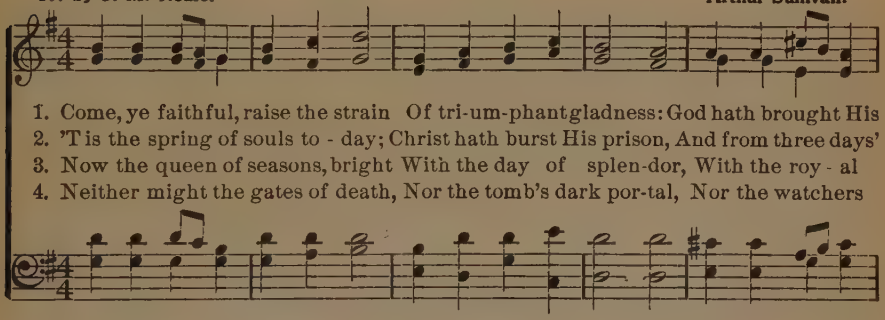

1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring-ing joy - ful
2. In the dreadful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faith ful
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and
4. Fa - ther, send Thine an - gels un - to us, we pray; Leave us not to
ti - dings to the sons of men. They who first, at Christ-mas,
an - gels gath-ered at His side. And when in the gar - den,
dark-ness, did His Fa-ther's will. And the tomb, de - sert - ed,
wan - der, all a - long our way. Let them guard and guide us,
thronged the heav'nly way, Now be-side the tomb-door sit on East-er Day.
grief and pain and care Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
shin - eth like the sky, Since He passed out from it, in - to vic - to - ry.
where - so - e'er we be, Till our res - ur - rec - tion brings us home to Thee.
CHORUS.
p
An - gels, sing His tri - umph, as you sang His birth,

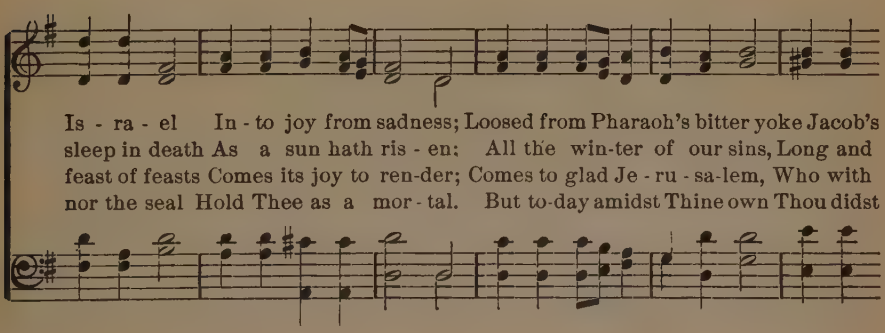


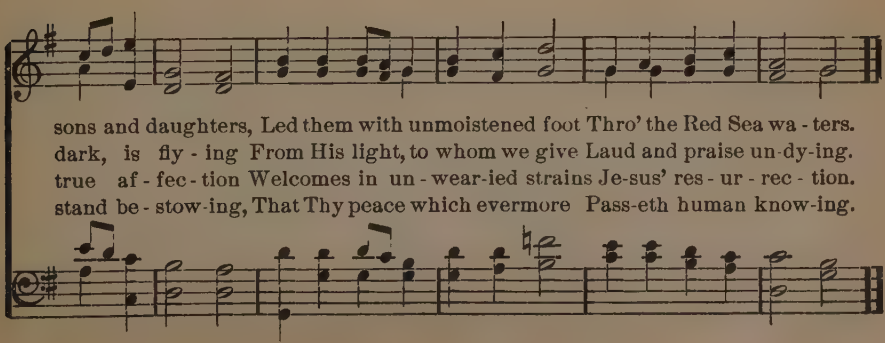
205 Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.

Greek.
Tr. by J. M. Neale.

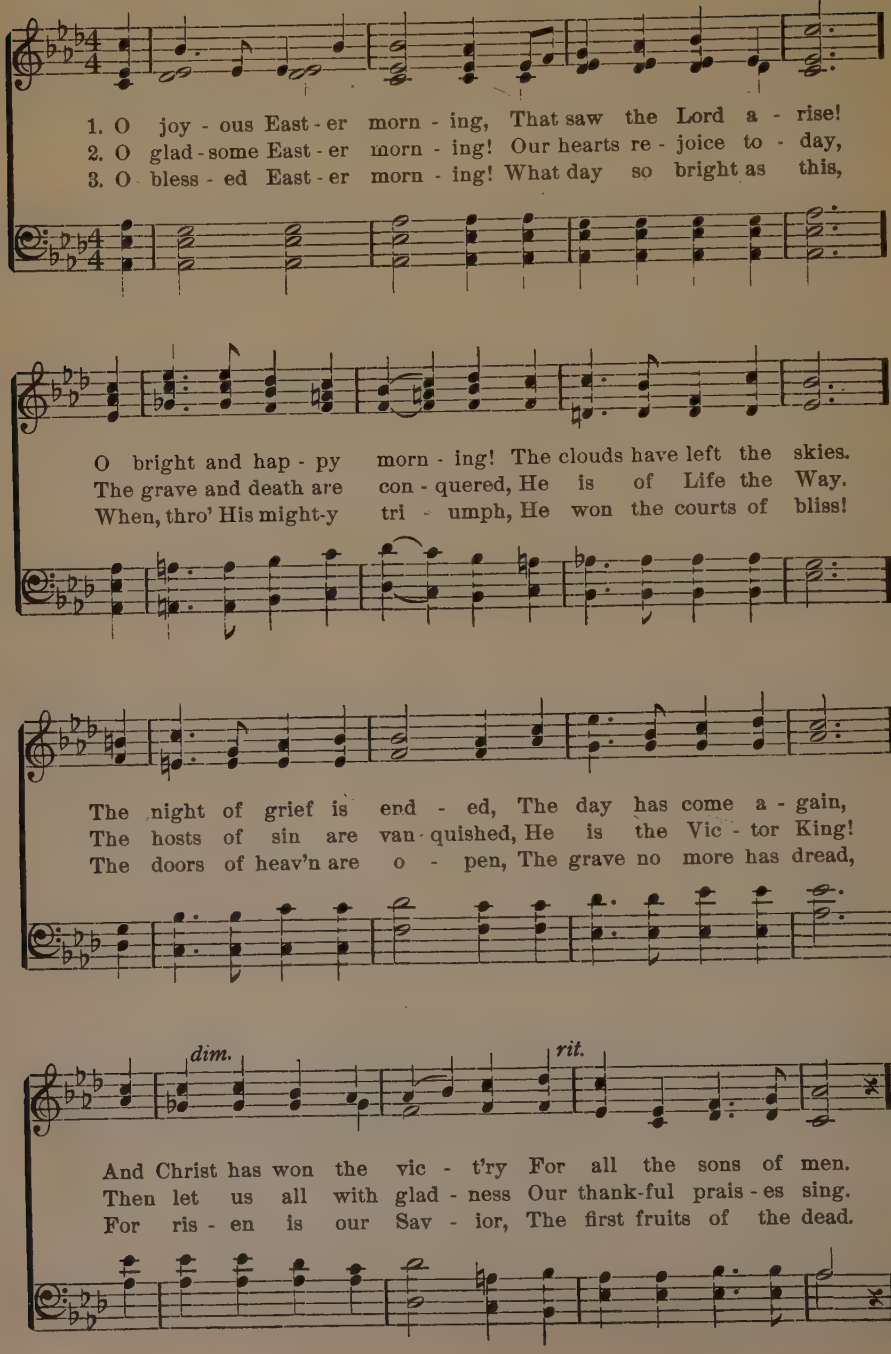
Arthur Sullivan.


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant gladness: God hath brought His
2. 'T is the spring of souls to - day; Christ hath burst His prison, And from three days'
3. Now the queen of seasons, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy - al
4. Neither might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por-tal, Nor the watchers


Is - ra - el In - to joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's
sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en; All the win-ter of our sins, Long and
feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Je - ru - sa-lem, Who with
nor the seal Hold Thee as a mor - tal. But to-day amidst Thine own Thou didst


sons and daughters, Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
dark, is fly - ing From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing.
true af - fec - tion Welcomes in un - wear-ied strains Je-sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
stand be - stow-ing, That Thy peace which evermore Pass-eth human know-ing.

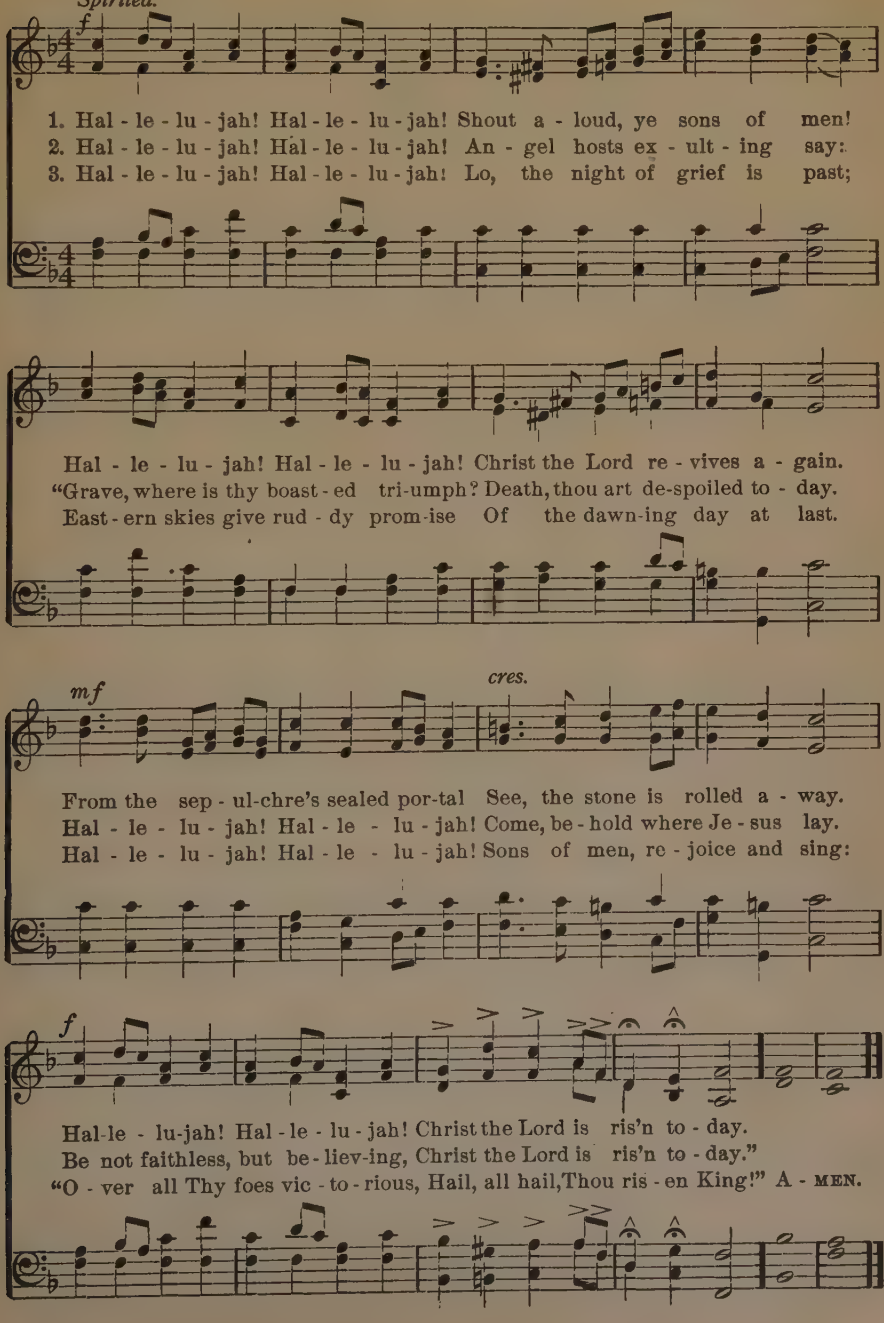
206 O Joyous Easter Morning.


1. O joy - ous East - er morn - ing, That saw the Lord a - rise!
2. O glad - some East - er morn - ing! Our hearts re - joice to - day,
3. O bless - ed East - er morn - ing! What day so bright as this,
O bright and hap - py morn - ing! The clouds have left the skies.
The grave and death are con - quered, He is of Life the Way.
When, thro' His might-y tri - umph, He won the courts of bliss!
The night of grief is end - ed, The day has come a - gain,
The hosts of sin are van - quished, He is the Vic - tor King!
The doors of heav'n are o - pen, The grave no more has dread,
dim.
rit.
And Christ has won the vic - t'ry For all the sons of men.
Then let us all with glad - ness Our thank-ful prais - es sing.
For ris - en is our Sav - ior, The first fruits of the dead.

207 Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

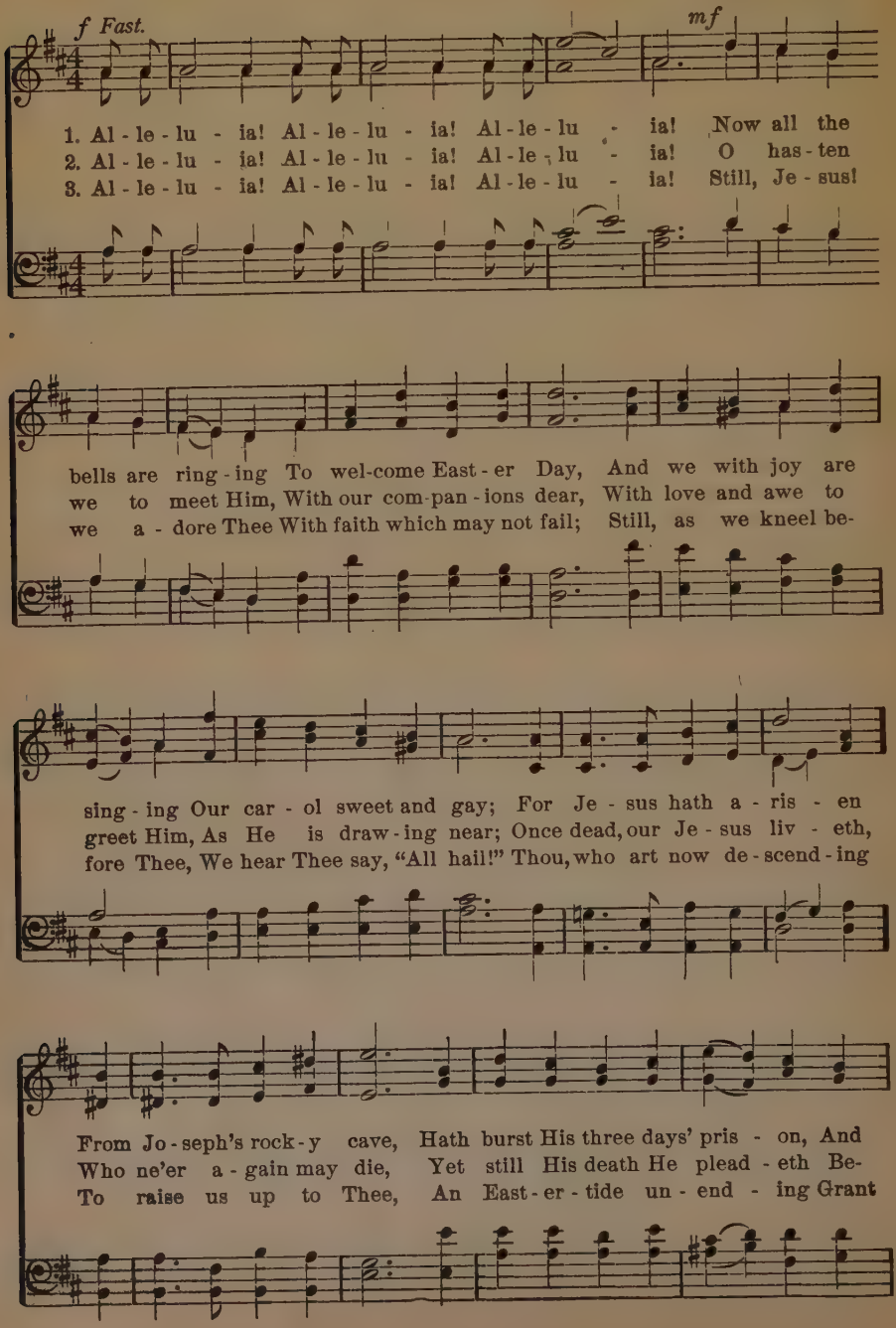
Minnie A. Greiner. Emanuel Poppen.

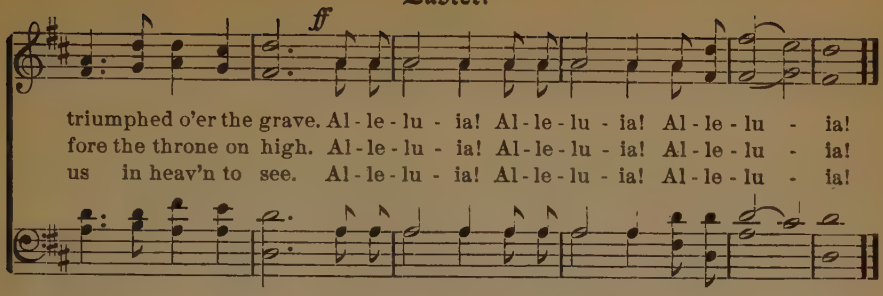
Spirited.


f
1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout a - loud, ye sons of men!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gel hosts ex - ult - ing say:
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo, the night of grief is past;
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord re - vives a - gain.
"Grave, where is thy boast - ed tri-umph? Death, thou art de-spoiled to - day.
East - ern skies give rud - dy prom-ise Of the dawn-ing day at last.
mf
cres.
From the sep - ul-chre's sealed por-tal See, the stone is rolled a - way.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Come, be - hold where Je - sus lay.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sons of men, re - joice and sing:
f
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.
Be not faithless, but be - liev-ing, Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day."
"O - ver all Thy foes vic - to - rious, Hail, all hail, Thou ris - en King!" A - MEN.

208 Now All the Bells Are Ringing.

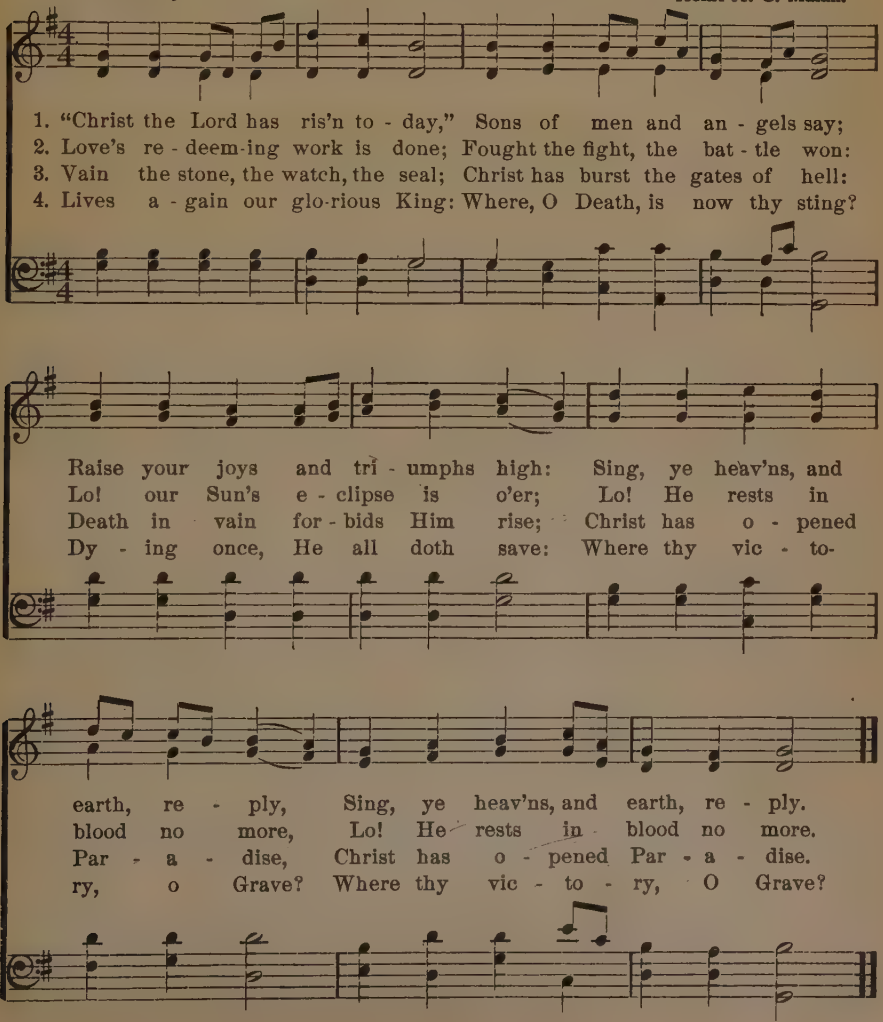
John B. Dykes.


f Fast.
mf
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Now all the
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! O has - ten
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Still, Je - sus!
bells are ring - ing To wel-come East - er Day, And we with joy are
we to meet Him, With our com-pan - ions dear, With love and awe to
we a - dore Thee With faith which may not fail; Still, as we kneel be-
sing - ing Our car - ol sweet and gay; For Je - sus hath a - ris - en
greet Him, As He is draw - ing near; Once dead, our Je - sus liv - eth,
fore Thee, We hear Thee say, "All hail!" Thou, who art now de - scend - ing
From Jo - seph's rock - y cave, Hath burst His three days' pris - on, And
Who ne'er a - gain may die, Yet still His death He plead - eth Be-
To raise us up to Thee, An East - er - tide un - end - ing Grant


ff
triumphed o'er the grave. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
fore the throne on high. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
us in heav'n to see. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

209 Christ the Lord Has Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. Henri A. C. Malan.

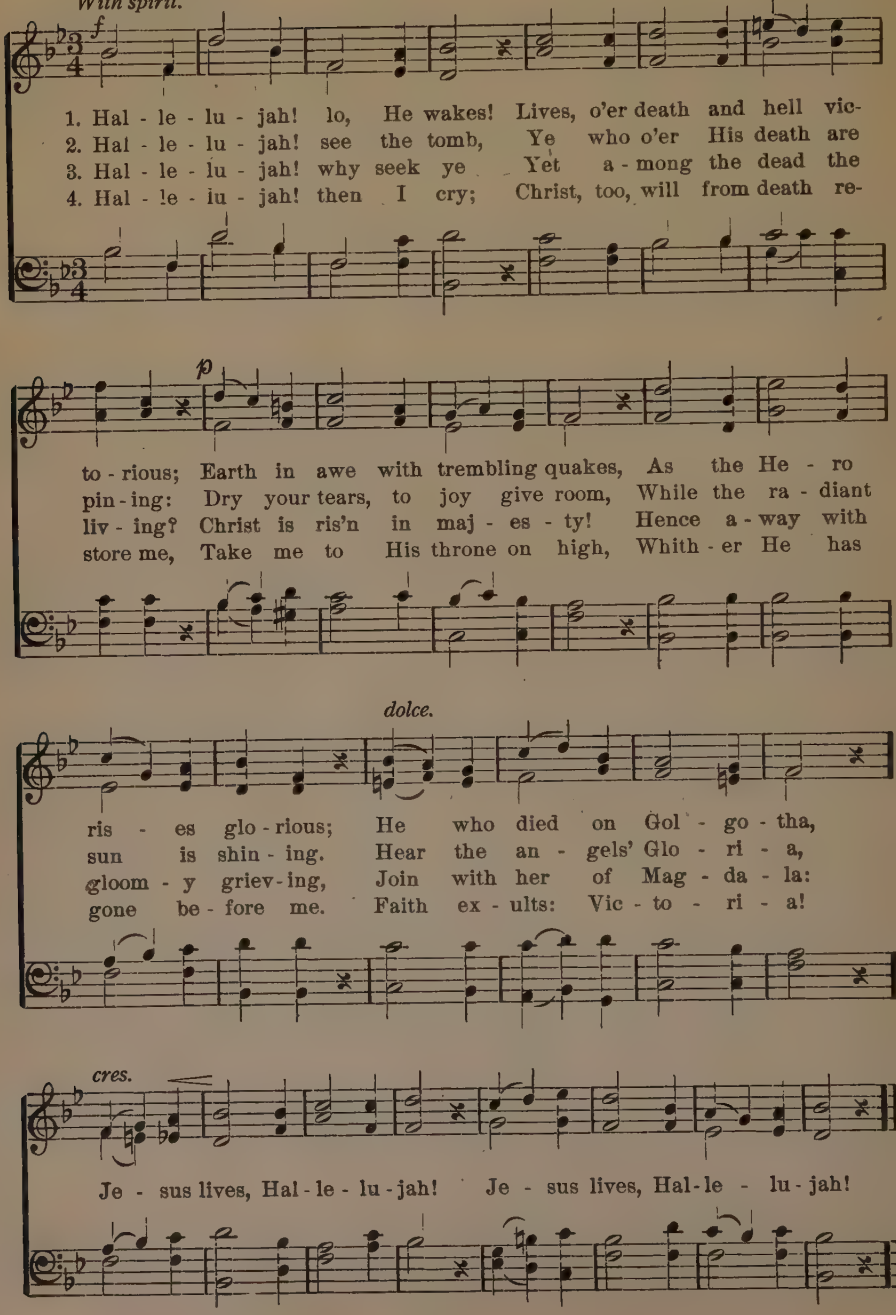

1. "Christ the Lord has ris'n to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell:
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high: Sing, ye heav'ns, and
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He rests in
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Christ has o - pened
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Where thy vic - to-
earth, re - ply, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply.
blood no more, Lo! He rests in blood no more.
Par - a - dise, Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise.
ry, o Grave? Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave?

210 Hallelujah! Lo, He Wakes!

B. Schmolke.
Tr. by E. Cronenwett.

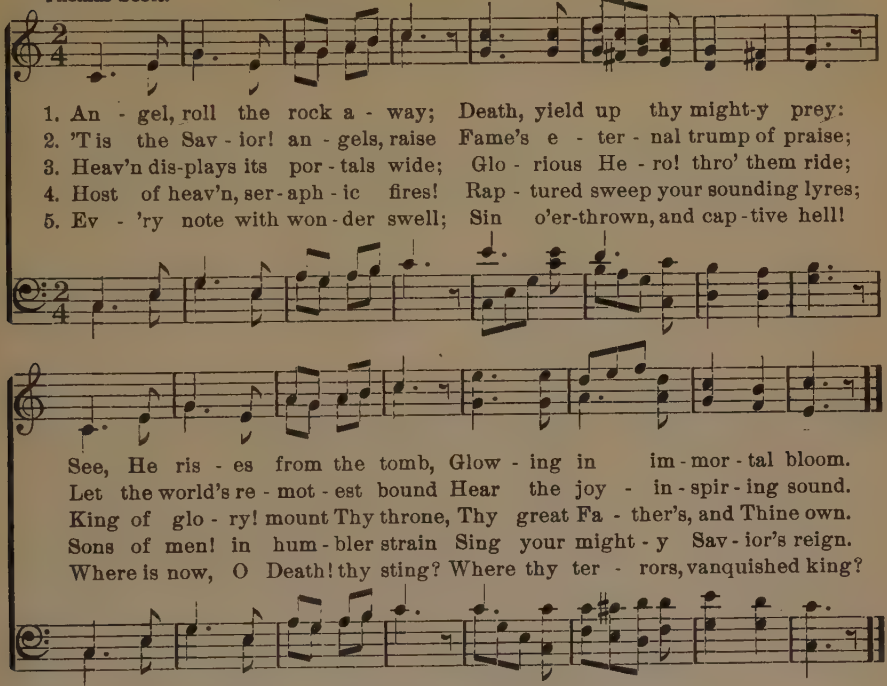
S. S. Harfe.

With spirit.


f
1. Hal - le - lu - jah! lo, He wakes! Lives, o'er death and hell vic-
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! see the tomb, Ye who o'er His death are
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! why seek ye Yet a - mong the dead the
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! then I cry; Christ, too, will from death re-
p
to - rious; Earth in awe with trembling quakes, As the He - ro
pin - ing: Dry your tears, to joy give room, While the ra - diant
liv - ing? Christ is ris'n in maj - es - ty! Hence a - way with
store me, Take me to His throne on high, Whith - er He has
dolce.
ris - es glo - rious; He who died on Gol - go - tha,
sun is shin - ing. Hear the an - gels' Glo - ri - a,
gloom - y griev - ing, Join with her of Mag - da - la:
gone be - fore me. Faith ex - ults: Vic - to - ri - a!
cres.
Je - sus lives, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives, Hal - le - lu - jah!

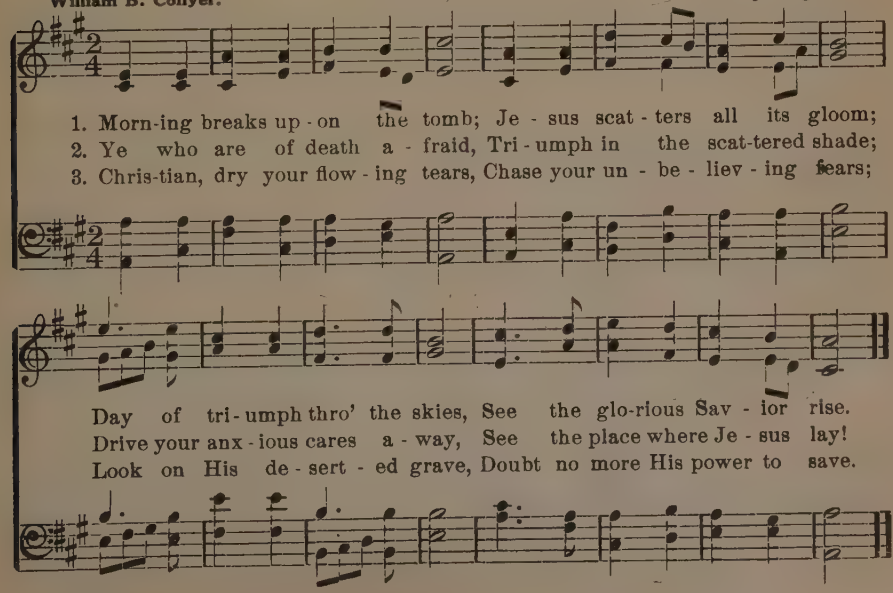
211 Angel, Roll the Rock Away.

Thomas Scott. C. M. Cady.


1. An - gel, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might-y prey:
2. 'T is the Sav - ior! an - gels, raise Fame's e - ter - nal trump of praise;
3. Heav'n dis-plays its por - tals wide; Glo - rious He - ro! thro' them ride;
4. Host of heav'n, ser - aph - ic fires! Rap - tured sweep your sounding lyres;
5. Ev - 'ry note with won - der swell; Sin o'er-thrown, and cap - tive hell!
See, He ris - es from the tomb, Glow - ing in im - mor - tal bloom.
Let the world's re - mot - est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.
King of glo - ry! mount Thy throne, Thy great Fa - ther's, and Thine own.
Sons of men! in hum - bler strain Sing your might - y Sav - ior's reign.
Where is now, O Death! thy sting? Where thy ter - rors, vanquished king?

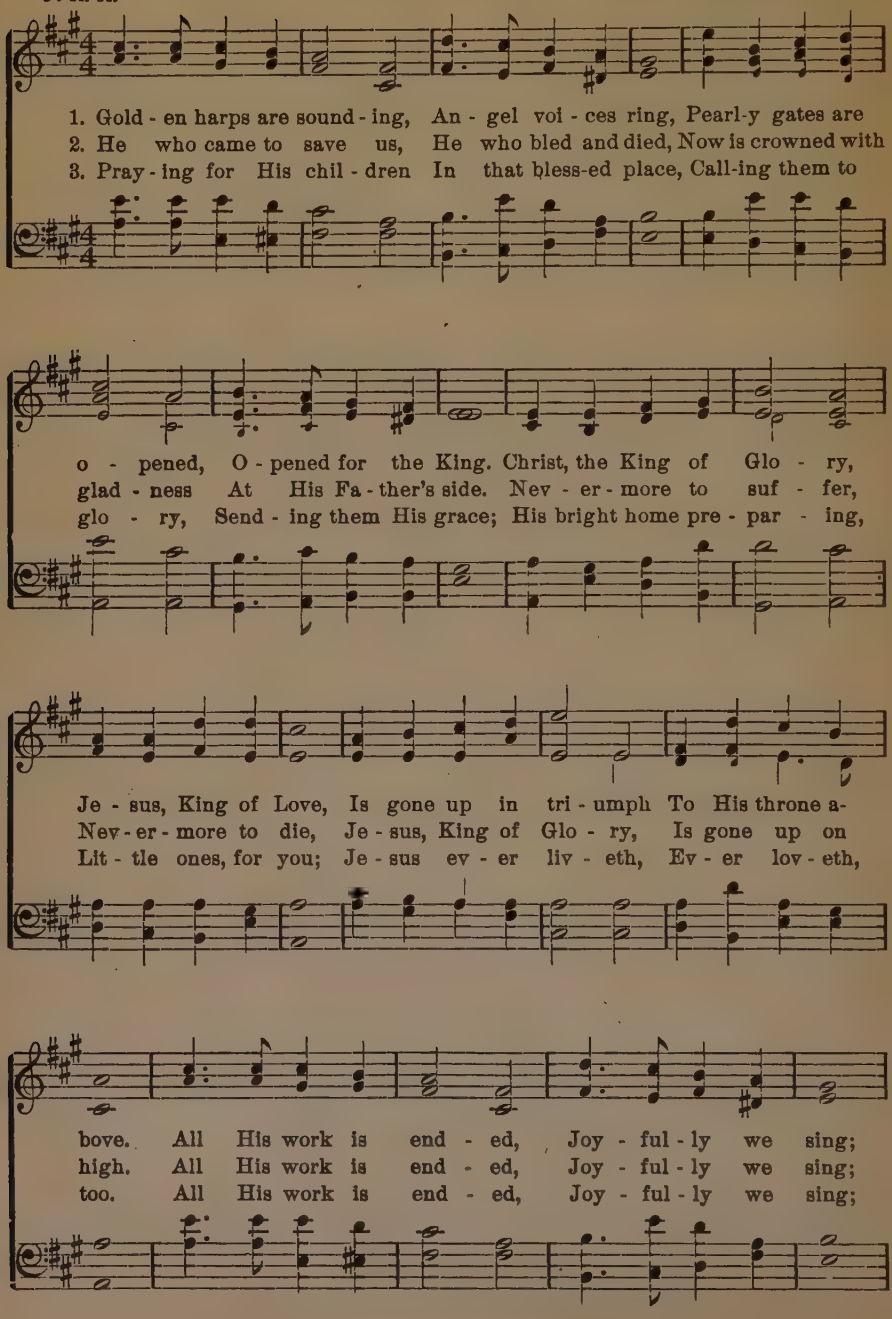
212 Morning Breaks Upon the Tomb.

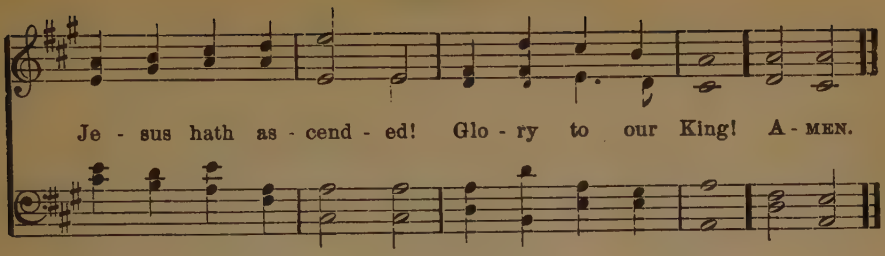
William B. Collyer. Benj. Milgrove.


1. Morn-ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;
2. Ye who are of death a - fraid, Tri - umph in the scat-tered shade;
3. Chris-tian, dry your flow - ing tears, Chase your un - be - liev - ing fears;
Day of tri - umph thro' the skies, See the glo-rious Sav - ior rise.
Drive your anx - ious cares a - way, See the place where Je - sus lay!
Look on His de - sert - ed grave, Doubt no more His power to save.

213 Golden Harps Are Sounding.

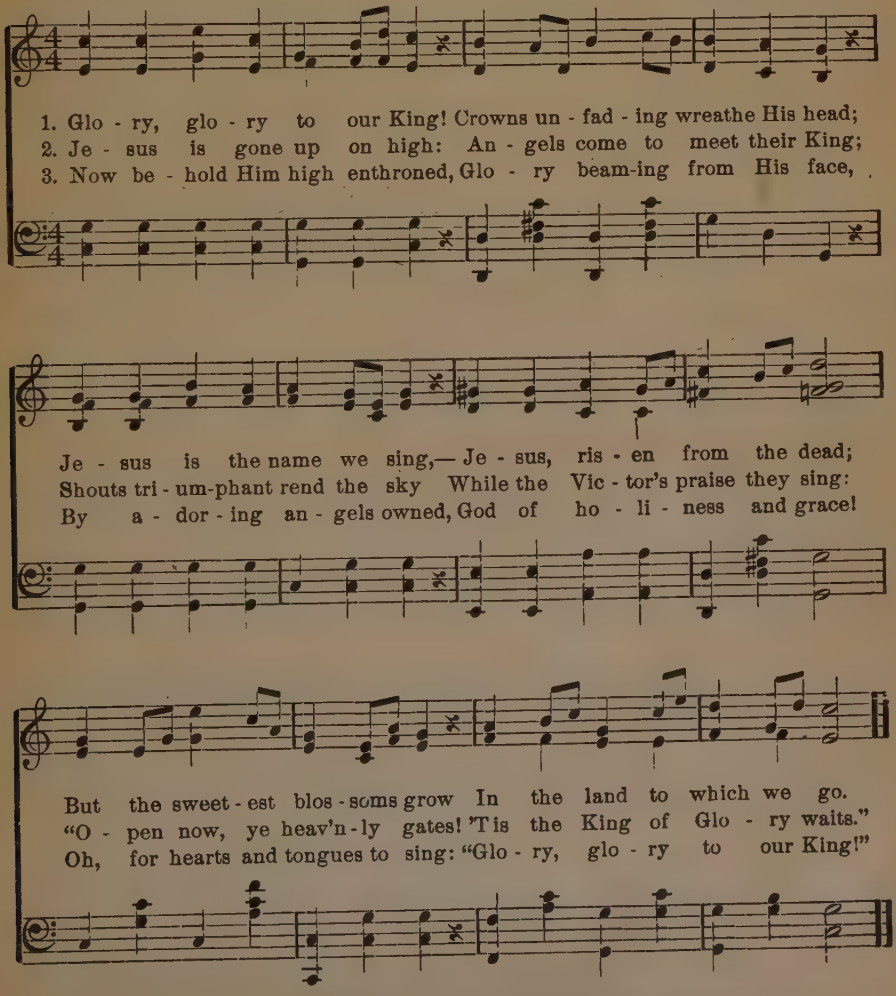
F. R. H. Frances Ridley Havergal.


1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pearl-y gates are
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with
3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless-ed place, Call-ing them to
o - pened, O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry,
glad - ness At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer,
glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing,
Je - sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a-
Nev - er - more to die, Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on
Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth,
bove. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;
high. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;
too. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;



214 Glory to Our King!

Thomas Kelley. Henrietta H. Halsey.


1. Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King! Crowns un - fad - ing wreathe His head;
2. Je - sus is gone up on high: An - gels come to meet their King;
3. Now be - hold Him high enthroned, Glo - ry beam-ing from His face,
Je - sus is the name we sing,— Je - sus, ris - en from the dead;
Shouts tri - um-phant rend the sky While the Vic - tor's praise they sing:
By a - dor - ing an - gels owned, God of ho - li - ness and grace!
But the sweet - est blos - soms grow In the land to which we go.
"O - pen now, ye heav'n - ly gates! 'Tis the King of Glo - ry waits."
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing: "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

From "One Hundred Songs for Primary Schools," published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. New York.
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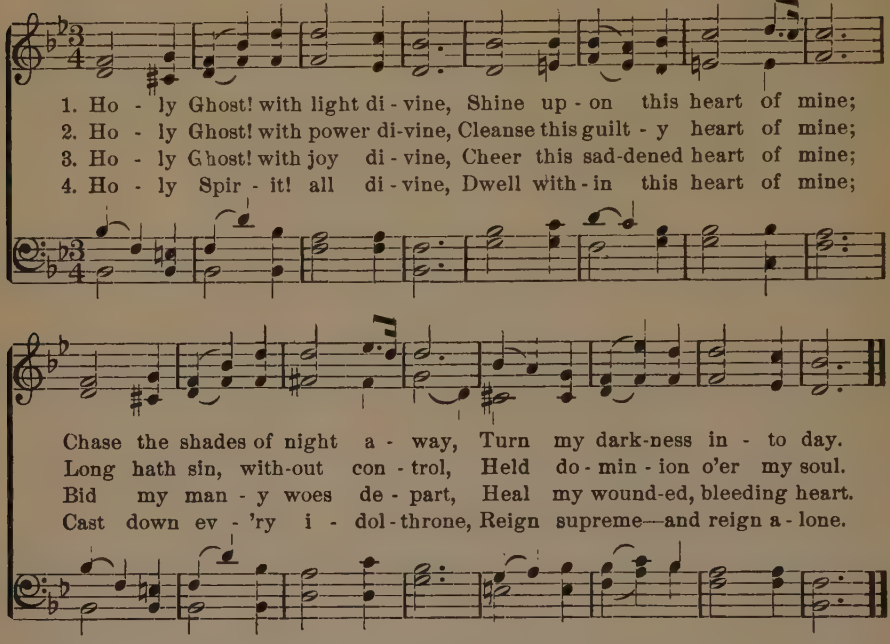
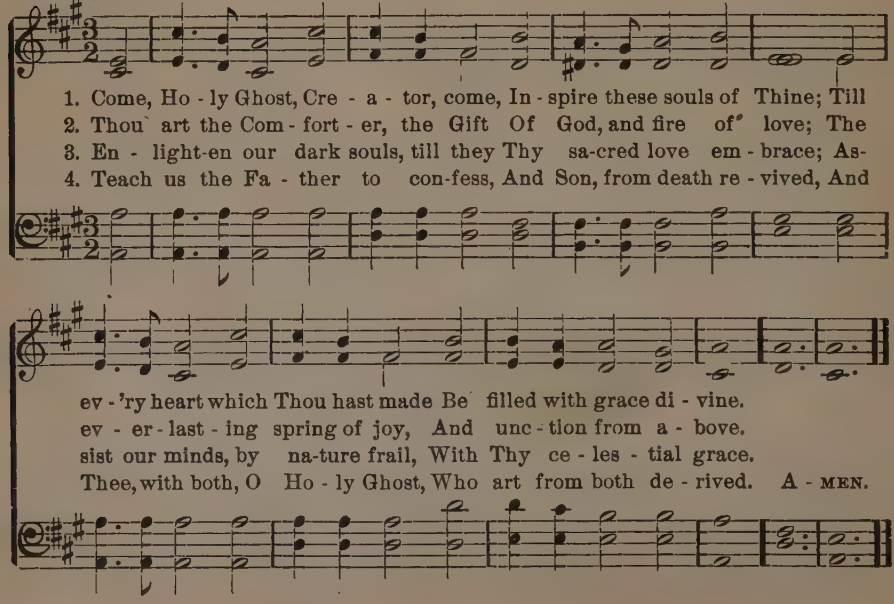
215 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed. L. M. Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with power di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone.

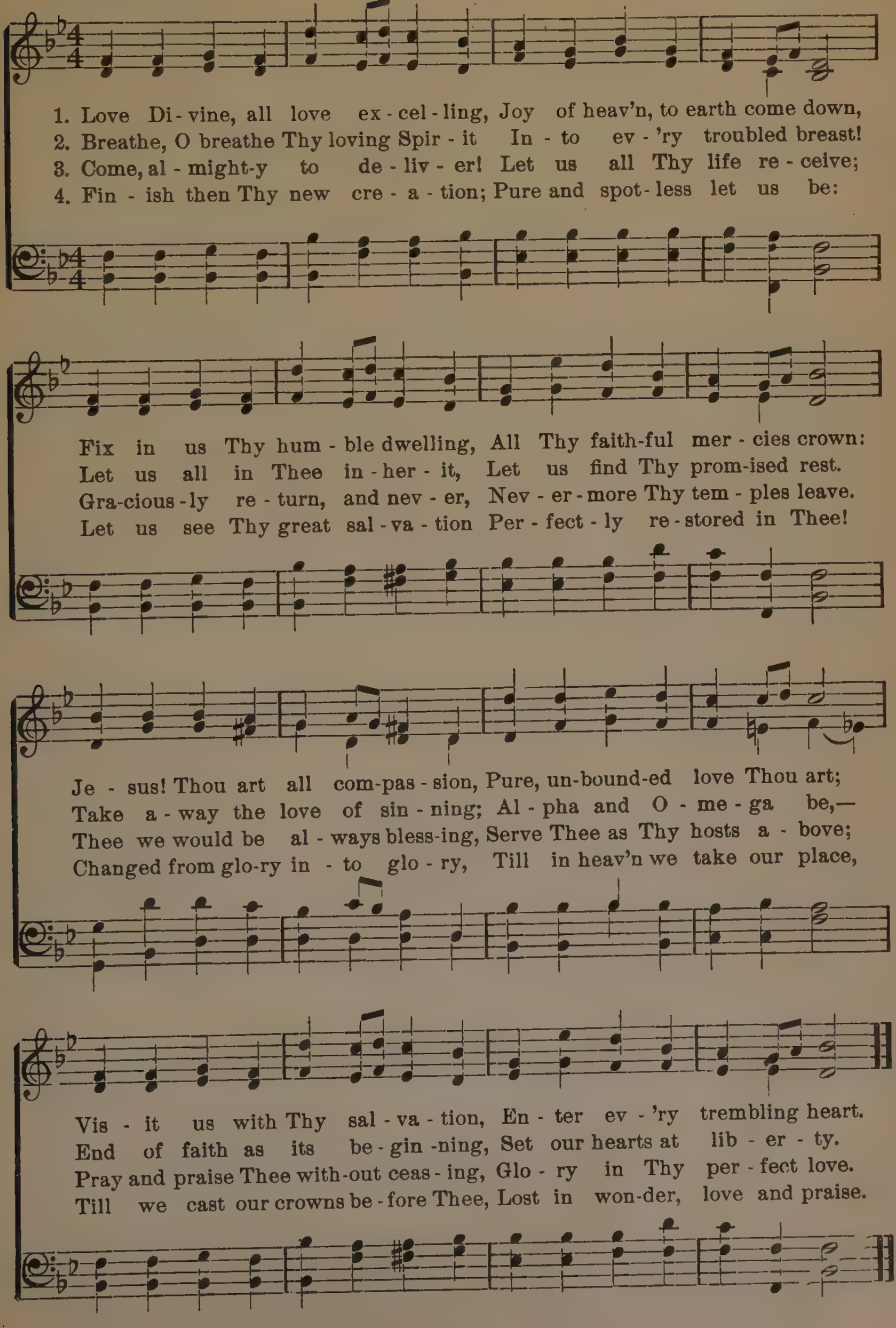
216 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come.

Tr. by N. Tate.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In - spire these souls of Thine; Till
2. Thou art the Com - fort - er, the Gift Of God, and fire of love; The
3. En - light-en our dark souls, till they Thy sa-cred love em - brace; As-
4. Teach us the Fa - ther to con-fess, And Son, from death re - vived, And
ev - 'ry heart which Thou hast made Be filled with grace di - vine.
ev - er - last - ing spring of joy, And unc - tion from a - bove.
sist our minds, by na-ture frail, With Thy ce - les - tial grace.
Thee, with both, O Ho - ly Ghost, Who art from both de - rived. A - MEN.

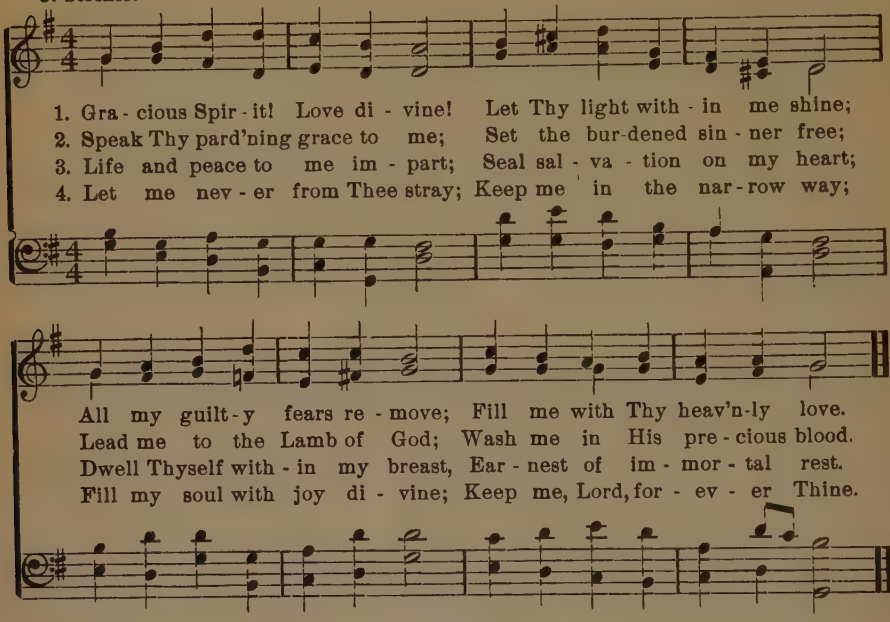
217 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love Di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, al - might-y to de - liv - er! Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be:
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown:
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom-ised rest.
Gra-cious - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee!
Je - sus! Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be,—
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove;
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray and praise Thee with-out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

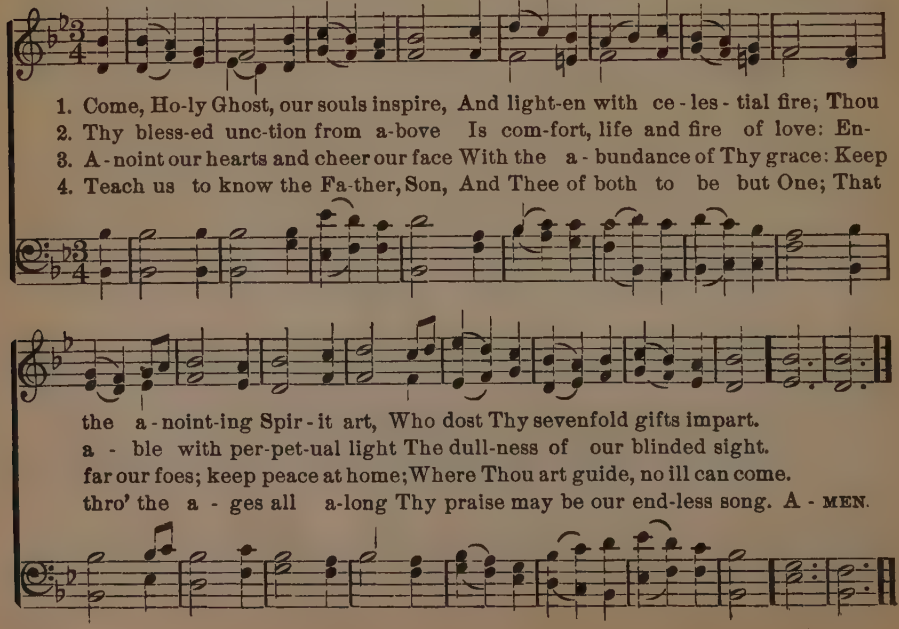
218 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

J. Stocker. J. H. Spielman.


1. Gra - cious Spir - it! Love di - vine! Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the bur-dened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;
All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'n-ly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre - cious blood.
Dwell Thyself with - in my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

219 Come, Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire.

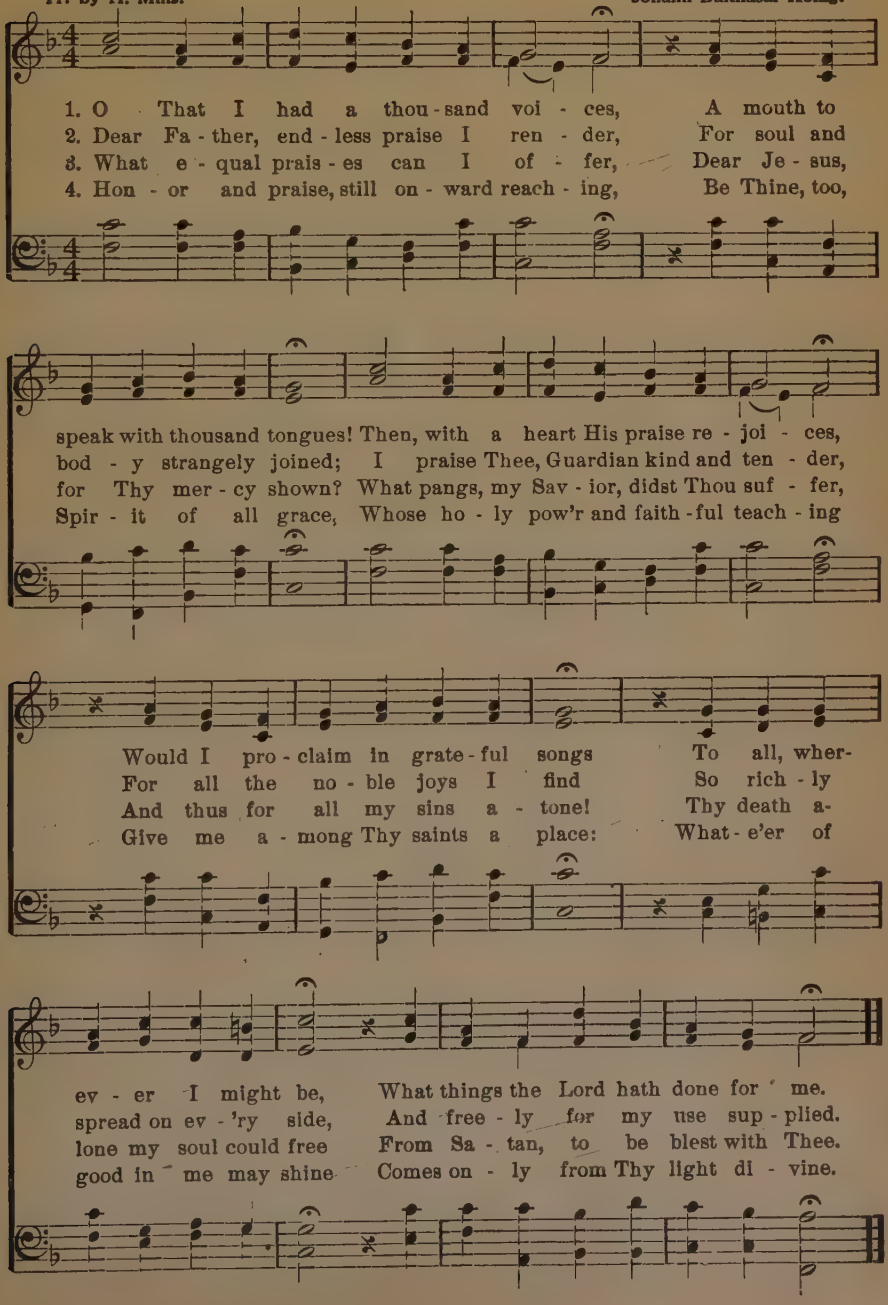
Tr. fr. Latin by John Cosin. W. Knapp.


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our souls inspire, And light-en with ce - les - tial fire; Thou
2. Thy bless-ed unc-tion from a-bove Is com-fort, life and fire of love: En-
3. A - noint our hearts and cheer our face With the a - bundance of Thy grace: Keep
4. Teach us to know the Fa-ther, Son, And Thee of both to be but One; That
the a - noint-ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
a - ble with per-pet-ual light The dull-ness of our blinded sight.
far our foes; keep peace at home; Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
thro' the a - ges all a-long Thy praise may be our end-less song. A - MEN.

220 O That I Had a Thousand Voices.

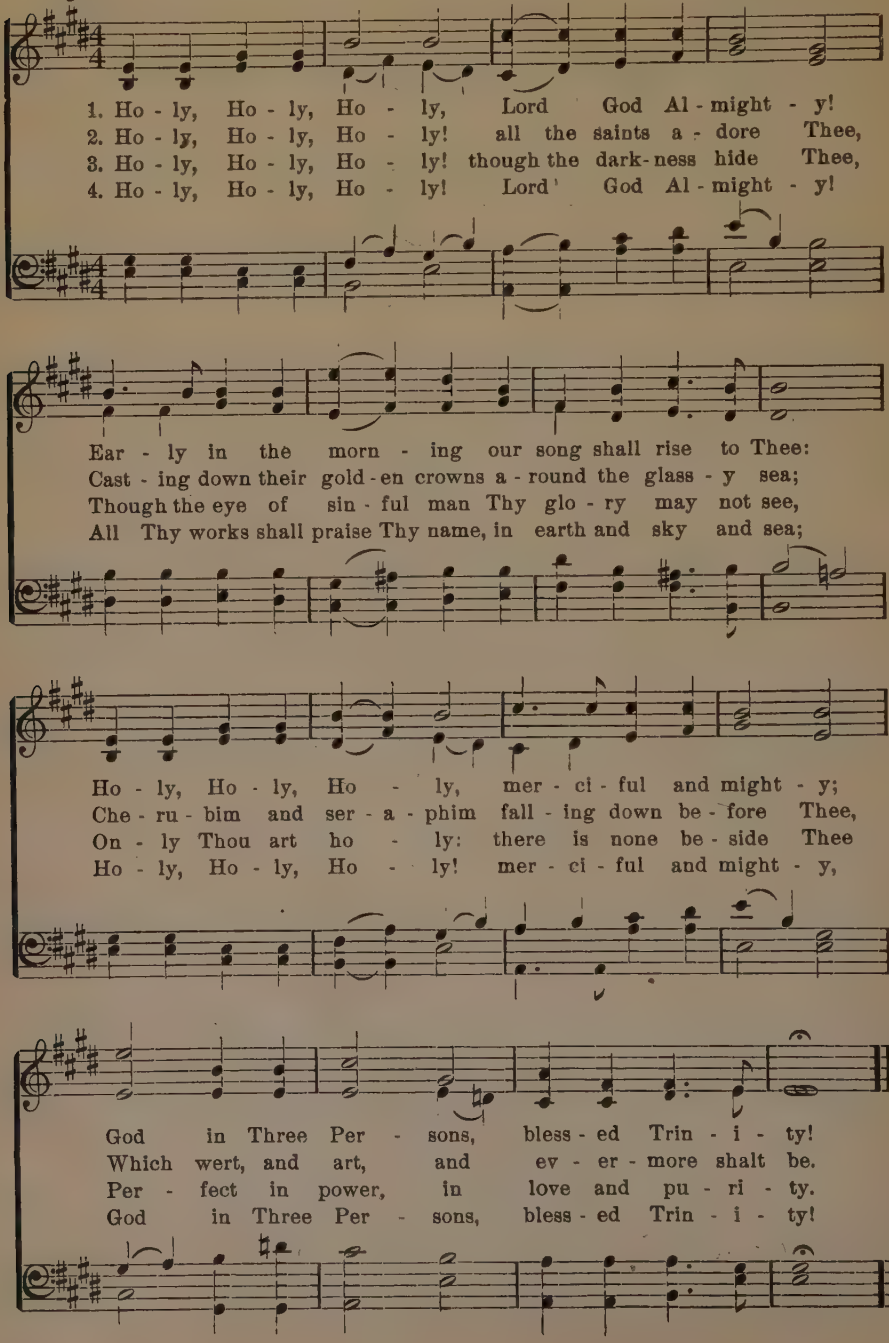
J. Mentzer.
Tr. by H. Mills.

Johann Balthasar König.


1. O That I had a thou-sand voi-ces, A mouth to
2. Dear Fa-ther, end-less praise I ren-der, For soul and
3. What e-qual prais-es can I of-fer, Dear Je-sus,
4. Hon-or and praise, still on-ward reach-ing, Be Thine, too,
speak with thousand tongues! Then, with a heart His praise re-joi-ces,
bod-y strangely joined; I praise Thee, Guardian kind and ten-der,
for Thy mer-cy shown? What pangs, my Sav-ior, didst Thou suf-fer,
Spir-it of all grace, Whose ho-ly pow'r and faith-ful teach-ing
Would I pro-claim in grate-ful songs To all, wher-
For all the no-ble joys I find So rich-ly
And thus for all my sins a-tone! Thy death a-
Give me a-mong Thy saints a place: What-e'er of
ev-er I might be, What things the Lord hath done for me.
spread on ev-'ry side, And free-ly for my use sup-plied.
lone my soul could free From Sa-tan, to be blest with Thee.
good in me may shine Comes on-ly from Thy light di-vine.

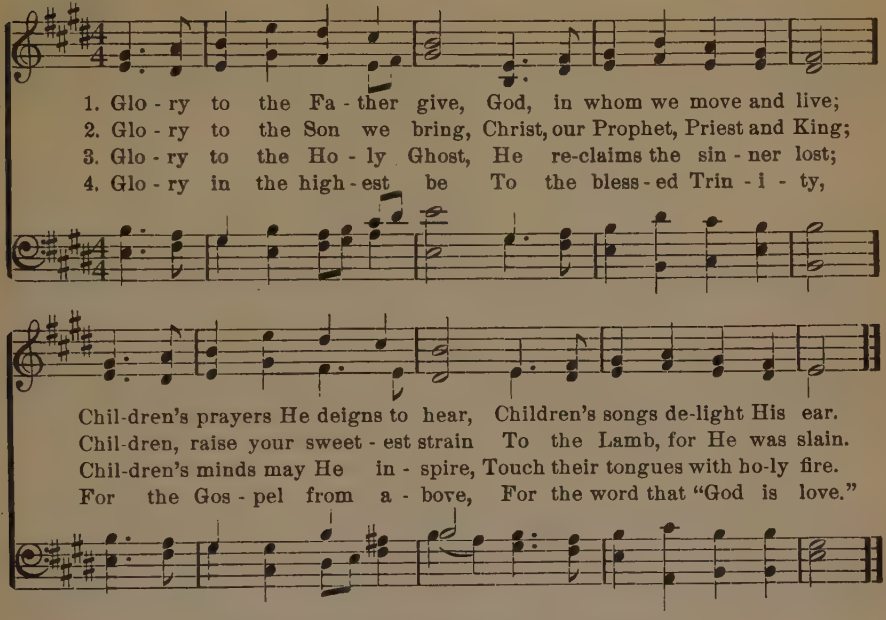
221 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y;
Che - ru - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly: there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y,
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

222 Glory to the Father Give.

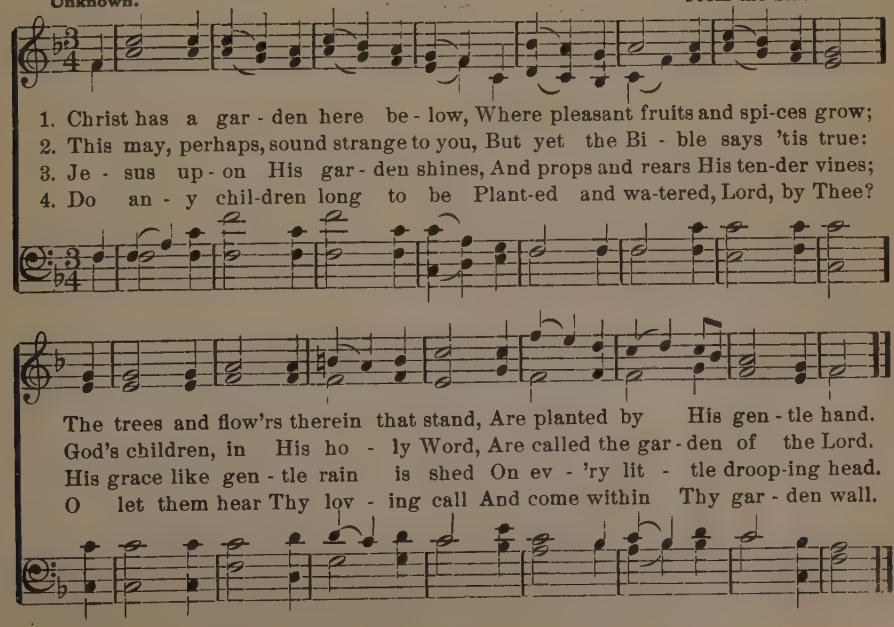
Unknown. From Thibaut.


1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God, in whom we move and live;
2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King;
3. Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, He re-claims the sin - ner lost;
4. Glo - ry in the high - est be To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty,
Chil-dren's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear.
Chil-dren, raise your sweet - est strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.
Chil-dren's minds may He in - spire, Touch their tongues with ho-ly fire.
For the Gos - pel from a - bove, For the word that "God is love."

The Church—Reformation.

223 Christ Has a Garden Here Below.

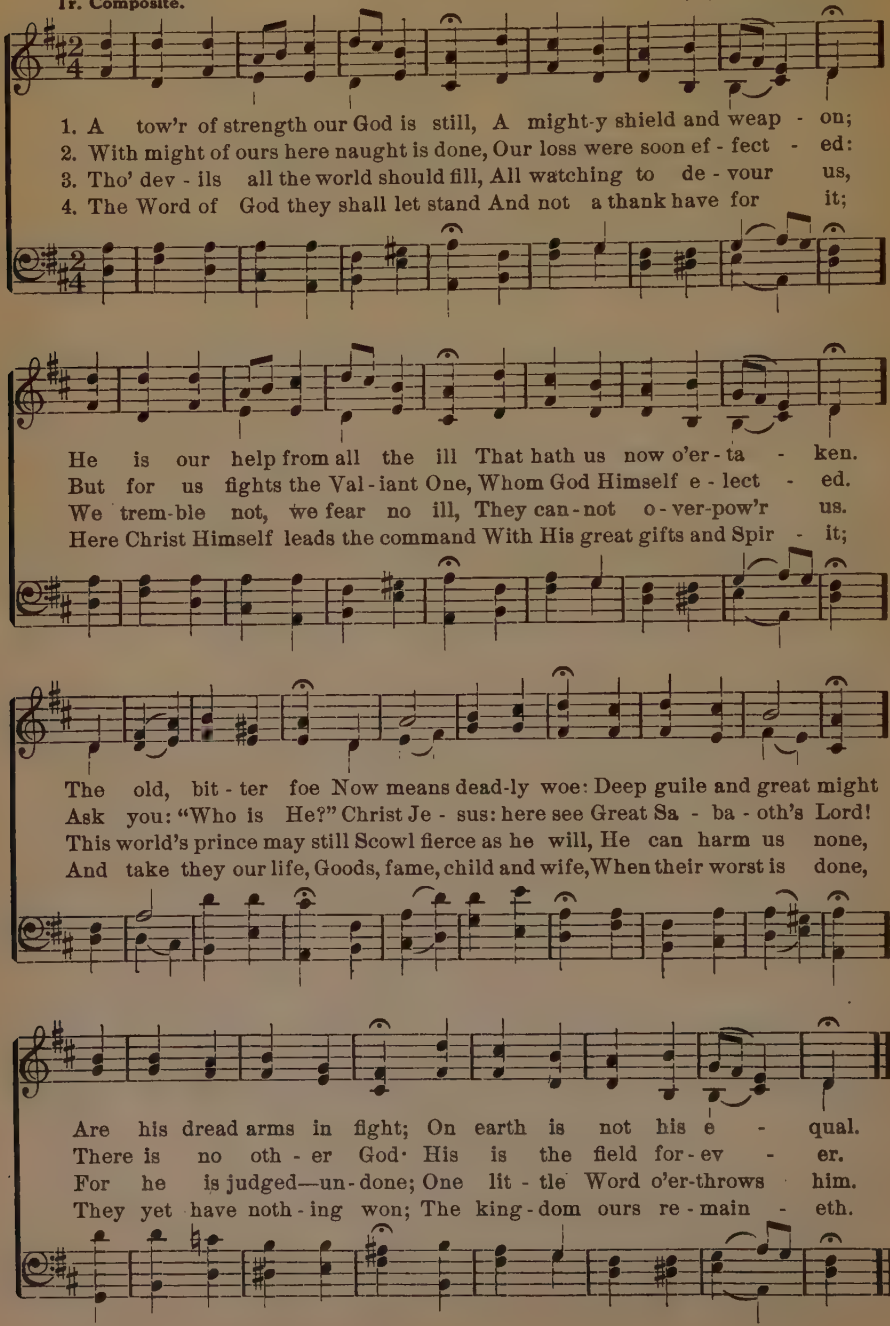
Unknown. From the Slavonic.


1. Christ has a gar - den here be - low, Where pleasant fruits and spi-ces grow;
2. This may, perhaps, sound strange to you, But yet the Bi - ble says 'tis true:
3. Je - sus up - on His gar - den shines, And props and rears His ten-der vines;
4. Do an - y chil-dren long to be Plant-ed and wa-tered, Lord, by Thee?
The trees and flow'rs therein that stand, Are planted by His gen - tle hand.
God's children, in His ho - ly Word, Are called the gar - den of the Lord.
His grace like gen - tle rain is shed On ev - 'ry lit - tle droop-ing head.
O let them hear Thy lov - ing call And come within Thy gar - den wall.

224 A Tow'r of Strength Our God is Still.

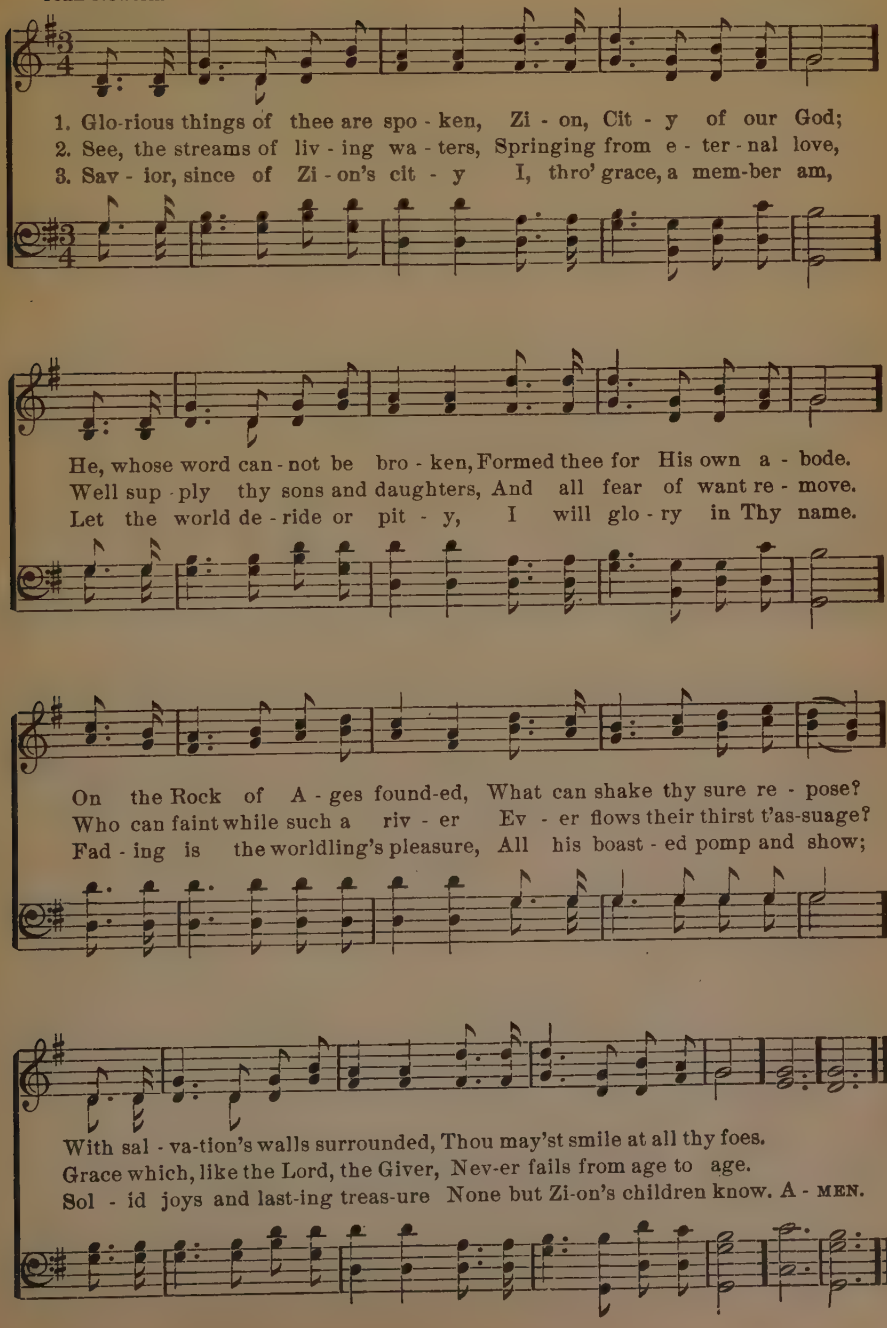
Dr. Martin Luther.
Tr. Composite.

Dr. Martin Luther.


1. A tow'r of strength our God is still, A might-y shield and weap - on;
2. With might of ours here naught is done, Our loss were soon ef - fect - ed:
3. Tho' dev - ils all the world should fill, All watching to de - vour us,
4. The Word of God they shall let stand And not a thank have for it;
He is our help from all the ill That hath us now o'er - ta - ken.
But for us fights the Val - iant One, Whom God Himself e - lect - ed.
We trem-ble not, we fear no ill, They can-not o - ver-pow'r us.
Here Christ Himself leads the command With His great gifts and Spir - it;
The old, bit - ter foe Now means dead-ly woe: Deep guile and great might
Ask you: "Who is He?" Christ Je - sus: here see Great Sa - ba - oth's Lord!
This world's prince may still Scowl fierce as he will, He can harm us none,
And take they our life, Goods, fame, child and wife, When their worst is done,
Are his dread arms in fight; On earth is not his e - qual.
There is no oth - er God· His is the field for-ev - er.
For he is judged—un-done; One lit - tle Word o'er-throws him.
They yet have noth - ing won; The king-dom ours re - main - eth.

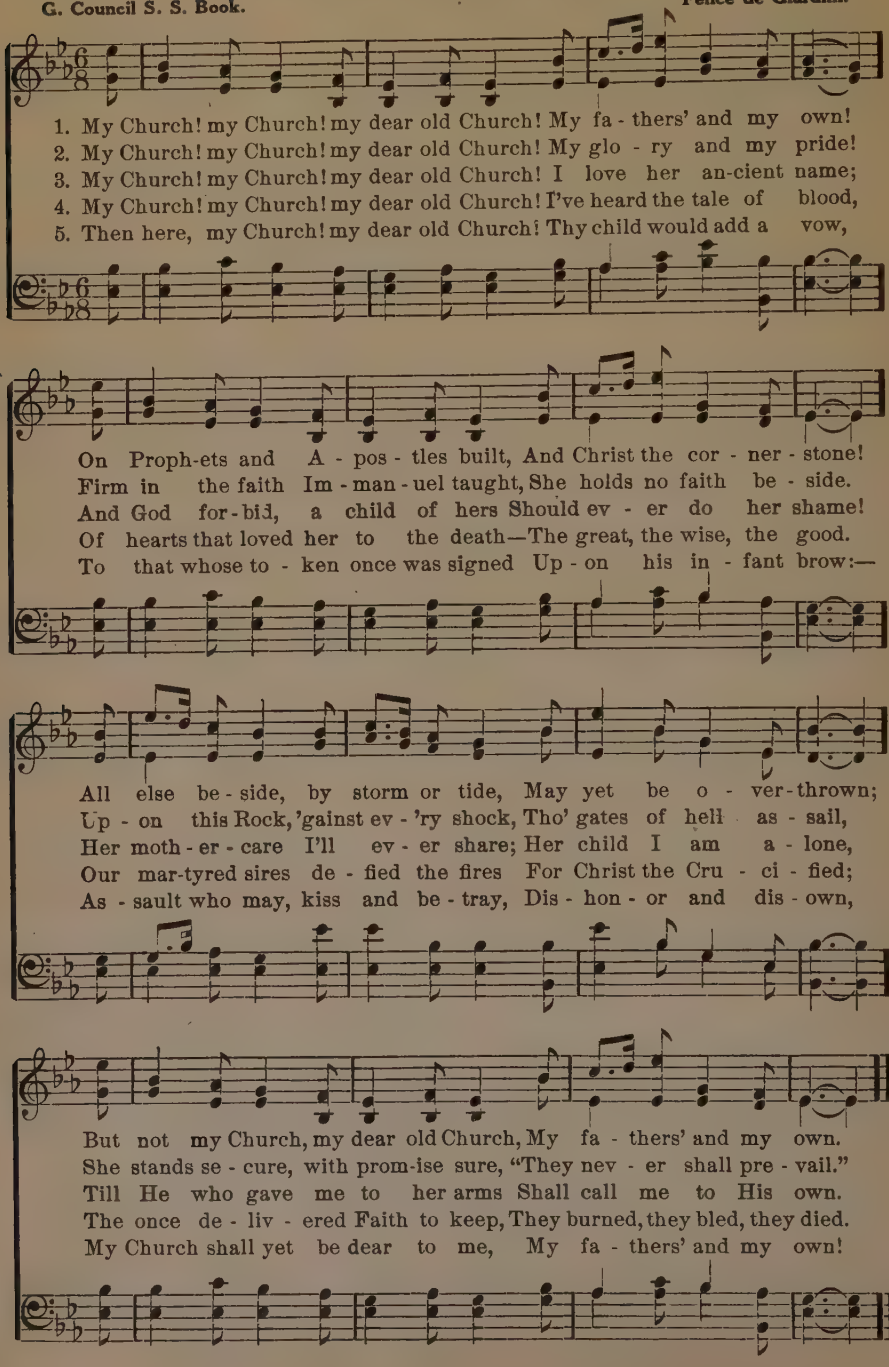
225 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

John Newton. Lowell Mason.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, Cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Sav - ior, since of Zi - on's cit - y I, thro' grace, a mem-ber am,
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name.
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as-suage?
Fad - ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;
With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver, Nev-er fails from age to age.
Sol - id joys and last-ing treas-ure None but Zi-on's children know. A - MEN.

226 My Church! My Church!

G. Council S. S. Book. Felice de Giardini.


1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fa - thers' and my own!
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My glo - ry and my pride!
3. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! I love her an-cient name;
4. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! I've heard the tale of blood,
5. Then here, my Church! my dear old Church! Thy child would add a vow,
On Proph-ets and A - pos - tles built, And Christ the cor - ner - stone!
Firm in the faith Im - man - uel taught, She holds no faith be - side.
And God for-bid, a child of hers Should ev - er do her shame!
Of hearts that loved her to the death—The great, the wise, the good.
To that whose to - ken once was signed Up - on his in - fant brow:—
All else be - side, by storm or tide, May yet be o - ver-thrown;
Up - on this Rock, 'gainst ev - 'ry shock, Tho' gates of hell as - sail,
Her moth - er - care I'll ev - er share; Her child I am a - lone,
Our mar-tyred sires de - fied the fires For Christ the Cru - ci - fied;
As - sault who may, kiss and be - tray, Dis - hon - or and dis - own,
But not my Church, my dear old Church, My fa - thers' and my own.
She stands se - cure, with prom-ise sure, "They nev - er shall pre - vail."
Till He who gave me to her arms Shall call me to His own.
The once de - liv - ered Faith to keep, They burned, they bled, they died.
My Church shall yet be dear to me, My fa - thers' and my own!

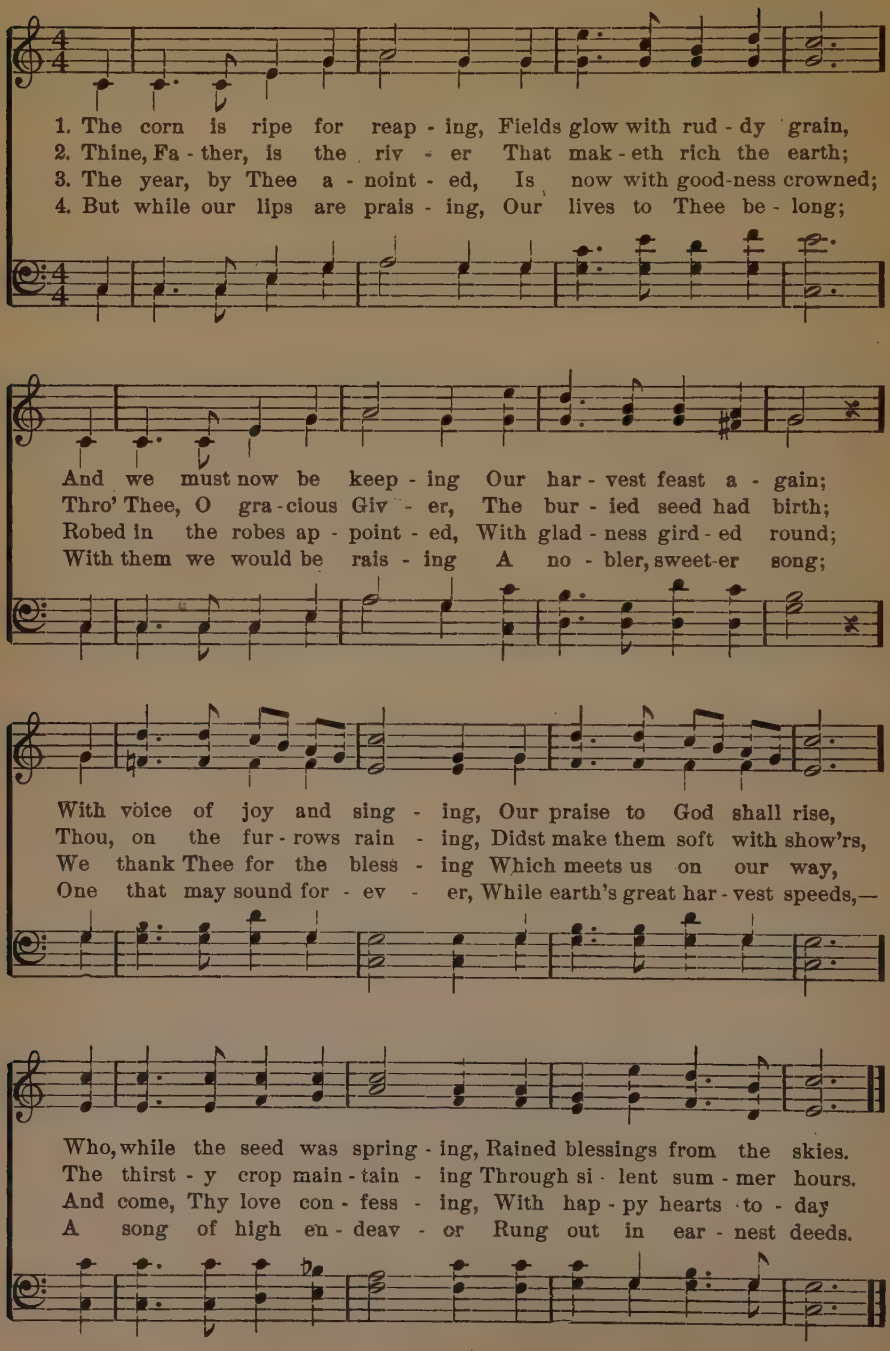
227 Come, Ye Thankful People.

Henry Alford. Ancient Spanish Melody.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His har-vest home;
4. E-ven so, Lord! quickly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
From His field shall purge a-way All that doth of-fend that day;
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide That our wants are all sup-plied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;
Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide;
Come, to God's own tem-ple come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
Lord of har-vest! grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
Come with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home. A-MEN.

228 The Corn is Ripe for Reaping.

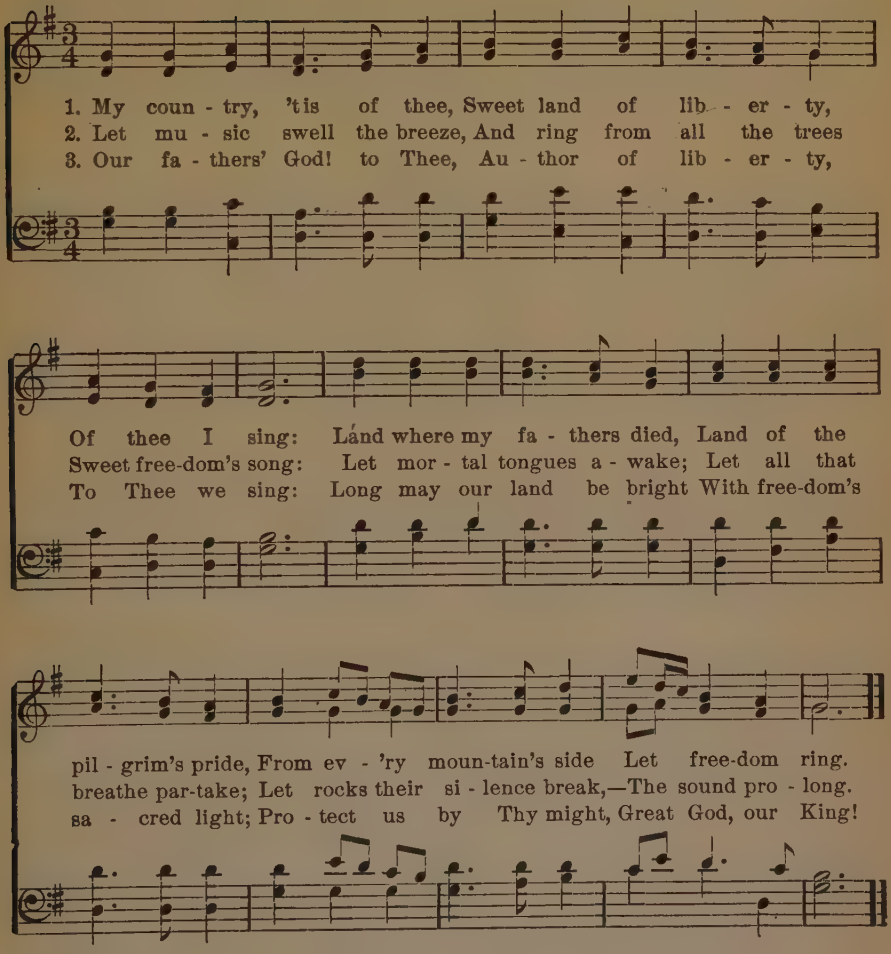
J. Farmer.


1. The corn is ripe for reap - ing, Fields glow with rud - dy grain,
2. Thine, Fa - ther, is the riv - er That mak - eth rich the earth;
3. The year, by Thee a - noint - ed, Is now with good-ness crowned;
4. But while our lips are prais - ing, Our lives to Thee be - long;
And we must now be keep - ing Our har - vest feast a - gain;
Thro' Thee, O gra - cious Giv - er, The bur - ied seed had birth;
Robed in the robes ap - point - ed, With glad - ness gird - ed round;
With them we would be rais - ing A no - bler, sweet-er song;
With voice of joy and sing - ing, Our praise to God shall rise,
Thou, on the fur - rows rain - ing, Didst make them soft with show'rs,
We thank Thee for the bless - ing Which meets us on our way,
One that may sound for - ev - er, While earth's great har - vest speeds,—
Who, while the seed was spring - ing, Rained blessings from the skies.
The thirst - y crop main - tain - ing Through si - lent sum - mer hours.
And come, Thy love con - fess - ing, With hap - py hearts to - day
A song of high en - deav - or Rung out in ear - nest deeds.

National.

229 My Country, 'tis of Thee I Sing.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain's side Let free-dom ring.
2. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long.
3. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
sa - cred light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

230 God Bless Our Native Land.

(*America.*)

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

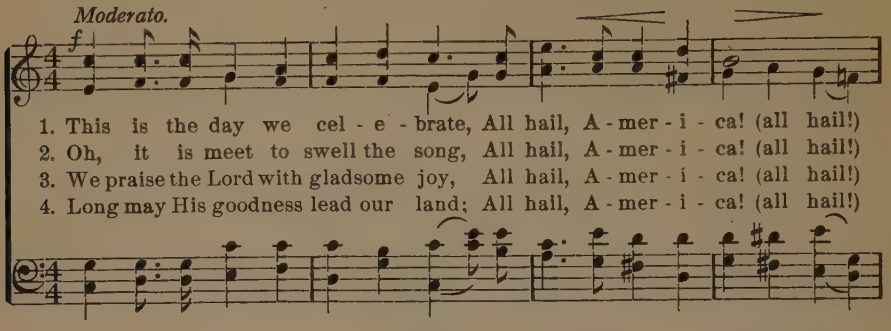
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

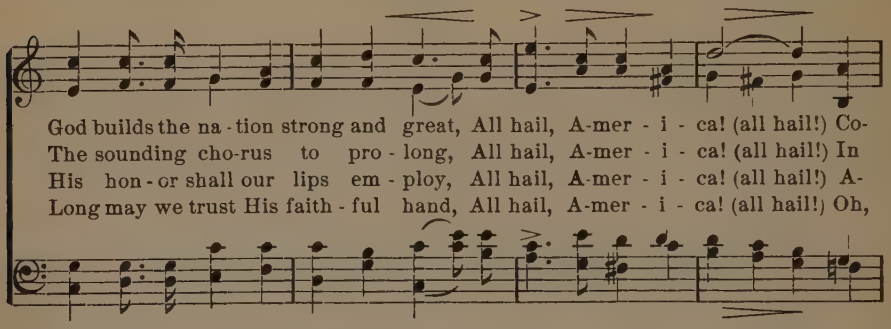
J. S. Dwight.

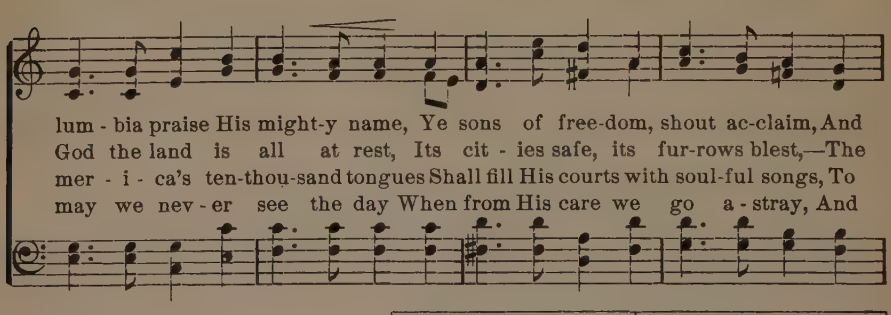
231 All Hail, America!

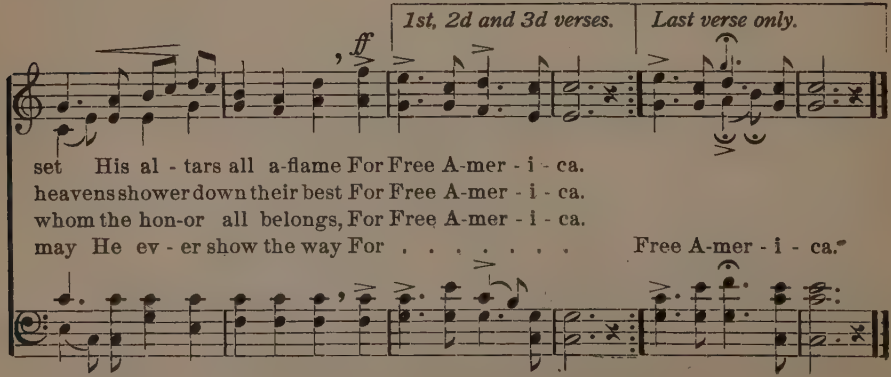
Walter E. Schuette. Albert D. Liefeld.

Moderato.


1. This is the day we cel - e - brate, All hail, A - mer - i - ca! (all hail!)
2. Oh, it is meet to swell the song, All hail, A - mer - i - ca! (all hail!)
3. We praise the Lord with gladsome joy, All hail, A - mer - i - ca! (all hail!)
4. Long may His goodness lead our land; All hail, A - mer - i - ca! (all hail!)


God builds the na - tion strong and great, All hail, A-mer - i - ca! (all hail!) Co-
The sounding cho-rus to pro - long, All hail, A-mer - i - ca! (all hail!) In
His hon - or shall our lips em - ploy, All hail, A-mer - i - ca! (all hail!) A-
Long may we trust His faith - ful hand, All hail, A-mer - i - ca! (all hail!) Oh,


lum - bia praise His might-y name, Ye sons of free-dom, shout ac-claim, And
God the land is all at rest, Its cit - ies safe, its fur-rows blest,—The
mer - i - ca's ten-thou-sand tongues Shall fill His courts with soul-ful songs, To
may we nev - er see the day When from His care we go a - stray, And


1st, 2d and 3d verses.
Last verse only.
ff
set His al - tars all a-flame For Free A-mer - i - ca.
heavens shower down their best For Free A-mer - i - ca.
whom the hon-or all belongs, For Free A-mer - i - ca.
may He ev - er show the way For . . . . . Free A-mer - i - ca."

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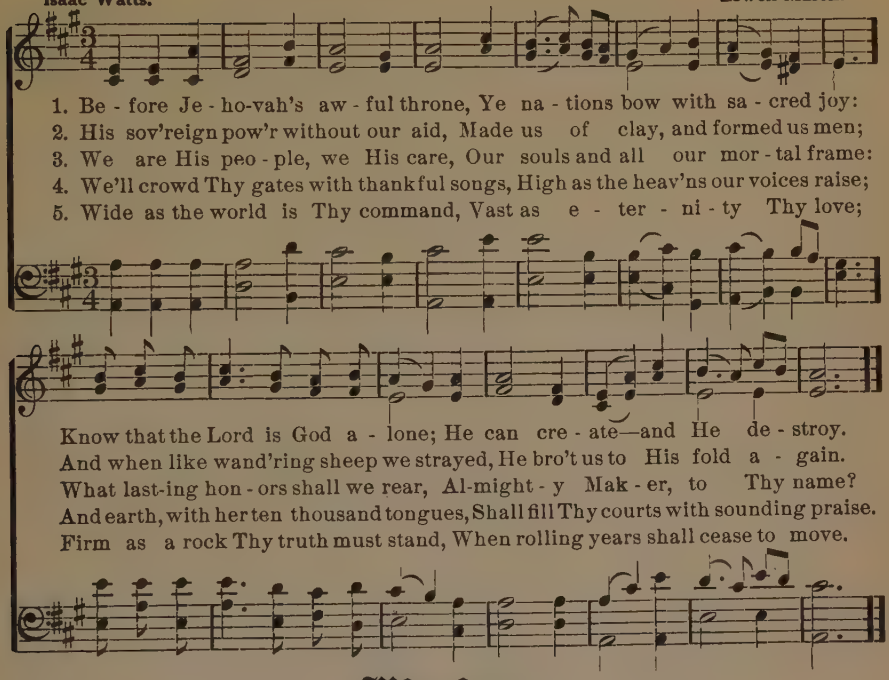
232 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

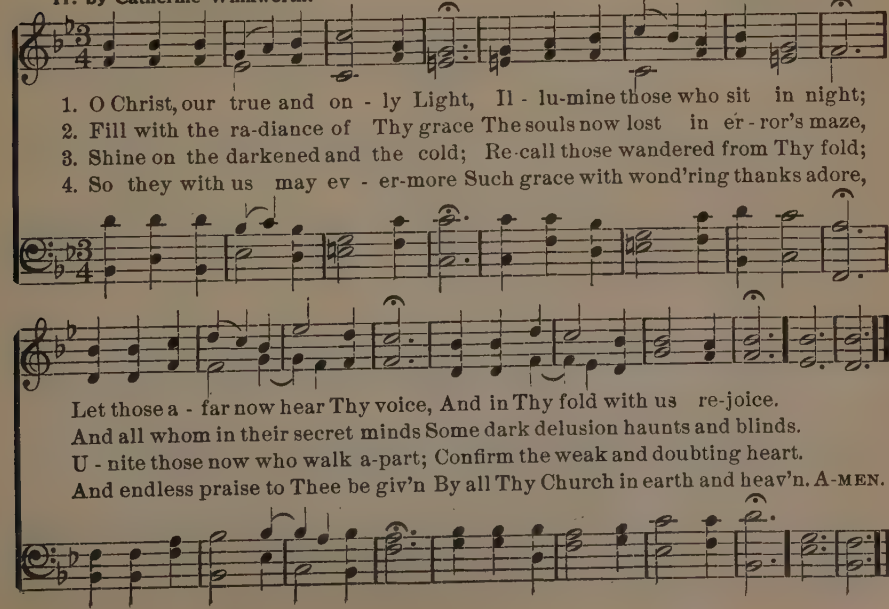
Isaac Watts. Lowell Mason.


1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy:
2. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame:
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate—and He de - stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to His fold a - gain.
What last-ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al-might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

Missions.

233 O Christ, Our True and Only Light.

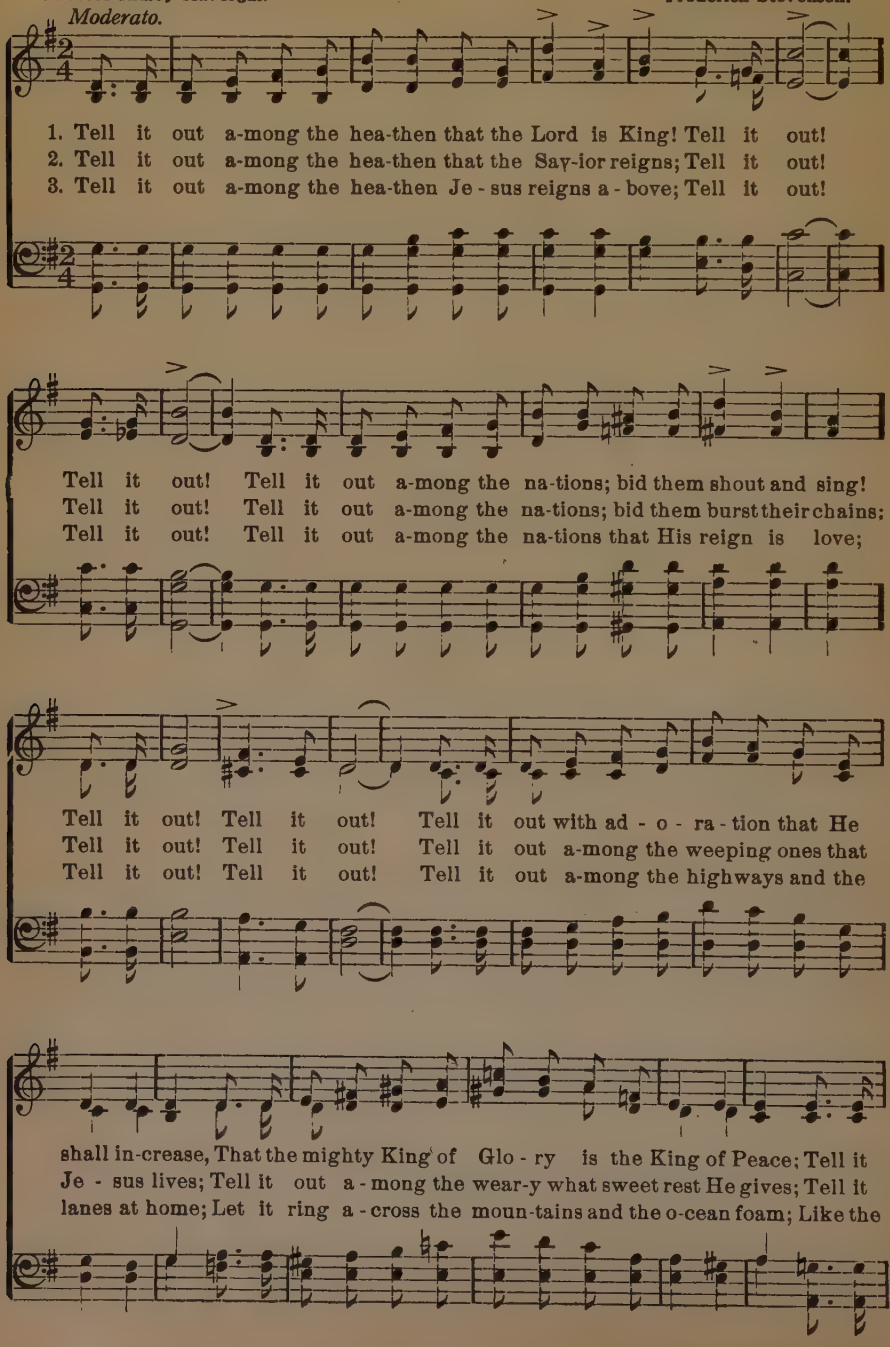
J. Heermann. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. Hymnodus Sacer.

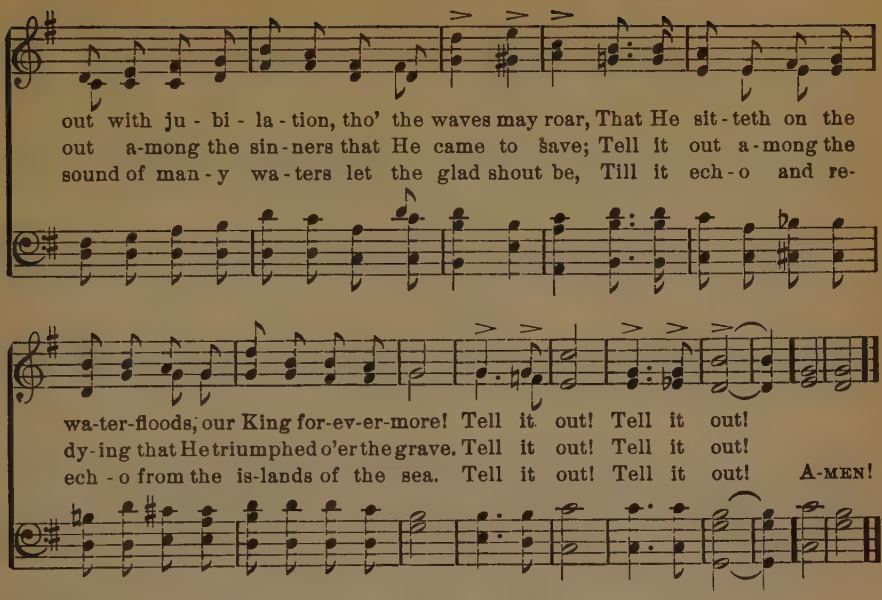

1. O Christ, our true and on - ly Light, Il - lu-mine those who sit in night;
2. Fill with the ra-diance of Thy grace The souls now lost in er - ror's maze,
3. Shine on the darkened and the cold; Re-call those wandered from Thy fold;
4. So they with us may ev - er-more Such grace with wond'ring thanks adore,
Let those a - far now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re-joice.
And all whom in their secret minds Some dark delusion haunts and blinds.
U - nite those now who walk a-part; Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
And endless praise to Thee be giv'n By all Thy Church in earth and heav'n. A-MEN.

234 Tell It Out Among the Heathen.

Frances Ridley Havergal. Frederick Stevenson.

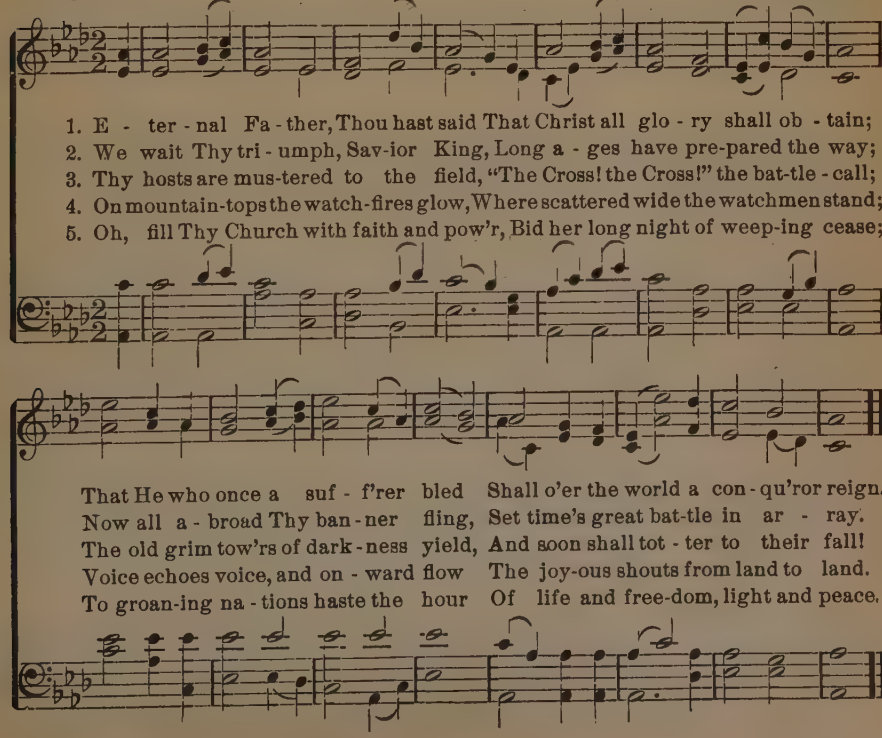
Moderato.


1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it out!
2. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Sav-ior reigns; Tell it out!
3. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it out!
Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions; bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions; bid them burst their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weeping ones that
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the highways and the
shall in-crease, That the mighty King of Glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
Je - sus lives; Tell it out a - mong the wear-y what sweet rest He gives; Tell it
lanes at home; Let it ring a - cross the moun-tains and the o-cean foam; Like the


out with ju - bi - la - tion, tho' the waves may roar, That He sit - teth on the
out a-mong the sin-ners that He came to save; Tell it out a-mong the
sound of man - y wa - ters let the glad shout be, Till it ech - o and re-
wa-ter-floods, our King for-ev-er-more! Tell it out! Tell it out!
dy-ing that He triumphed o'er the grave. Tell it out! Tell it out!
ech - o from the is-lands of the sea. Tell it out! Tell it out! A-MEN!

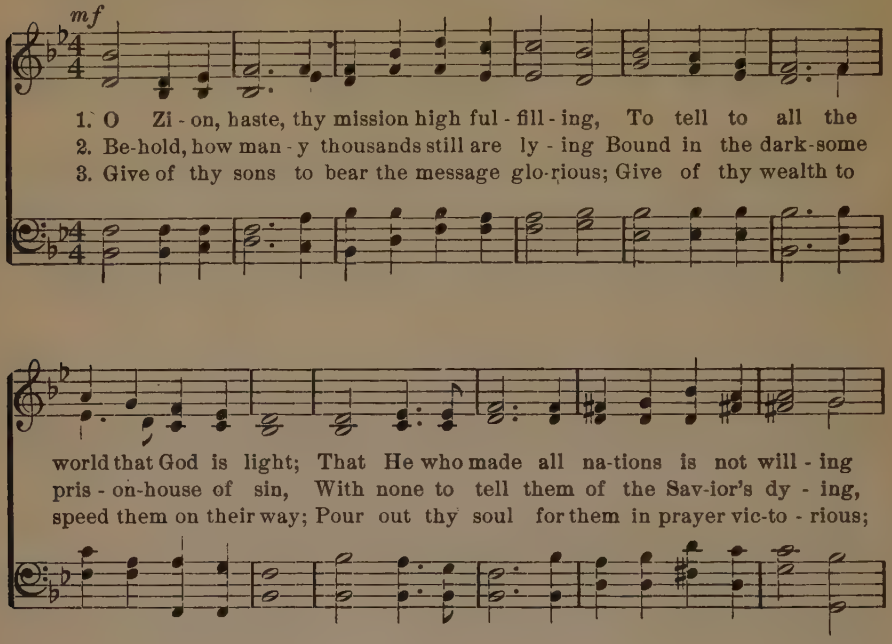
235 Eternal Father, Thou Hast Said.

Ray Palmer. John Whitaker.


1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Thou hast said That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain;
2. We wait Thy tri - umph, Sav-ior King, Long a - ges have pre-pared the way;
3. Thy hosts are mus-tered to the field, "The Cross! the Cross!" the bat-tle - call;
4. On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow, Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
5. Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and pow'r, Bid her long night of weep-ing cease;
That He who once a suf - f'rer bled Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.
Now all a - broad Thy ban - ner fling, Set time's great bat-tle in ar - ray.
The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness yield, And soon shall tot - ter to their fall!
Voice echoes voice, and on - ward flow The joy-ous shouts from land to land.
To groan-ing na - tions haste the hour Of life and free-dom, light and peace.

236 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

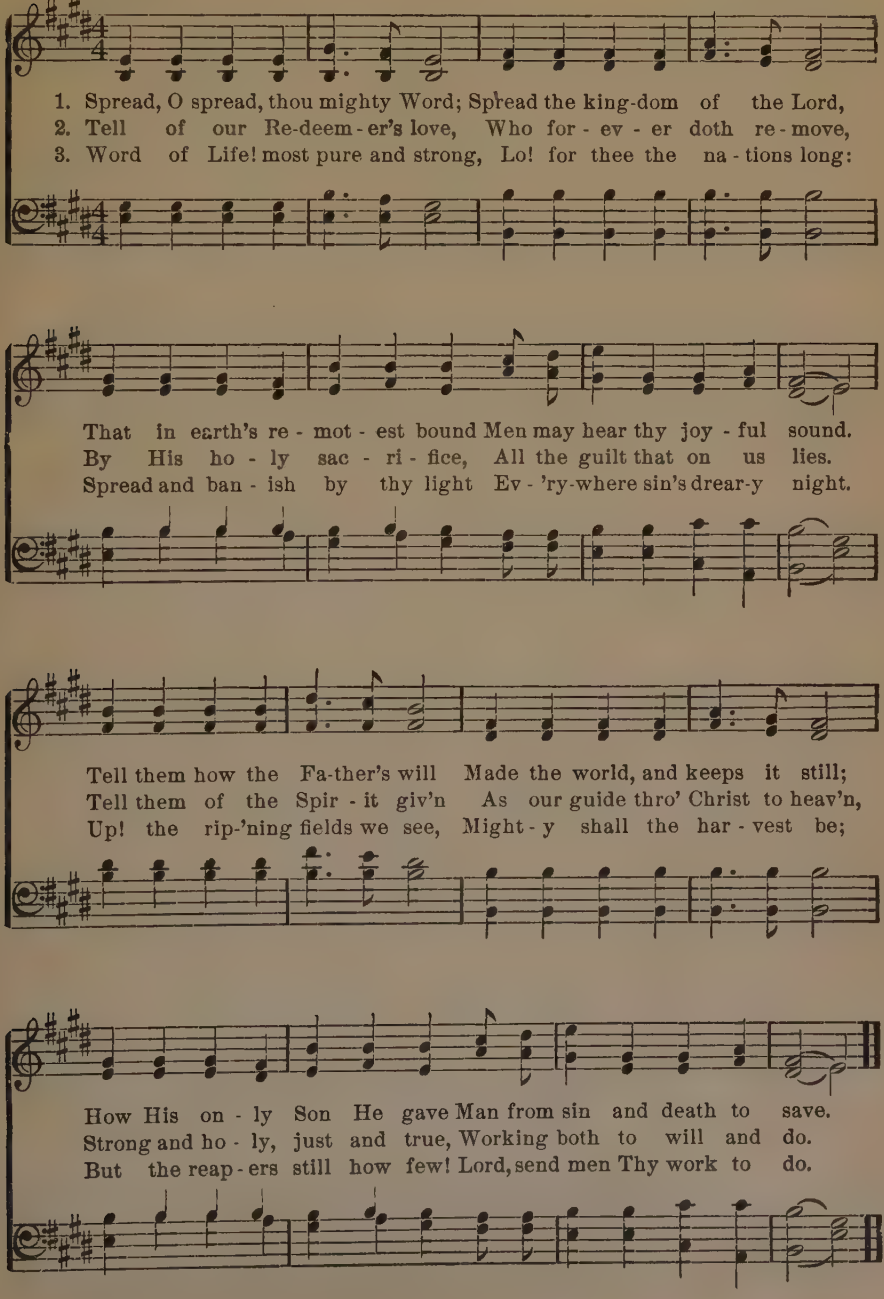
Mary A. Thompson. J. Walsh.


mf
1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold, how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. Give of thy sons to bear the message glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to - rious;
dim.
cres.
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night; Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And all thou spendest, Je - sus will re - pay. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
f
Tidings of peace, Ti-dings of Je - sus, Redemption and release.
Tidings of peace, Ti-dings of Je - sus, Redemption and release.
Tidings of peace, Ti-dings of Je - sus, Redemption and release. A - MEN.

237 Spread, O Spread, Thou Mighty Word.

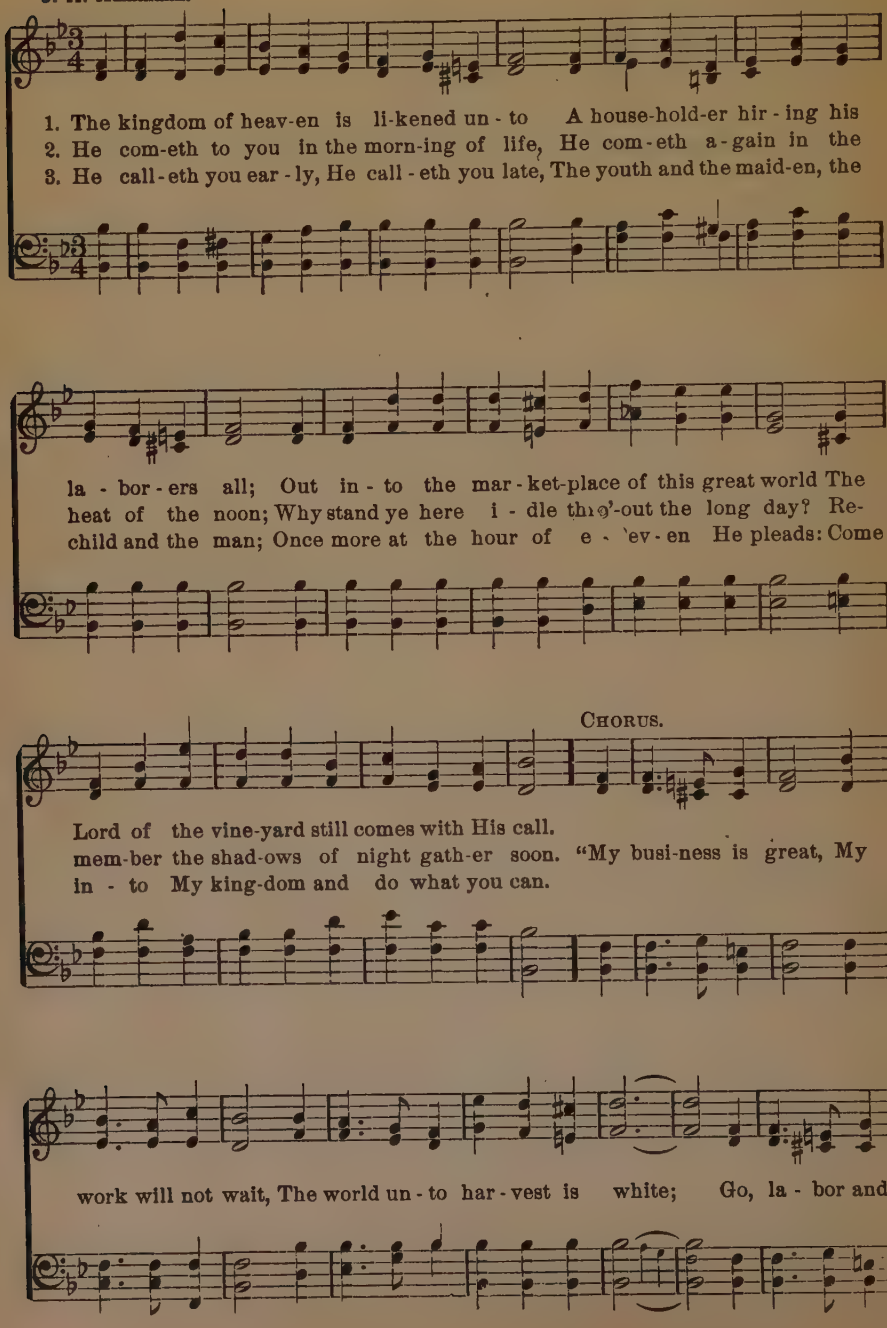
J. F. Bahnmeier.
Tr. Composite.

Samuel Webbe.

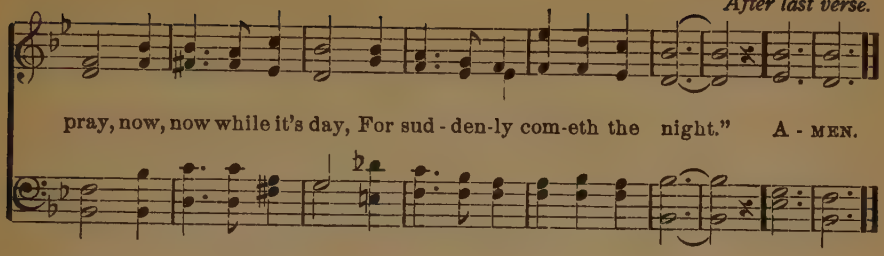

1. Spread, O spread, thou mighty Word; Spread the king-dom of the Lord,
2. Tell of our Re-deem-er's love, Who for-ev-er doth re-move,
3. Word of Life! most pure and strong, Lo! for thee the na-tions long:
That in earth's re-mot-est bound Men may hear thy joy-ful sound.
By His ho-ly sac-ri-fice, All the guilt that on us lies.
Spread and ban-ish by thy light Ev-'ry-where sin's drear-y night.
Tell them how the Fa-ther's will Made the world, and keeps it still;
Tell them of the Spir-it giv'n As our guide thro' Christ to heav'n,
Up! the rip-'ning fields we see, Might-y shall the har-vest be;
How His on-ly Son He gave Man from sin and death to save.
Strong and ho-ly, just and true, Working both to will and do.
But the reap-ers still how few! Lord, send men Thy work to do.

238 The Kingdom of Heaven is Likened.

J. H. Kuhlmann. L. H. Burry. Arr. by E. P.

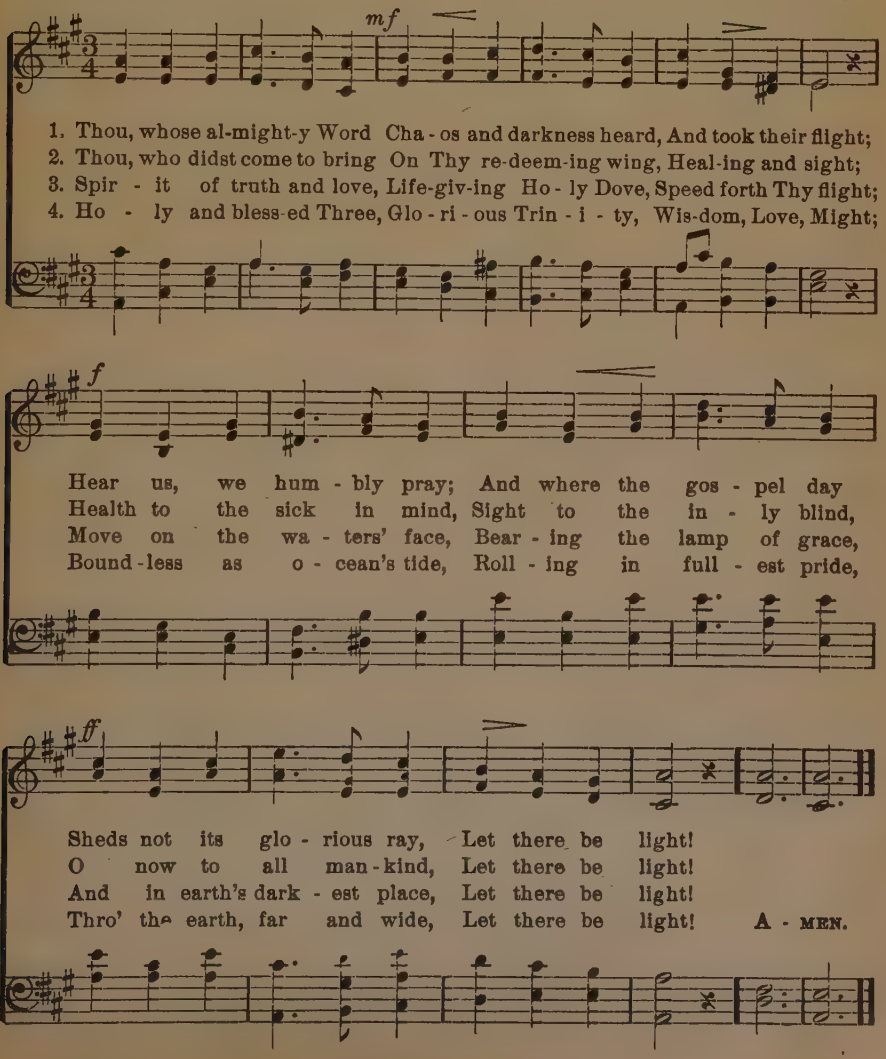

1. The kingdom of heav-en is li-kened un - to A house-hold-er hir - ing his
2. He com-eth to you in the morn-ing of life, He com-eth a-gain in the
3. He call-eth you ear - ly, He call - eth you late, The youth and the maid-en, the
la - bor - ers all; Out in - to the mar - ket-place of this great world The
heat of the noon; Why stand ye here i - dle tho'-out the long day? Re-
child and the man; Once more at the hour of e - 'ev - en He pleads: Come
Chorus.
Lord of the vine-yard still comes with His call.
mem-ber the shad-ows of night gath-er soon. "My busi-ness is great, My
in - to My king-dom and do what you can.
work will not wait, The world un - to har - vest is white; Go, la - bor and

After last verse.



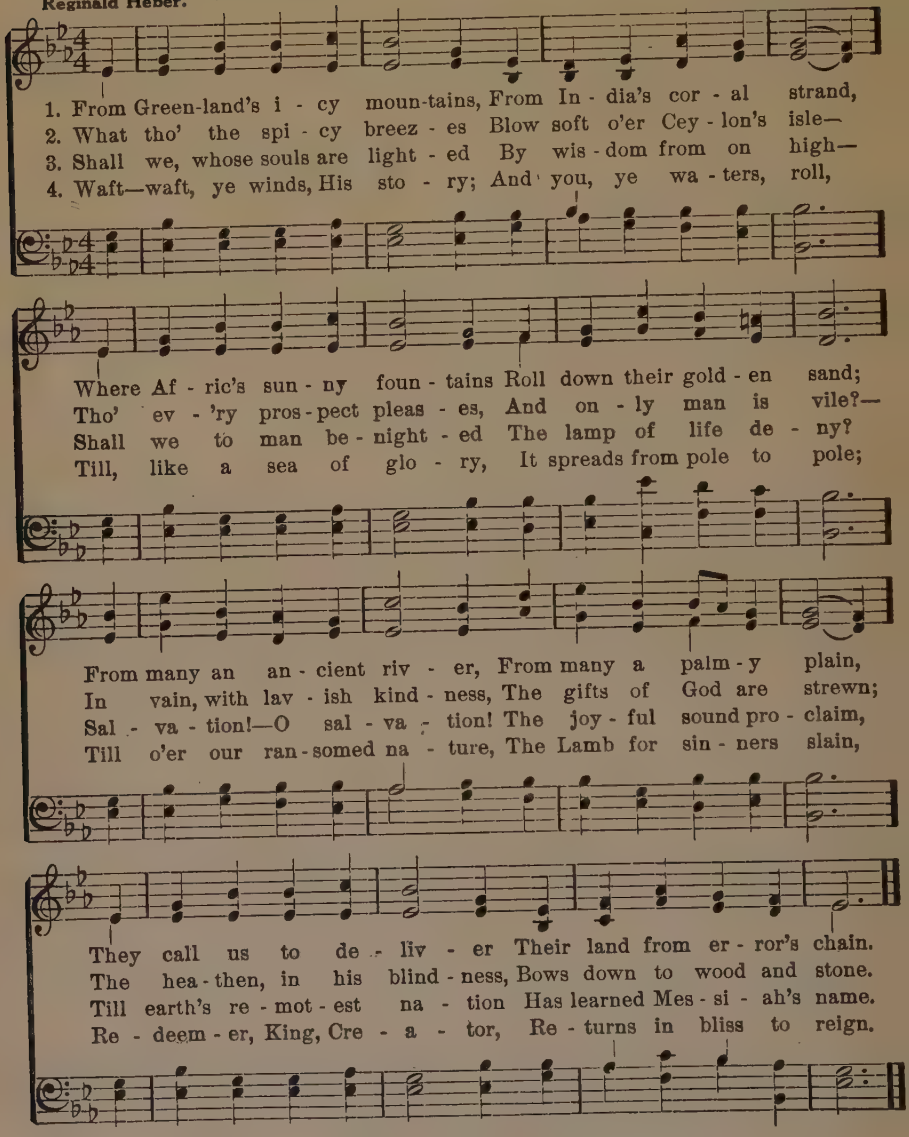
239 Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

John Marriott. G. H. Trebel.


mf
1. Thou, whose al-might-y Word Cha - os and darkness heard, And took their flight;
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy re-deem-ing wing, Heal-ing and sight;
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life-giv-ing Ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight;
4. Ho - ly and bless-ed Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty, Wis-dom, Love, Might;
f
Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the gos - pel day
Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind,
Move on the wa - ters' face, Bear - ing the lamp of grace,
Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in full - est pride,
ff
Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!
O now to all man - kind, Let there be light!
And in earth's dark - est place, Let there be light!
Thro' the earth, far and wide, Let there be light! A - MEN.

240 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle—
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high—
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?—
Shall we to man be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion!—O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, Re - turns in bliss to reign.

241 Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

(*Same Melody.*)

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

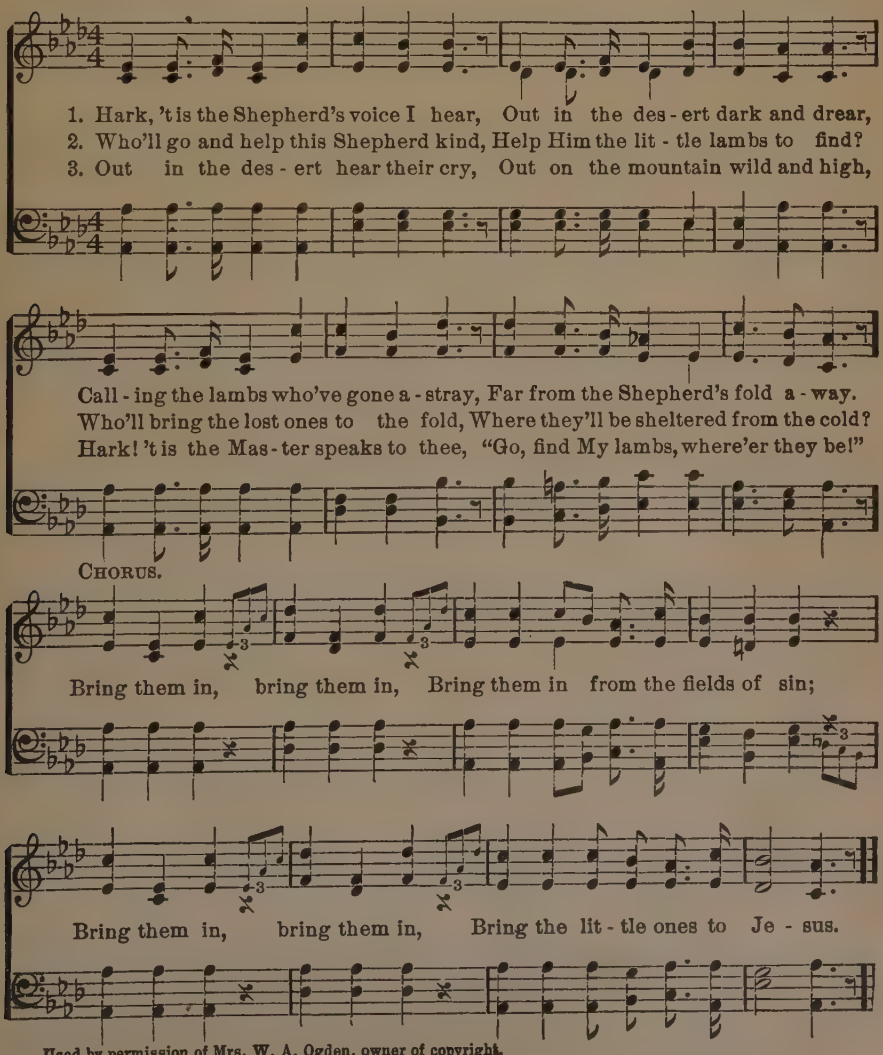
2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious Gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey!

Mrs. M. F. Anderson.

242 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark, 't is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,
Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 't is the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My lambs, where'er they be!"
Chorus.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit - tle ones to Je - sus.

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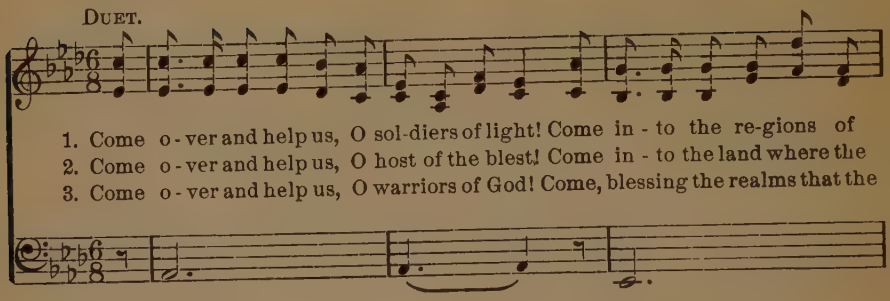
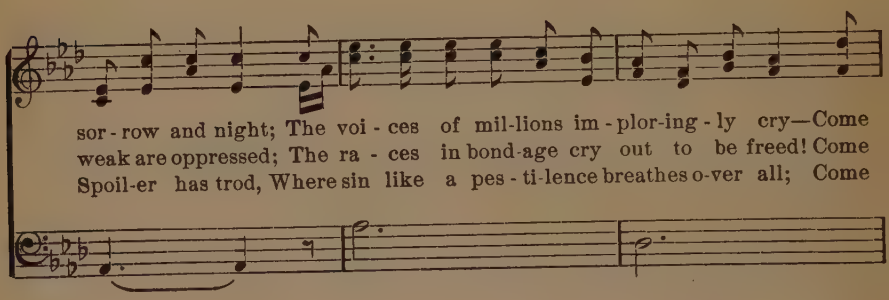
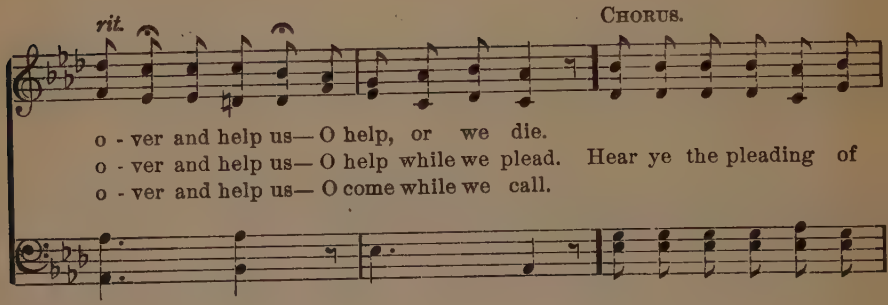
243 Come Over and Help Us.

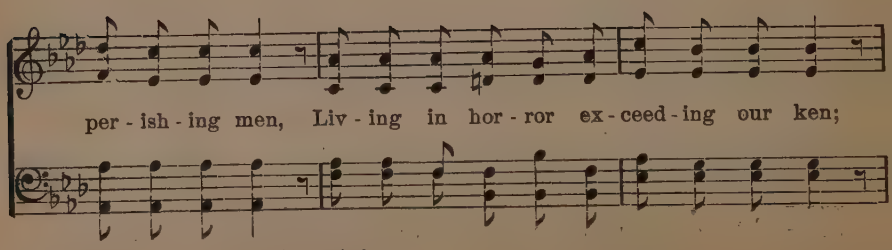
J. H. Brown. E. S. Lorenz.

DUET.


1. Come o - ver and help us, O sol-diers of light! Come in - to the re-gions of
2. Come o - ver and help us, O host of the blest! Come in - to the land where the
3. Come o - ver and help us, O warriors of God! Come, blessing the realms that the


sor - row and night; The voi - ces of mil-lions im - plor-ing - ly cry—Come
weak are oppressed; The ra - ces in bond-age cry out to be freed! Come
Spoil-er has trod, Where sin like a pes - ti-lence breathes o-ver all; Come


rit.
CHORUS.
o - ver and help us— O help, or we die.
o - ver and help us— O help while we plead. Hear ye the pleading of
o - ver and help us— O come while we call.



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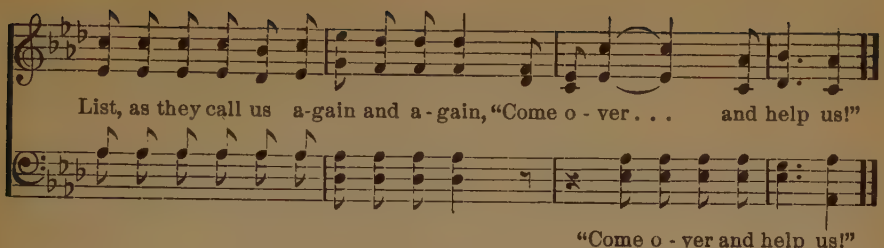
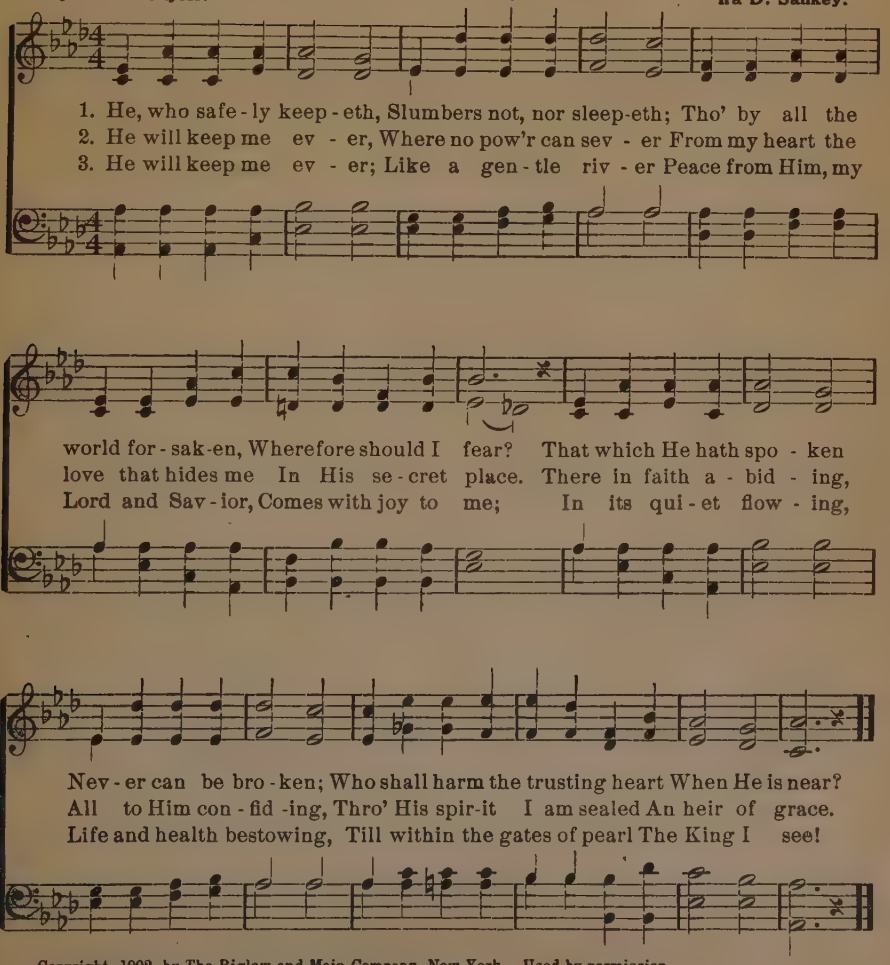


Providence.

244 He Who Safely Keepeth.

Lyman G. Cuyler. Ira D. Sankey.


1. He, who safe-ly keep-eth, Slumbers not, nor sleep-eth; Tho' by all the world for-sak-en, Wherefore should I fear? That which He hath spo-ken
2. He will keep me ev-er, Where no pow'r can sev-er From my heart the love that hides me In His se-cret place. There in faith a-bid-ing,
3. He will keep me ev-er; Like a gen-tle riv-er Peace from Him, my Lord and Sav-ior, Comes with joy to me; In its qui-et flow-ing,
Nev-er can be bro-ken; Who shall harm the trusting heart When He is near?
All to Him con-fid-ing, Thro' His spir-it I am sealed An heir of grace.
Life and health bestowing, Till within the gates of pearl The King I see!

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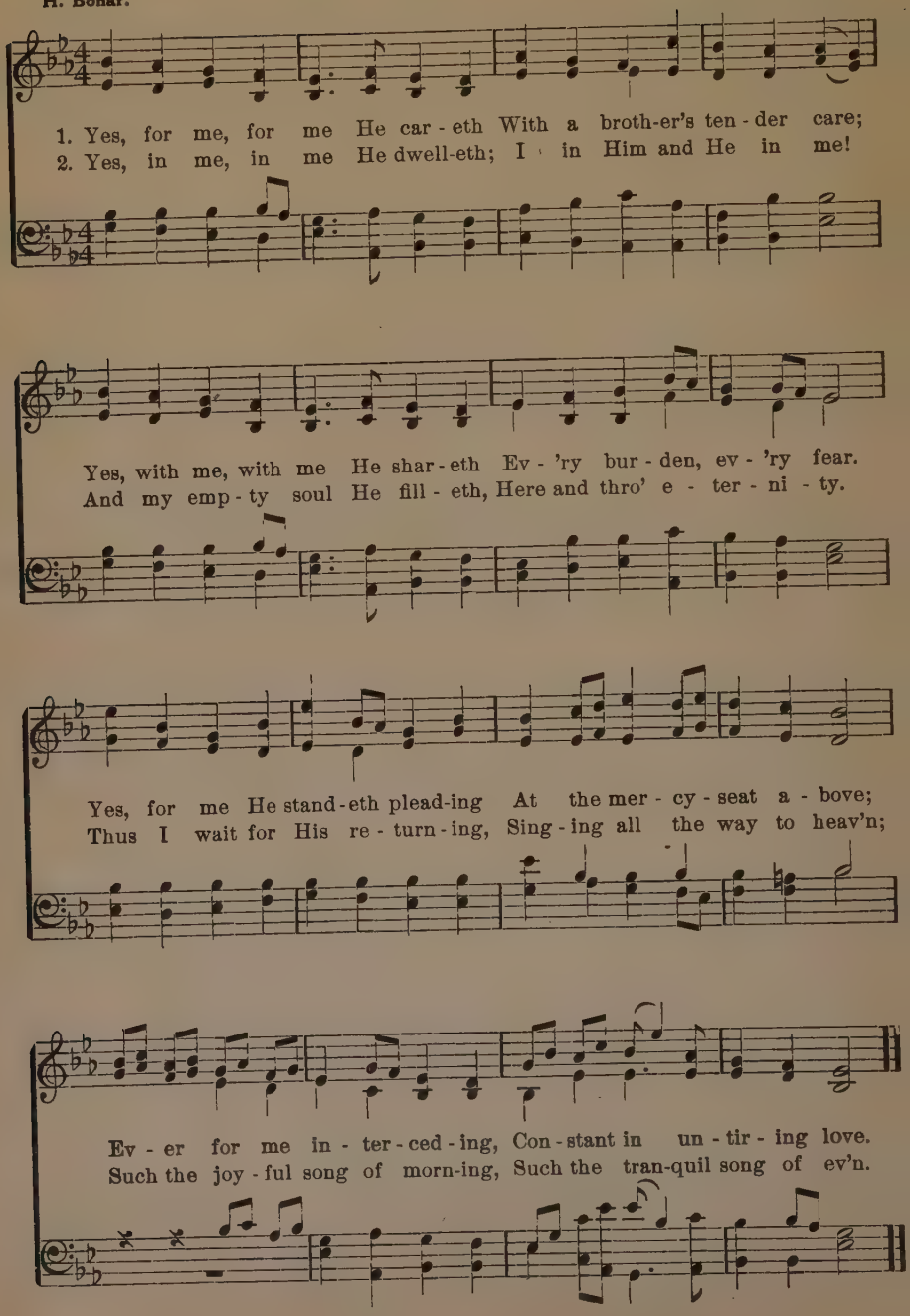
245 He Careth For Me.

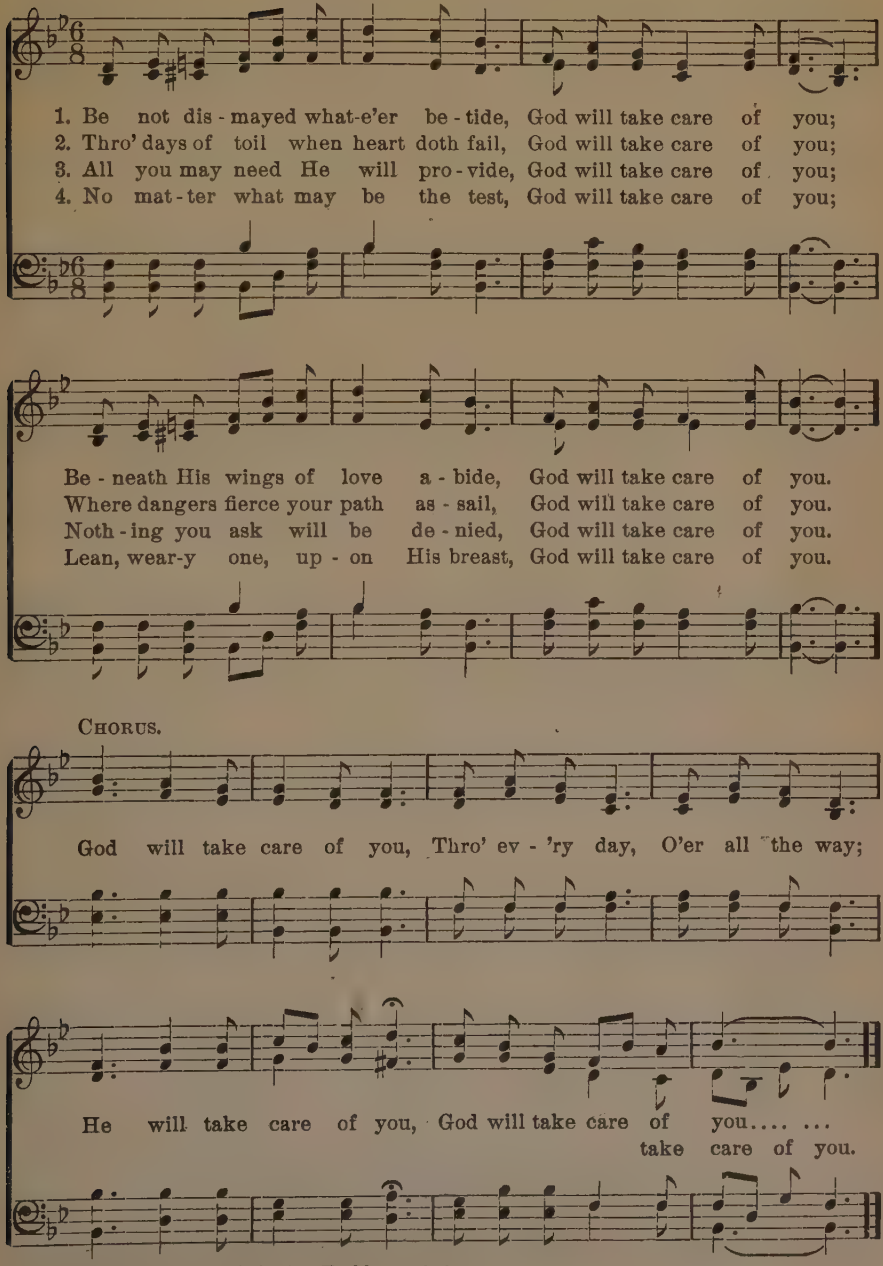
H. Bonar. Arr. from Mozart.


1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth-er's ten - der care;
2. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth; I in Him and He in me!
Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Yes, for me He stand - eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove;
Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;
Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.
Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of ev'n.

246 God Will Take Care of You.

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
Where dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.... ...
take care of you.

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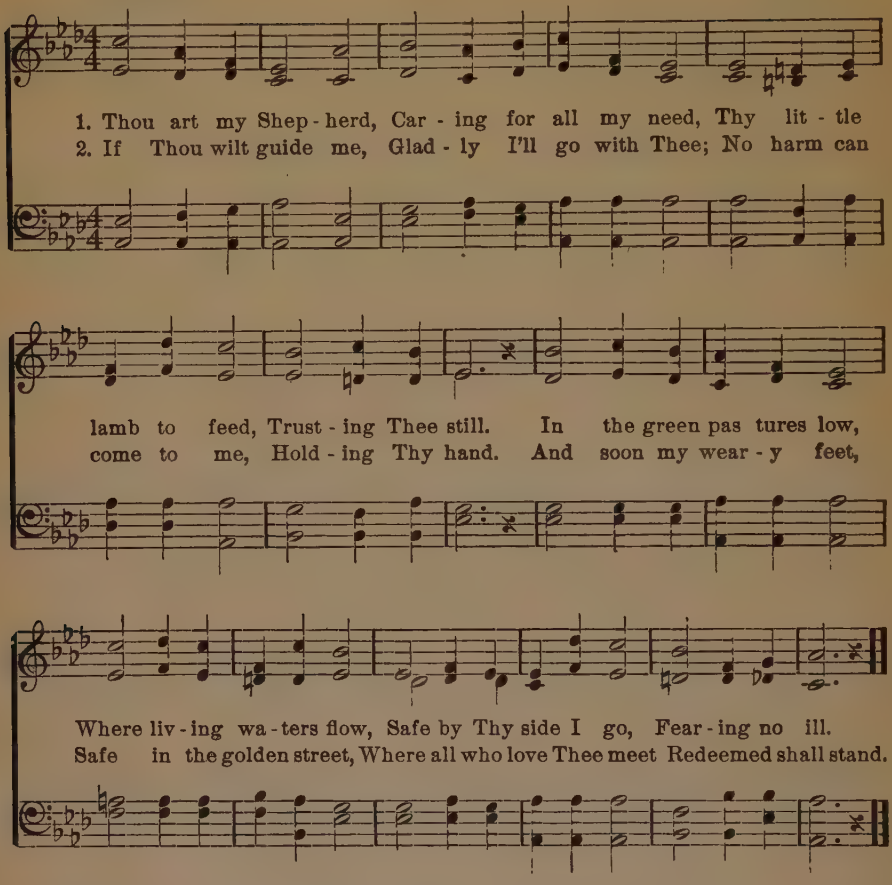
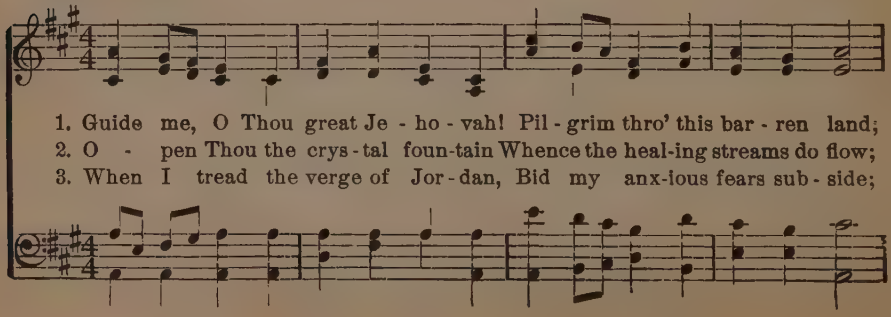
247 Thou Art My Shepherd.

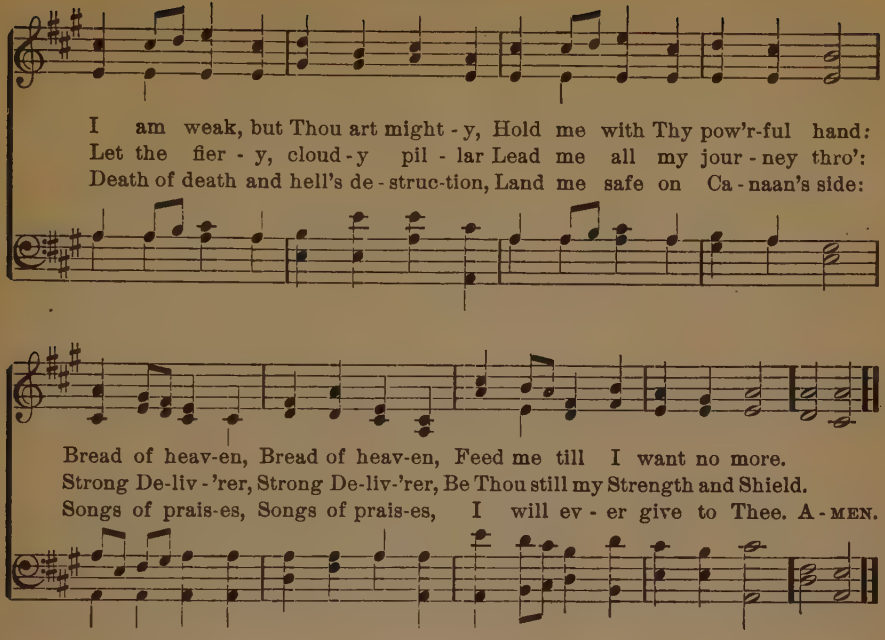
M. E Thalheimer. J. Cramer.


1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
2. If Thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with Thee; No harm can
lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still. In the green pas tures low,
come to me, Hold - ing Thy hand. And soon my wear - y feet,
Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
Safe in the golden street, Where all who love Thee meet Redeemed shall stand.

248 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

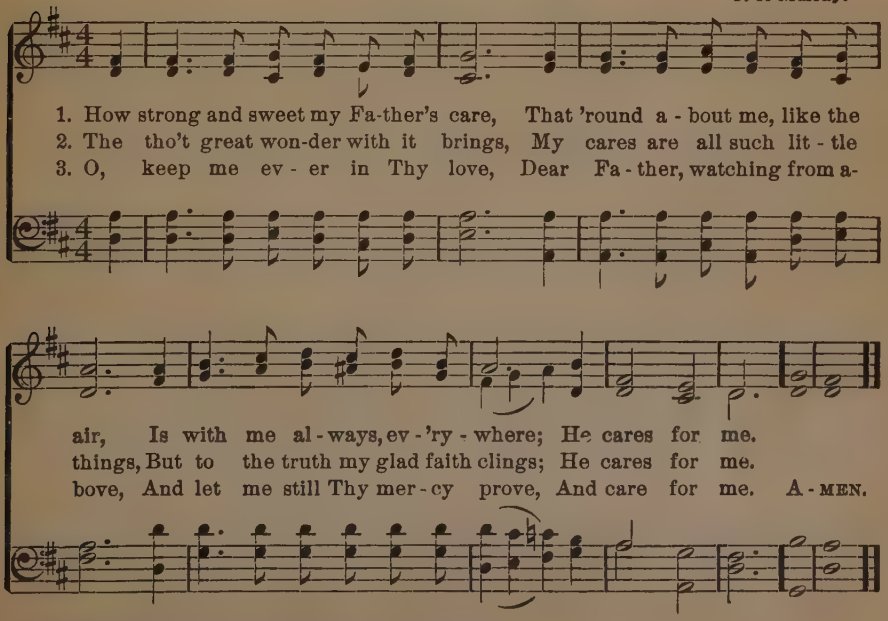
William Williams. Wm. L. Viner.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side;


I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand:
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
Death of death and hell's de - struc-tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

249 How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

J. R Murray.


1. How strong and sweet my Fa-ther's care, That 'round a - bout me, like the
2. The tho't great won-der with it brings, My cares are all such lit - tle
3. O, keep me ev - er in Thy love, Dear Fa - ther, watching from a-
air, Is with me al - ways, ev - 'ry - where; He cares for me.
things, But to the truth my glad faith clings; He cares for me.
bove, And let me still Thy mer - cy prove, And care for me. A - MEN.

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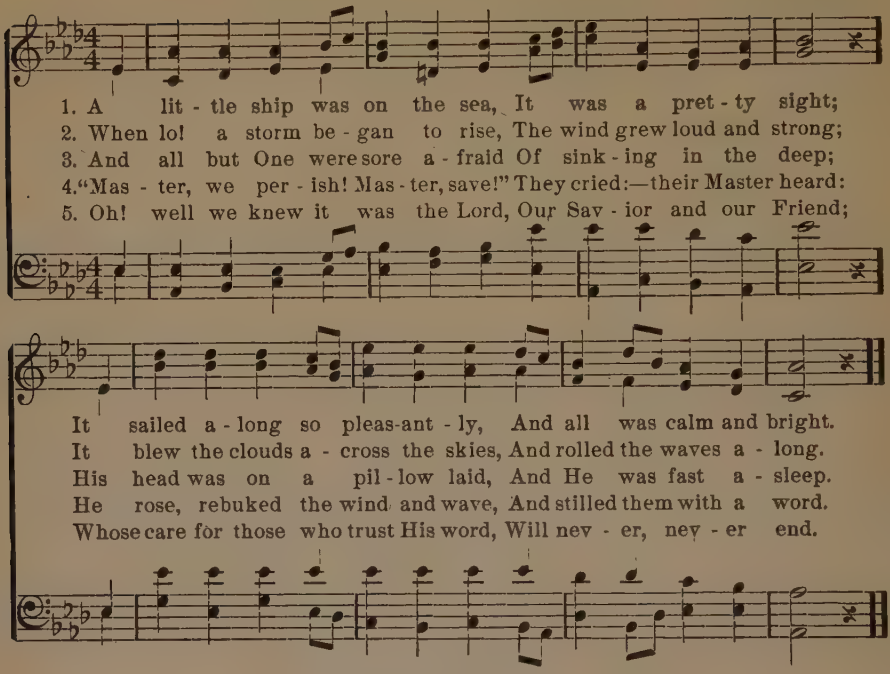
250 A Little Ship Was On the Sea.

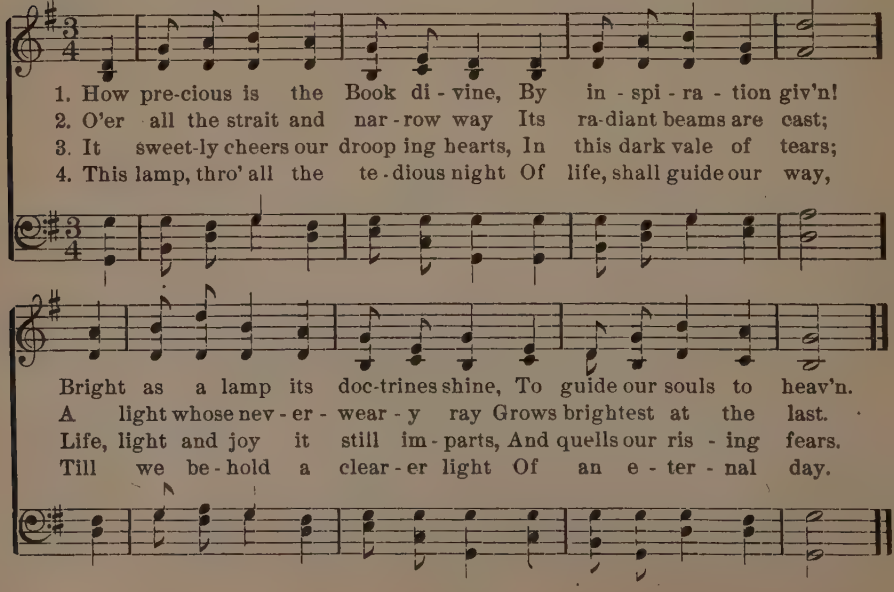
Reichardt.


1. A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret - ty sight;
2. When lo! a storm be - gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong;
3. And all but One were sore a - fraid Of sink - ing in the deep;
4. "Mas - ter, we per - ish! Mas - ter, save!" They cried:—their Master heard:
5. Oh! well we knew it was the Lord, Our Sav - ior and our Friend;
It sailed a - long so pleas-ant - ly, And all was calm and bright.
It blew the clouds a - cross the skies, And rolled the waves a - long.
His head was on a pil - low laid, And He was fast a - sleep.
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.
Whose care for those who trust His word, Will nev - er, nev - er end.

The Word.

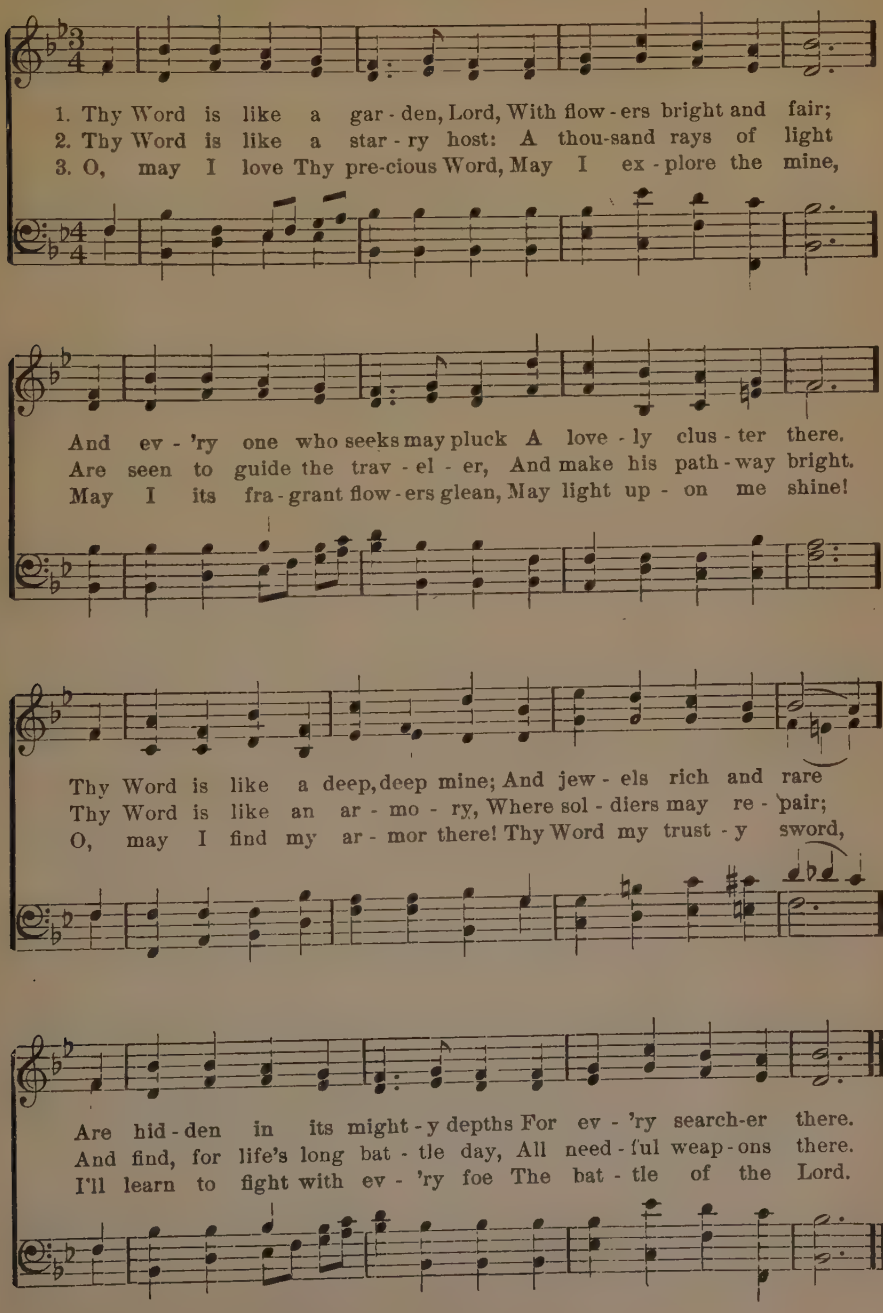
251 How Precious is the Book Divine.

John Fawcett. Temple Melodies.


1. How pre-cious is the Book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. O'er all the strait and nar - row way Its ra-diant beams are cast;
3. It sweet-ly cheers our droop ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
4. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way,
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
A light whose nev - er - wear - y ray Grows brightest at the last.
Life, light and joy it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
Till we be - hold a clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

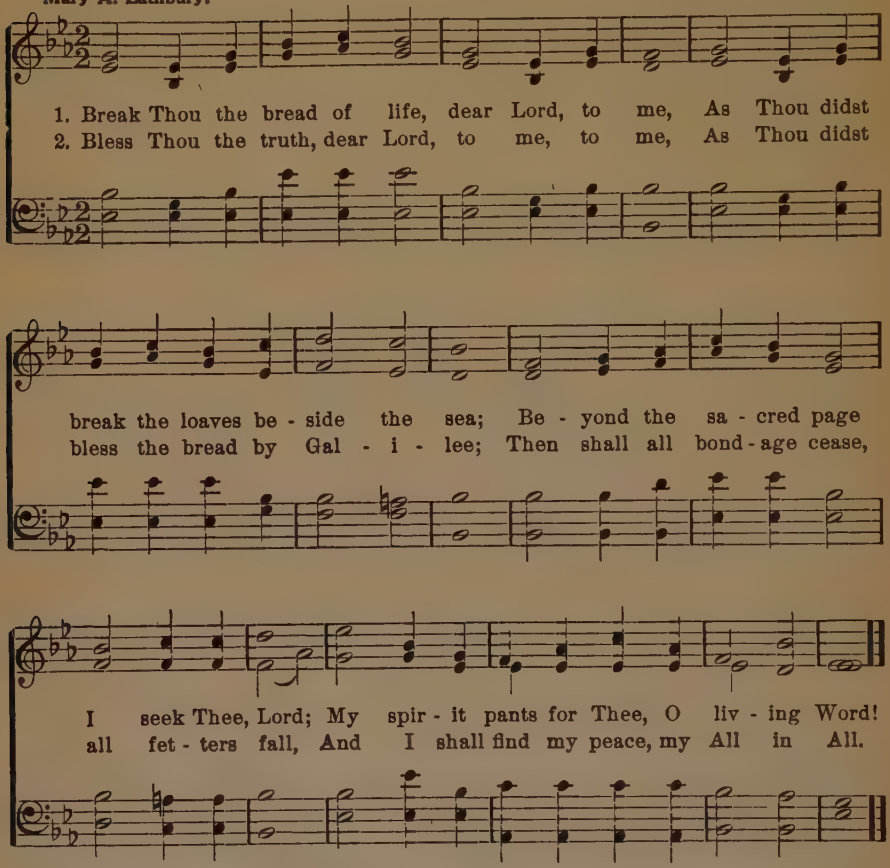
252 Thy Word is Like a Garden, Lord.

T. H. Gill. Old Melody.


1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
3. O, may I love Thy pre-cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine,
And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.
Are seen to guide the trav - el - er, And make his path - way bright.
May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew - els rich and rare
Thy Word is like an ar - mo - ry, Where sol - diers may re - pair;
O, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,
Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry search-er there.
And find, for life's long bat - tle day, All need - ful weap - ons there.
I'll learn to fight with ev - 'ry foe The bat - tle of the Lord.

253 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary A. Lathbury. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread by Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
all fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, my All in All.

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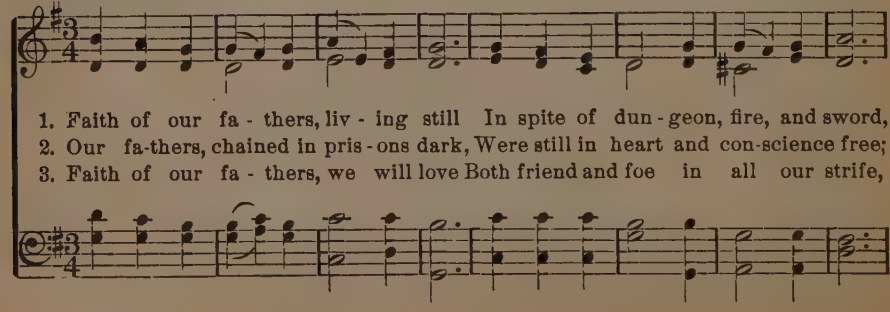
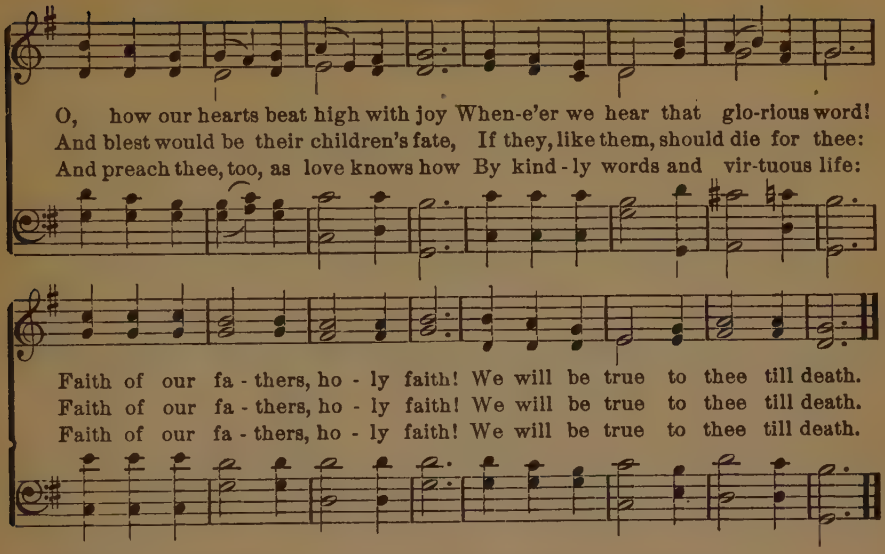
254 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. Henri F. Henry. Alt. by J. G. Walton.

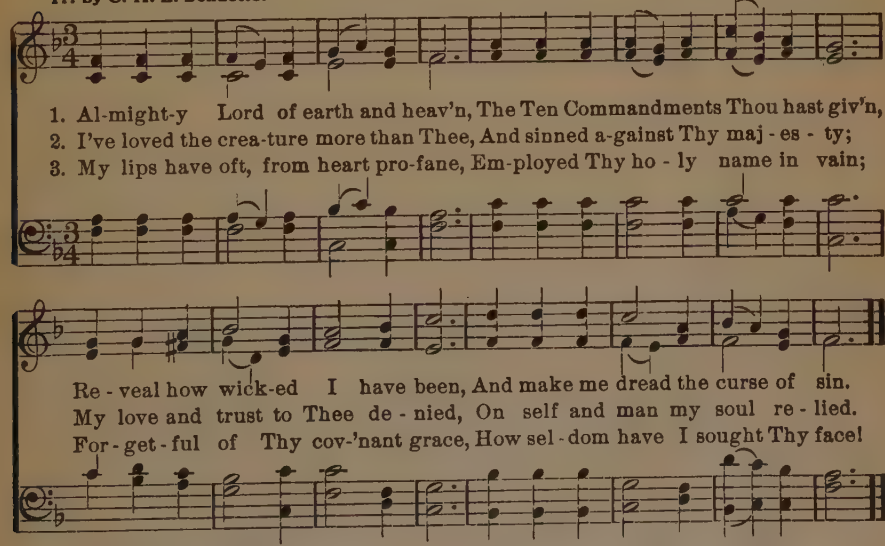

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword,
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,


O, how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
And blest would be their children's fate, If they, like them, should die for thee:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers, ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our fa-thers, ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our fa-thers, ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

255 Almighty Lord of Earth and Heaven.

David Denike.
Tr. by C. H. L. Schuette.

Peter Ritter.
Harm. by W. H. Monk.


1. Al-might-y Lord of earth and heav'n, The Ten Commandments Thou hast giv'n,
2. I've loved the crea-ture more than Thee, And sinned a-gainst Thy maj-es-ty;
3. My lips have oft, from heart pro-fane, Em-ployed Thy ho-ly name in vain;
Re-veal how wick-ed I have been, And make me dread the curse of sin.
My love and trust to Thee de-nied, On self and man my soul re-lied.
For-get-ful of Thy cov-'nant grace, How sel-dom have I sought Thy face!

4 In sinful cares, or work, or play,
I've often spent Thy holy day,
Despised Thy Word, strayed from Thy fold,
And left Thy benefits untold.

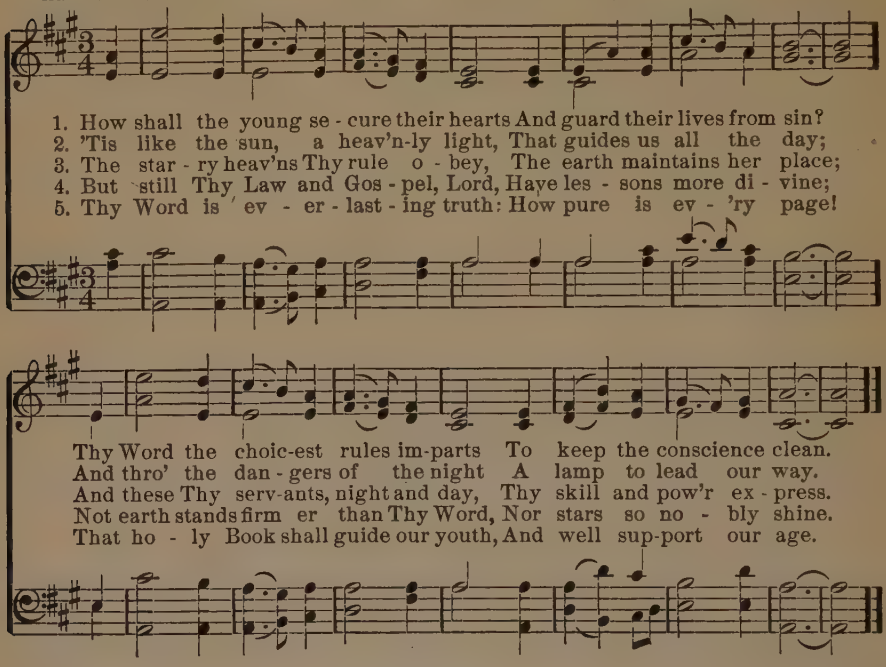
5 My parents oft I've disobeyed,
Their good with evil deeds repaid:
I've been unchaste in word and deed,
And careless of my neighbor's need.

6 Ah, how my sins are multiplied!
When by Thy law my life is tried;
O jealous God, do pity me
And mark not mine iniquity!

7 Let grace to judgment be preferred;
Remove the curse I have incurred;
For Jesus' sake my sins forgive,
And may I to Thy glory live.

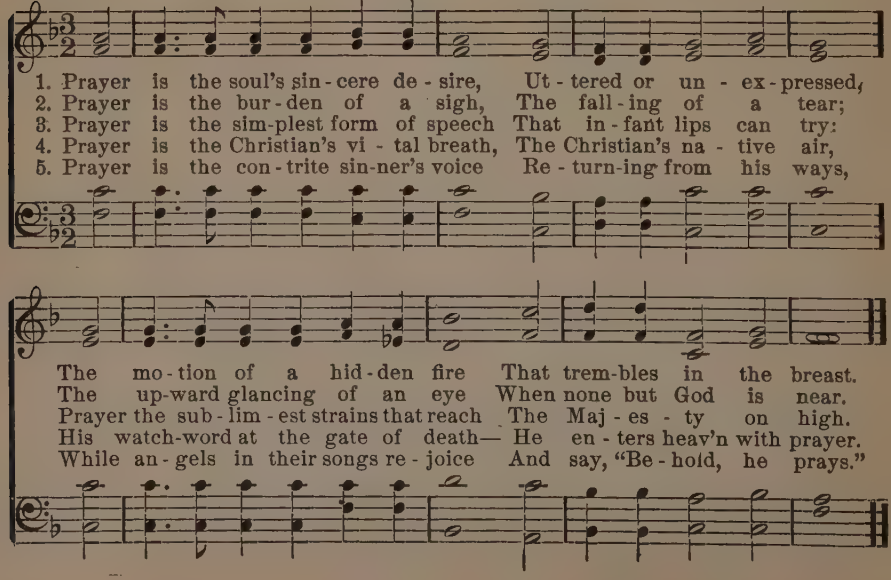
256 How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts?

Isaac Watts. L. Devereaux.


1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n-ly light, That guides us all the day;
3. The star - ry heav'ns Thy rule o - bey, The earth maintains her place;
4. But still Thy Law and Gos - pel, Lord, Have les - sons more di - vine;
5. Thy Word is ev - er - last - ing truth: How pure is ev - 'ry page!
Thy Word the choic-est rules im-parts To keep the conscience clean.
And thro' the dan - gers of the night A lamp to lead our way.
And these Thy serv-ants, night and day, Thy skill and pow'r ex - press.
Not earth stands firm er than Thy Word, Nor stars so no - bly shine.
That ho - ly Book shall guide our youth, And well sup-port our age.

Prayer.

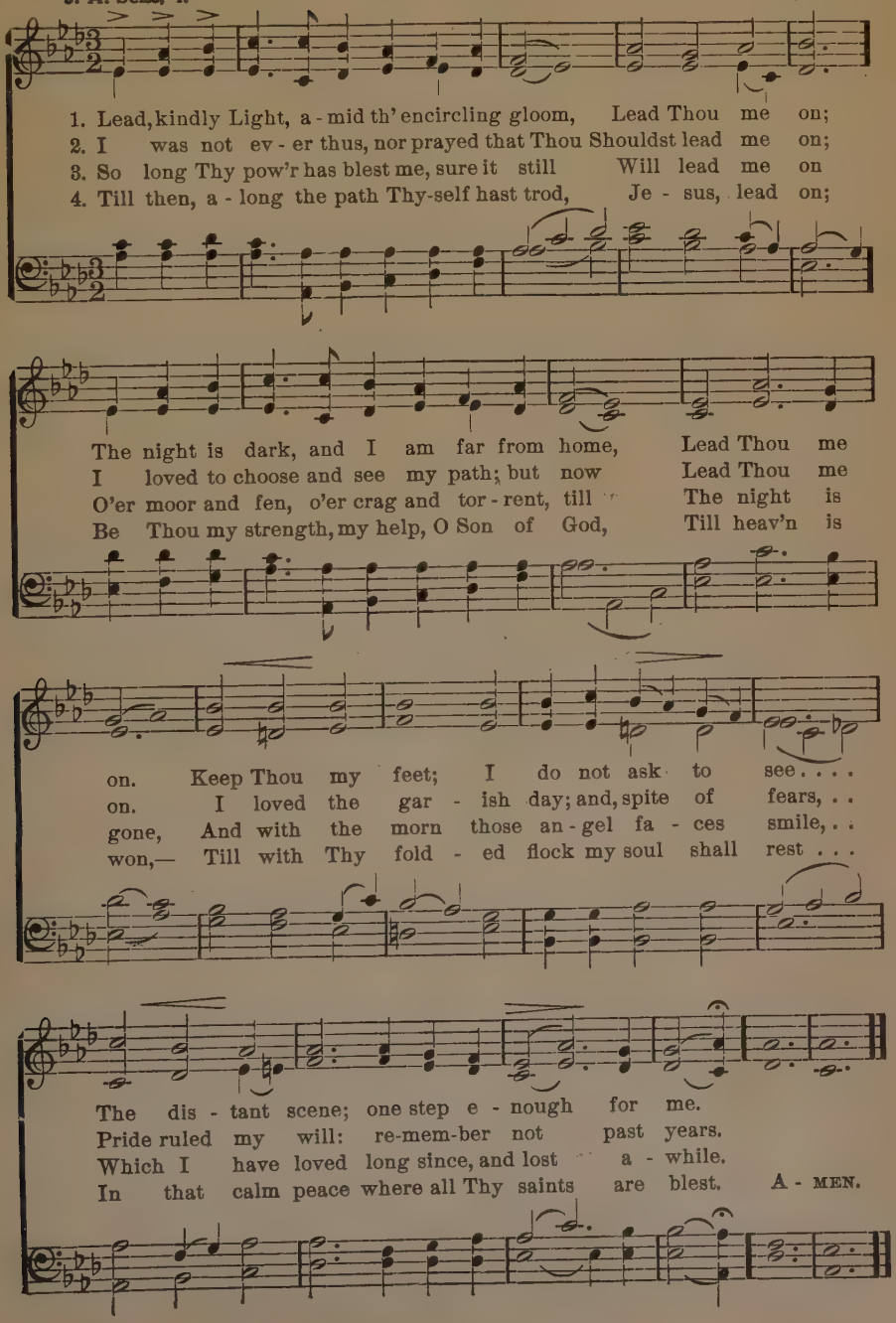
257 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.


1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed,
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear;
3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try:
4. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air,
5. Prayer is the con - trite sin-ner's voice Re - turn-ing from his ways,
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
The up-ward glancing of an eye When none but God is near.
Prayer the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
His watch-word at the gate of death— He en - ters heav'n with prayer.
While an - gels in their songs re - joice And say, "Be - hold, he prays."

258 Lead, Kindly Light.

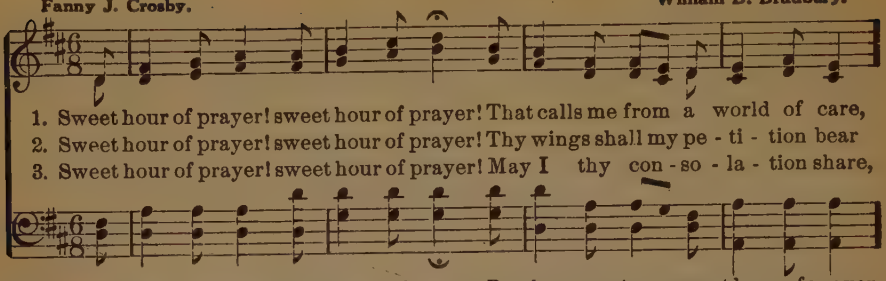
J. H. Newman, 1-3.
J. A. Seiss, 4.

J. B. Dykes.

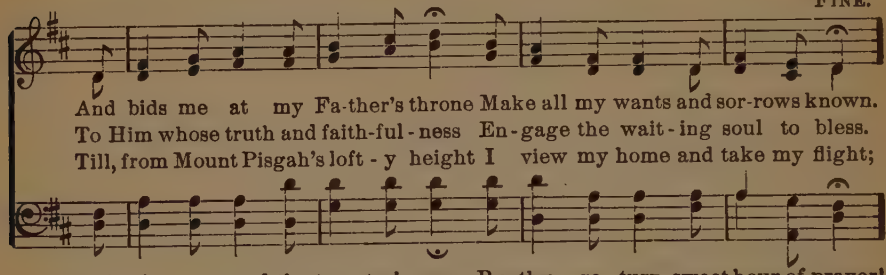

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
4. Till then, a - long the path Thy-self hast trod, Je - sus, lead on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is
Be Thou my strength, my help, O Son of God, Till heav'n is
on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see. . . .
on. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, . .
gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
won,— Till with Thy fold - ed flock my soul shall rest . . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.
In that calm peace where all Thy saints are blest. A - MEN.

259 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

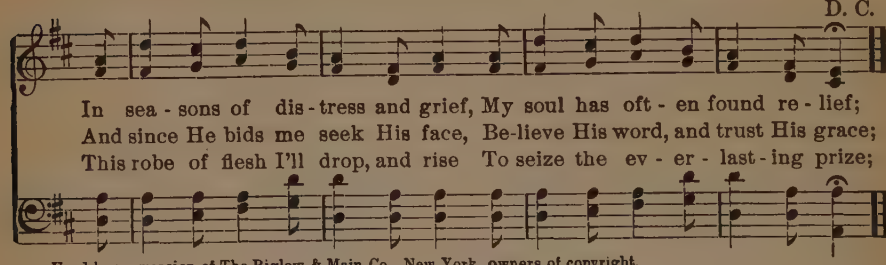
Fanny J. Crosby. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
D. C.—And oft es - caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer,
D. C.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer,
D. C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer,

FINE.


And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and sor-rows known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height I view my home and take my flight;
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

D. C.


In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

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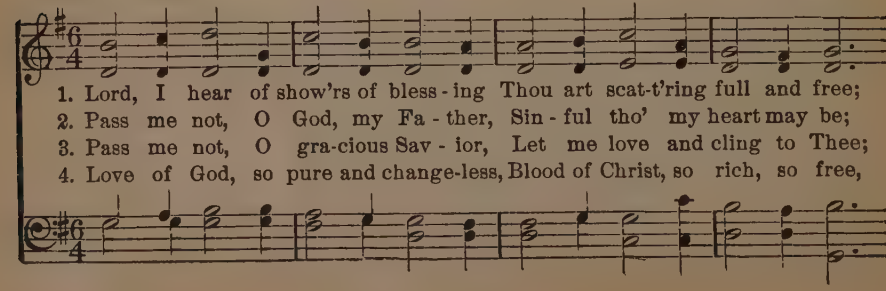
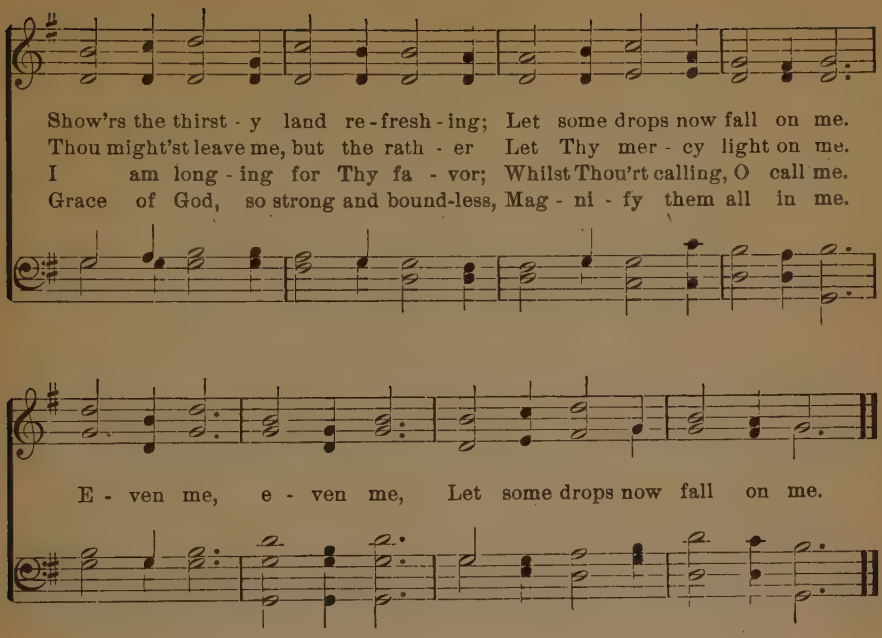
260 Even Me.

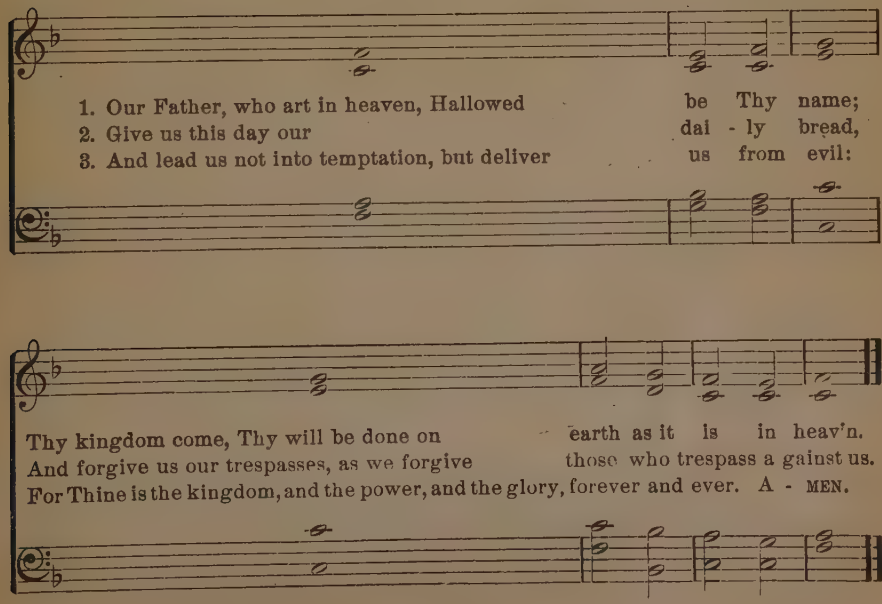
Mrs. E. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav - ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,


Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

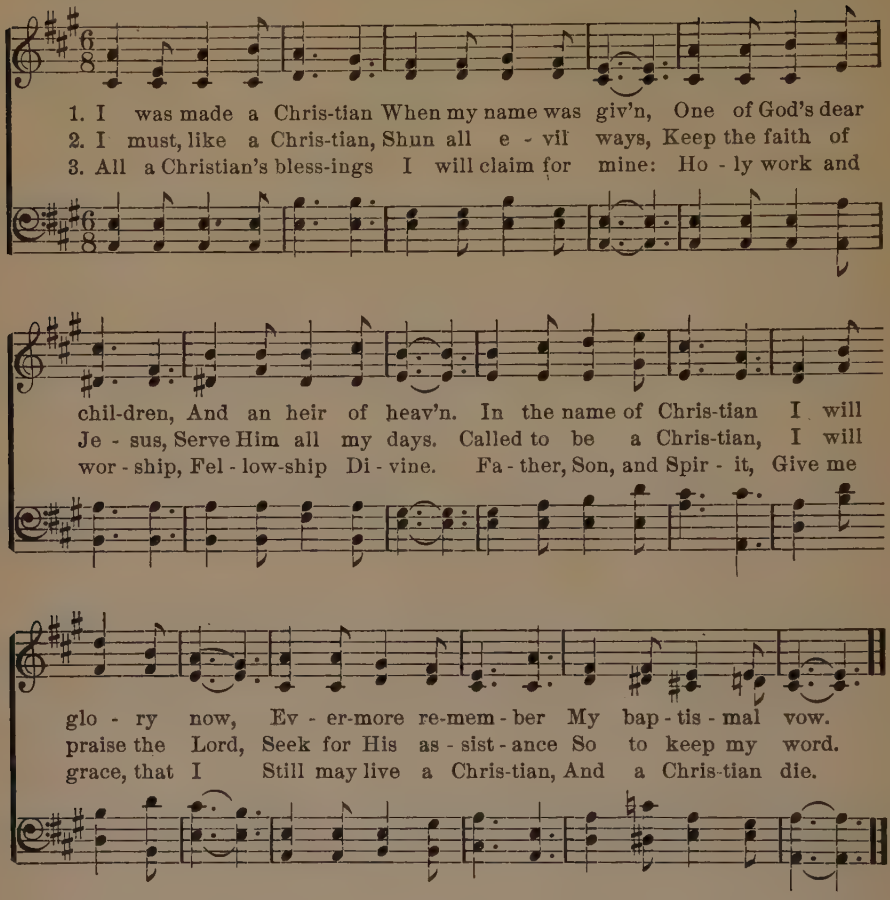
261 Our Father, Who Art in Heaven.

Adapted by P.


1. Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. A - MEN.

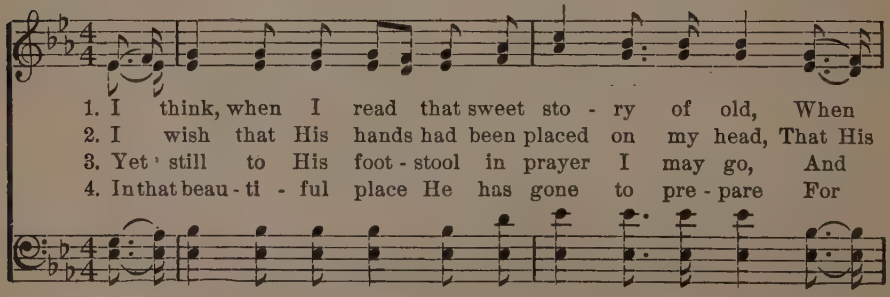
262 I Was Made a Christian.

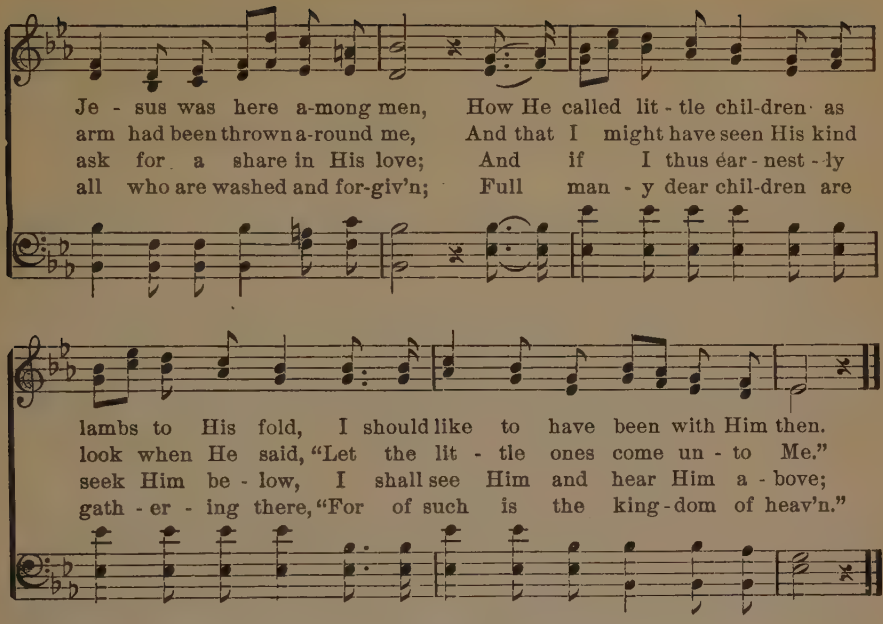
Gen. Council S. S. Hymnal.


1. I was made a Chris-tian When my name was giv'n, One of God's dear chil-dren, And an heir of heav'n. In the name of Chris-tian I will glo - ry now, Ev - er-more re-mem - ber My bap - tis - mal vow.
2. I must, like a Chris-tian, Shun all e - vil ways, Keep the faith of Je - sus, Serve Him all my days. Called to be a Chris-tian, I will praise the Lord,
3. All a Christian's bless-ings I will claim for mine: Ho - ly work and wor - ship, Fel - low-ship Di - vine. Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Give me grace, that I Still may live a Chris-tian, And a Chris-tian die.

263 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

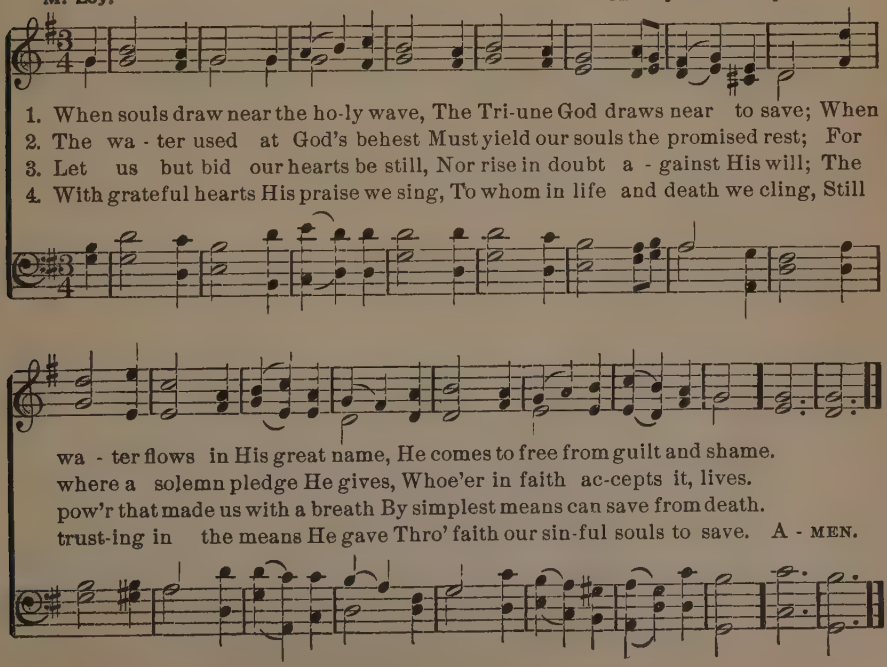
Jemima Luke. English.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For


Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly
all who are washed and for-giv'n; Full man - y dear chil-dren are
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove;
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

264 When Souls Draw Near the Holy Wave.

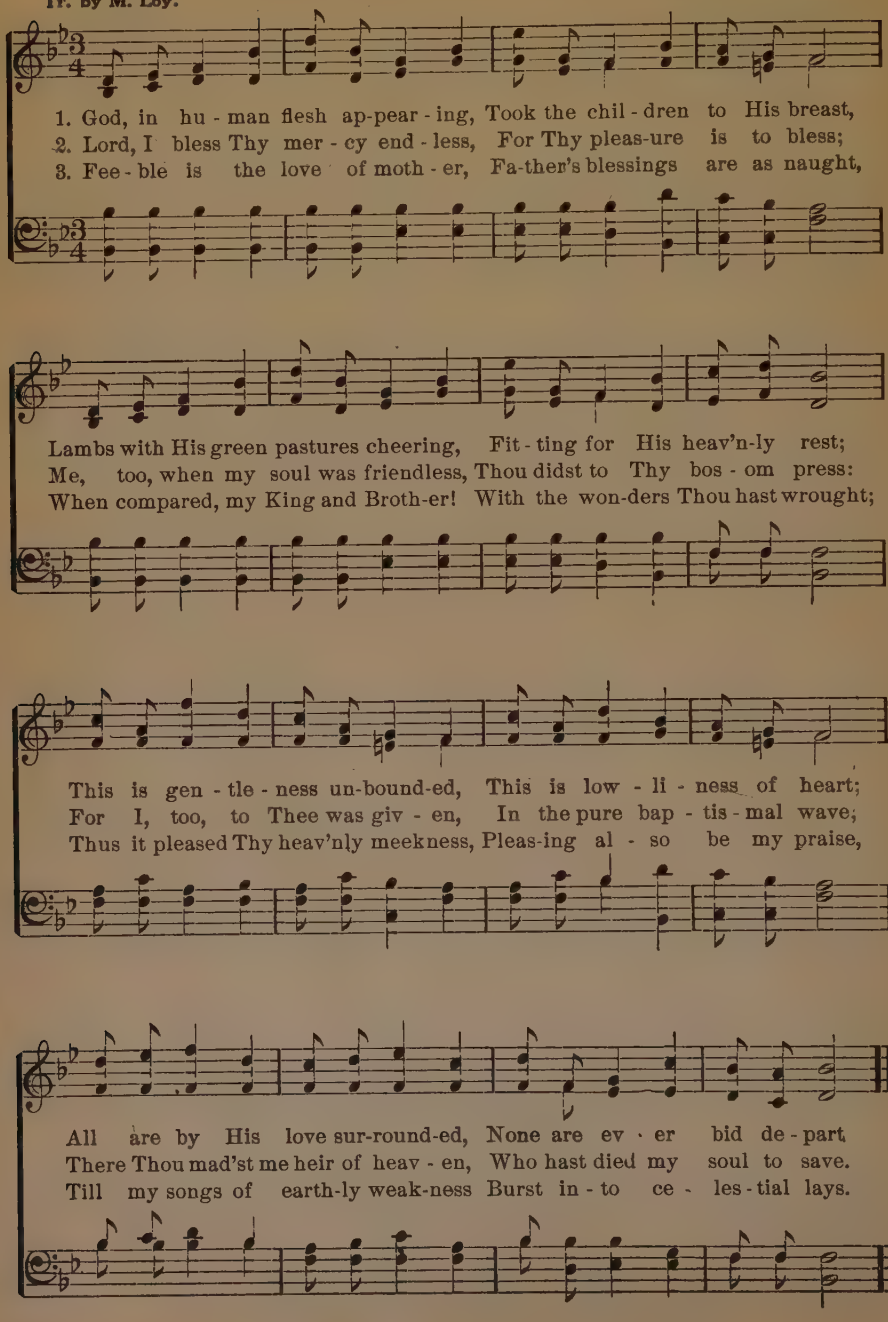
M. Loy. Ignace Pleyel. Arr. by John H. Spielman.


1. When souls draw near the ho-ly wave, The Tri-une God draws near to save; When
2. The wa - ter used at God's behest Must yield our souls the promised rest; For
3. Let us but bid our hearts be still, Nor rise in doubt a - gainst His will; The
4. With grateful hearts His praise we sing, To whom in life and death we cling, Still
wa - ter flows in His great name, He comes to free from guilt and shame.
where a solemn pledge He gives, Whoe'er in faith ac-cepts it, lives.
pow'r that made us with a breath By simplest means can save from death.
trust-ing in the means He gave Thro' faith our sin-ful souls to save. A - MEN.

265 God, in Human Flesh Appearing.

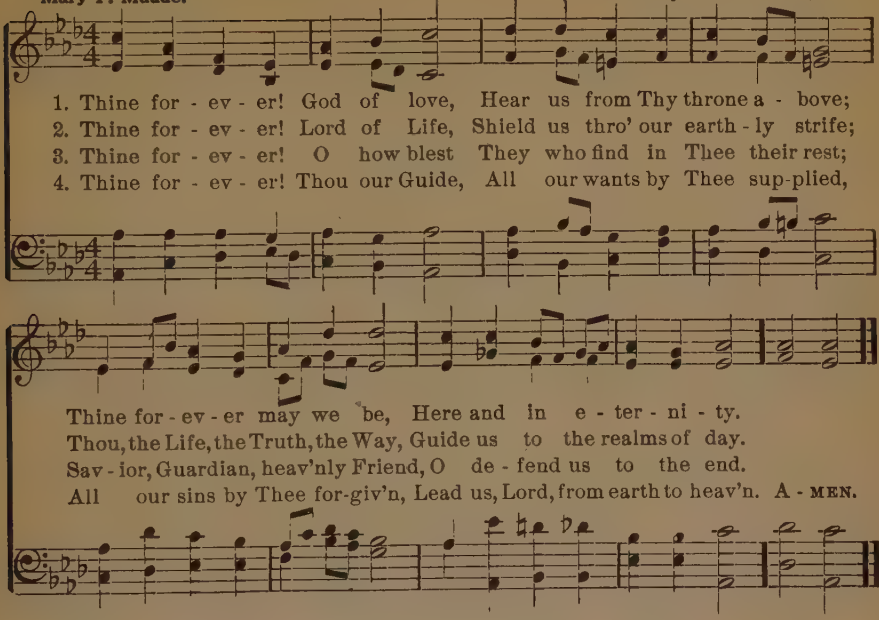
Hiller.
Tr. by M. Loy.

From the German.


1. God, in hu - man flesh ap-pear - ing, Took the chil - dren to His breast,
2. Lord, I bless Thy mer - cy end - less, For Thy pleas-ure is to bless;
3. Fee - ble is the love of moth - er, Fa-ther's blessings are as naught,
Lambs with His green pastures cheering, Fit - ting for His heav'n-ly rest;
Me, too, when my soul was friendless, Thou didst to Thy bos - om press:
When compared, my King and Broth-er! With the won-ders Thou hast wrought;
This is gen - tle - ness un-bound-ed, This is low - li - ness of heart;
For I, too, to Thee was giv - en, In the pure bap - tis - mal wave;
Thus it pleased Thy heav'nly meekness, Pleas-ing al - so be my praise,
All are by His love sur-round-ed, None are ev - er bid de - part
There Thou mad'st me heir of heav - en, Who hast died my soul to save.
Till my songs of earth-ly weak-ness Burst in - to ce - les - tial lays.

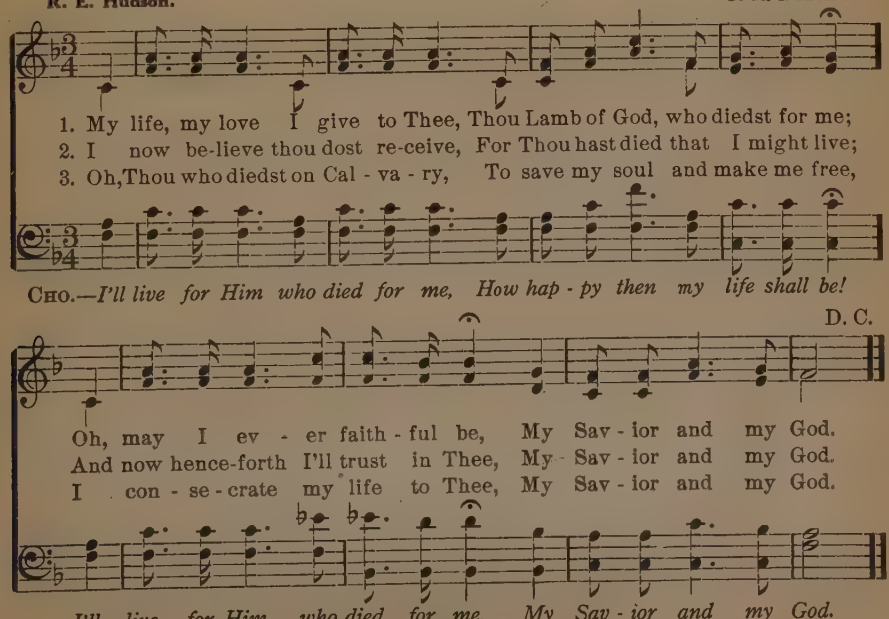
266 Thine Forever! God of Love.

Mary F. Maude. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdi. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of Life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife;
3. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied,
Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Sav - ior, Guardian, heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
All our sins by Thee for-giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n. A - MEN.

267 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who diedst for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who diedst on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God.
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God.
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God.

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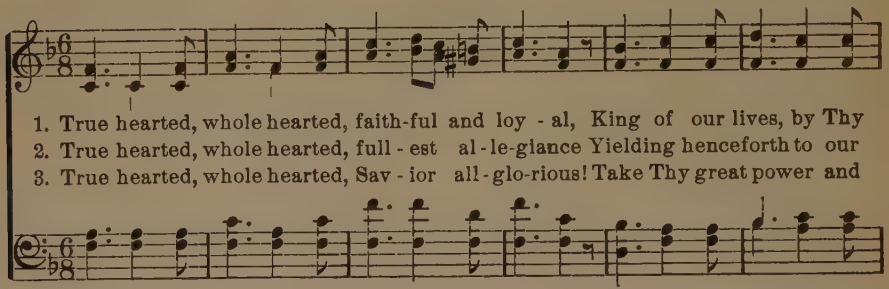
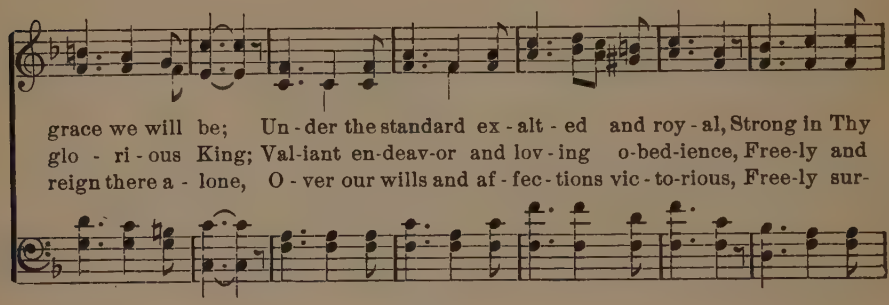
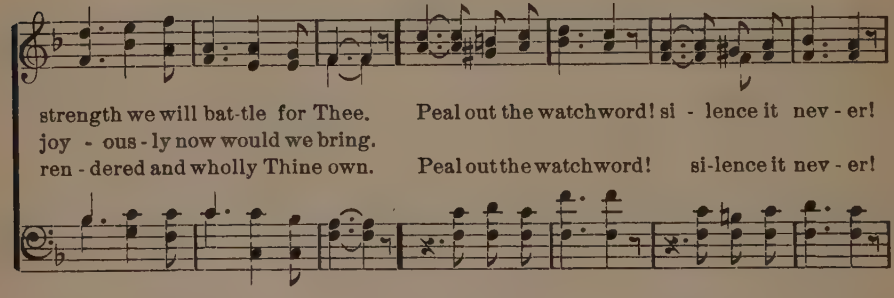
268 True Hearted, Whole Hearted.

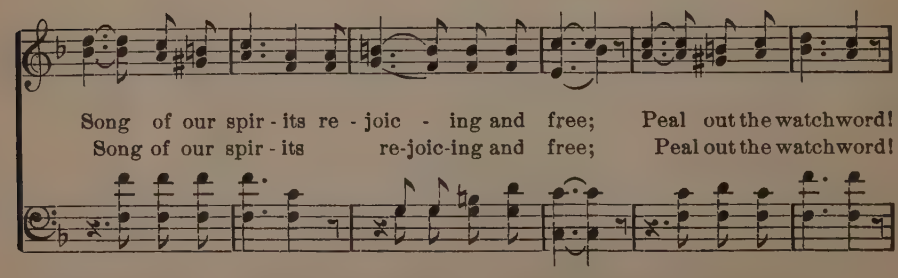
Frances R. Havergal. George C. Stebbins.


1. True hearted, whole hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True hearted, whole hearted, full - est al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True hearted, whole hearted, Sav - ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great power and


grace we will be; Un - der the standard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov - ing o-bed-ience, Free-ly and
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to-rious, Free-ly sur-

CHORUS.


strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er!
joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ren - dered and wholly Thine own. Peal out the watchword! si-lence it nev - er!


Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watchword!
Song of our spir - its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watchword!

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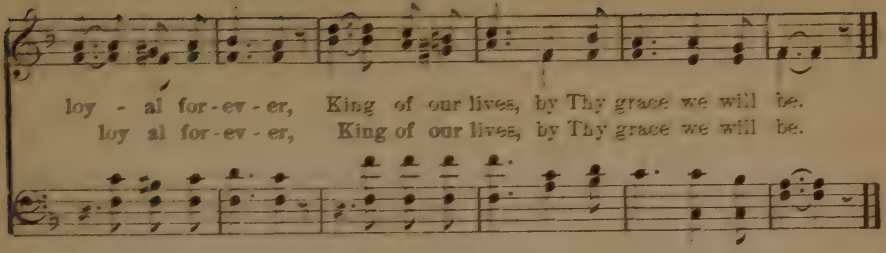
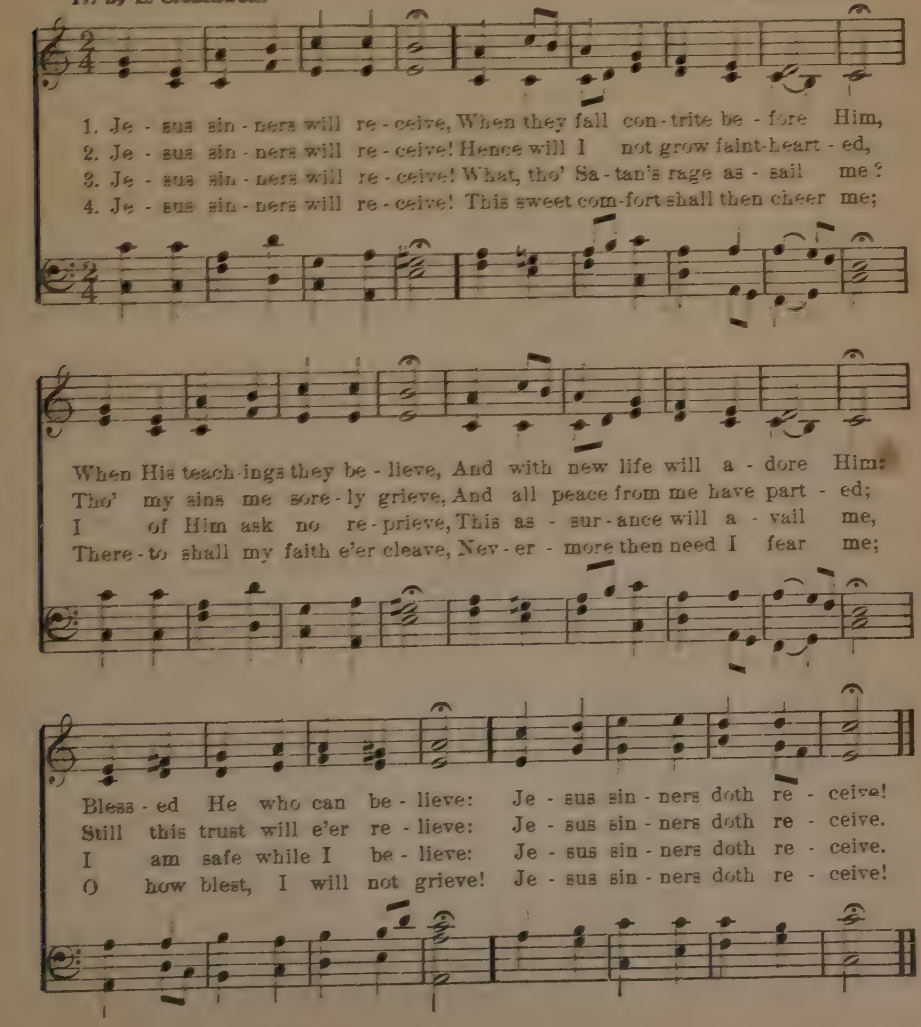


Repentance.

269 Jesus Sinners Will Receive.

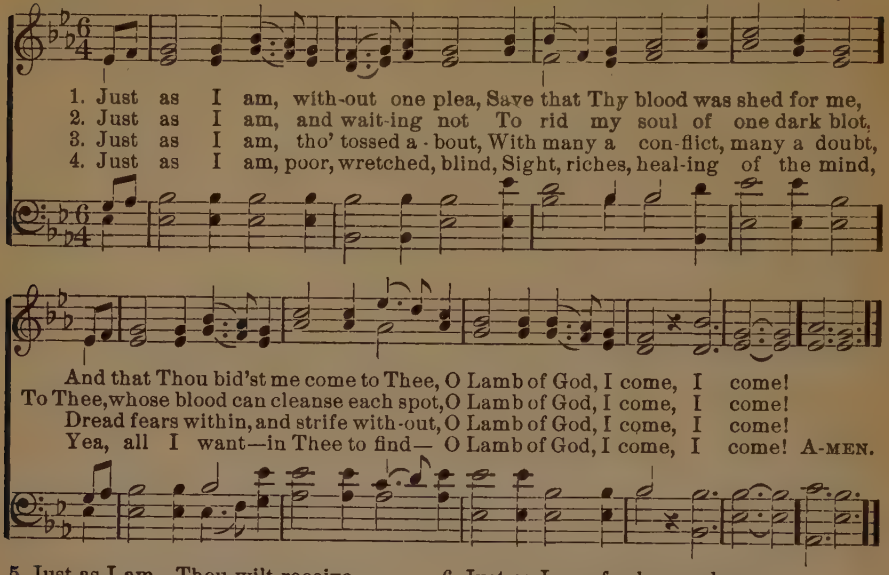
L. H. Schlosser.
Tr. by E. Cronenwett.

Christoph Runge.


1. Je - sus sin - ners will re - ceive, When they fall con - trite be - fore Him,
2. Je - sus sin - ners will re - ceive! Hence will I not grow faint-heart - ed,
3. Je - sus sin - ners will re - ceive! What, tho' Sa - tan's rage as - sail me?
4. Je - sus sin - ners will re - ceive! This sweet com-fort shall then cheer me;
When His teach-ings they be - lieve, And with new life will a - dore Him:
Tho' my sins me sore - ly grieve, And all peace from me have part - ed;
I of Him ask no re - prieve, This as - sur-ance will a - vail me,
There - to shall my faith e'er cleave, Nev - er - more then need I fear me;
Bless - ed He who can be - lieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive!
Still this trust will e'er re - lieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.
I am safe while I be - lieve: Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive.
O how blest, I will not grieve! Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive!

270 Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

Charlotte Elliott. William Batchelder Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Dread fears within, and strife with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I want—in Thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A-MEN.

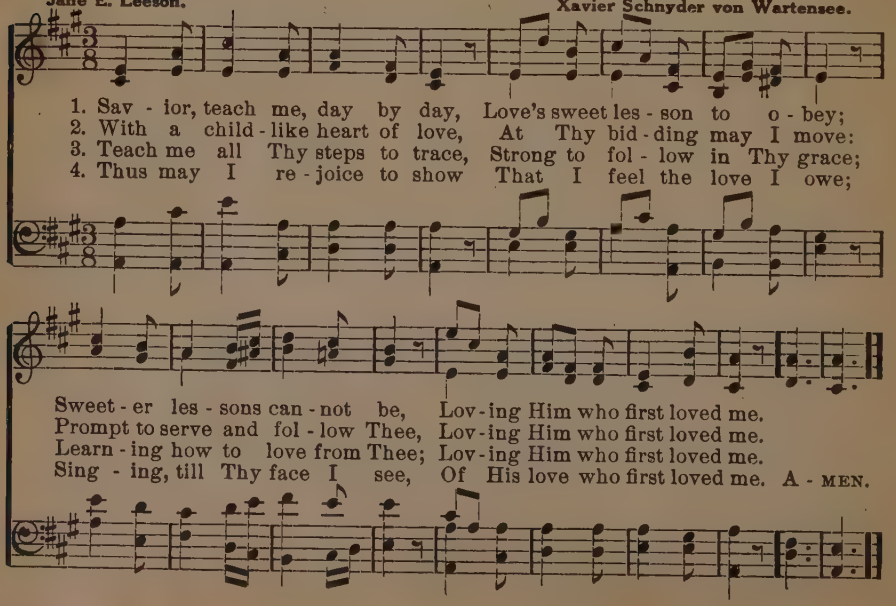
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt pardon, comfort, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Redeemer.

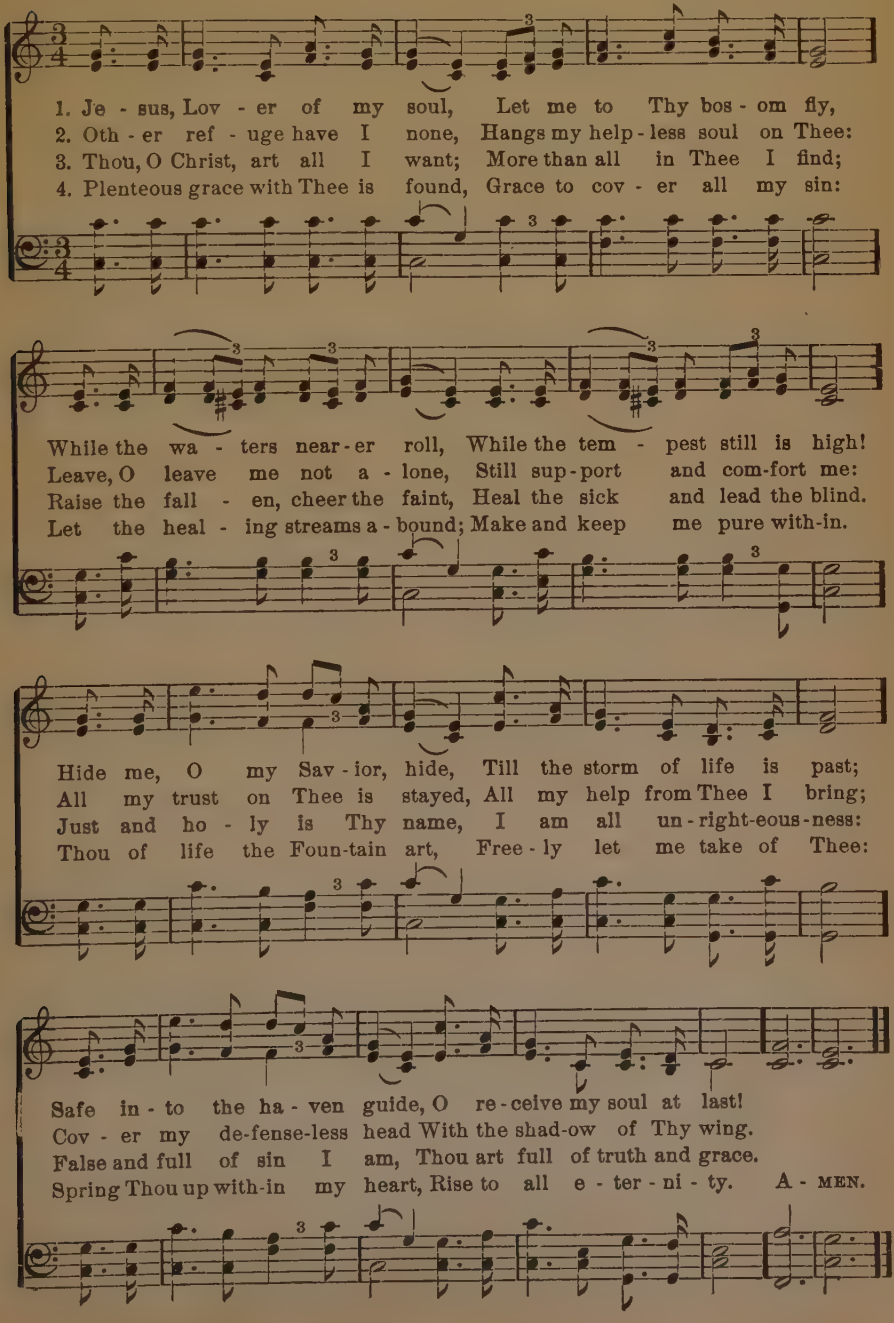
271 Savior, Teach Me, Day by Day.

Jane E. Leeson. Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee.


1. Sav-ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move:
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in Thy grace;
4. Thus may I re-joice to show That I feel the love I owe;
Sweet-er les-sons can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Learn-ing how to love from Thee; Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Sing-ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me. A-MEN.

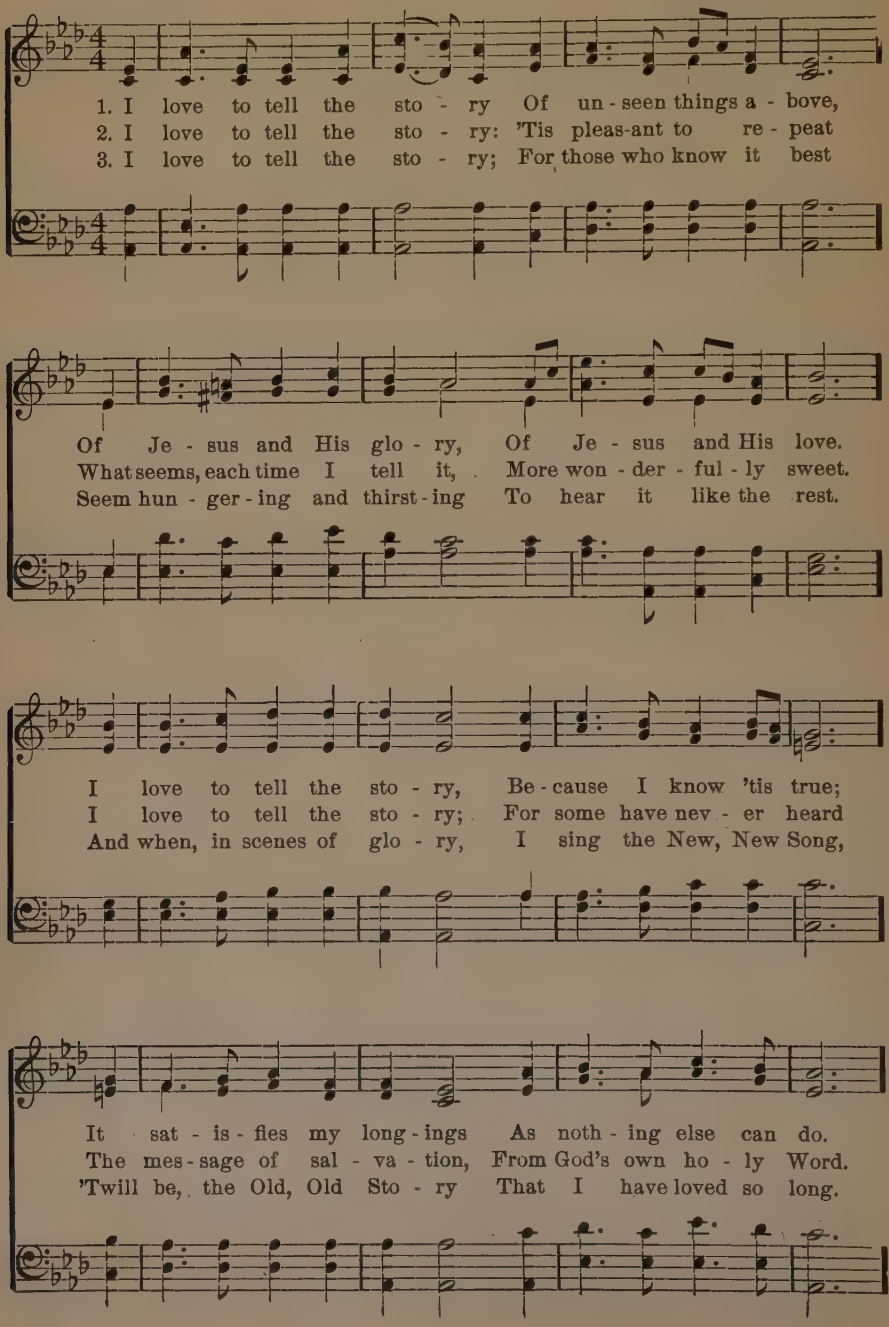
272 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

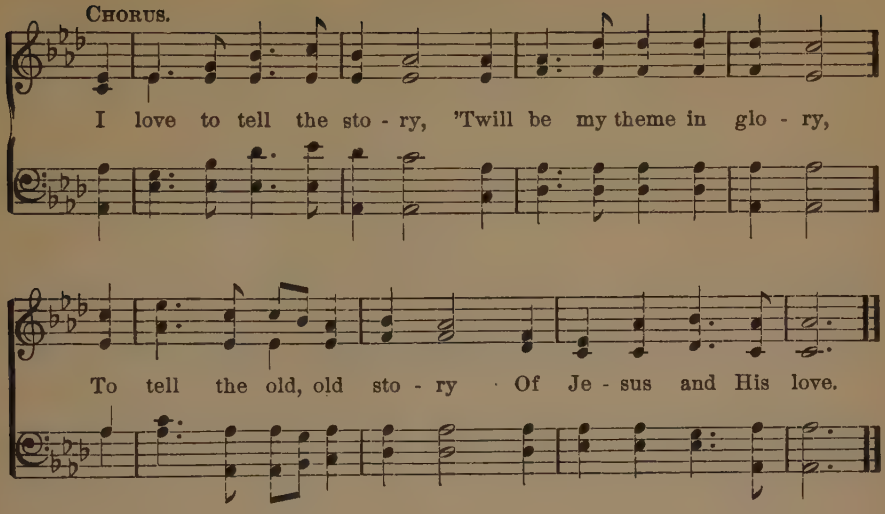
Charles Wesley. Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the wa - ters near - er roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness:
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

273 I Love to Tell the Story.

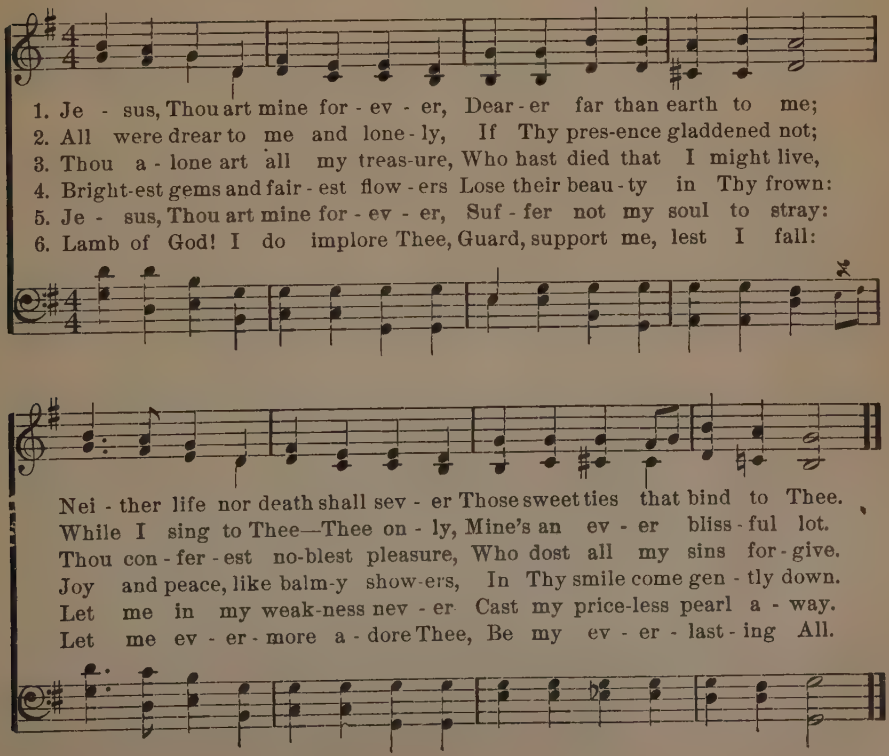
Catharine Hankey. William G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion, From God's own ho - ly Word.
'Twill be, the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.



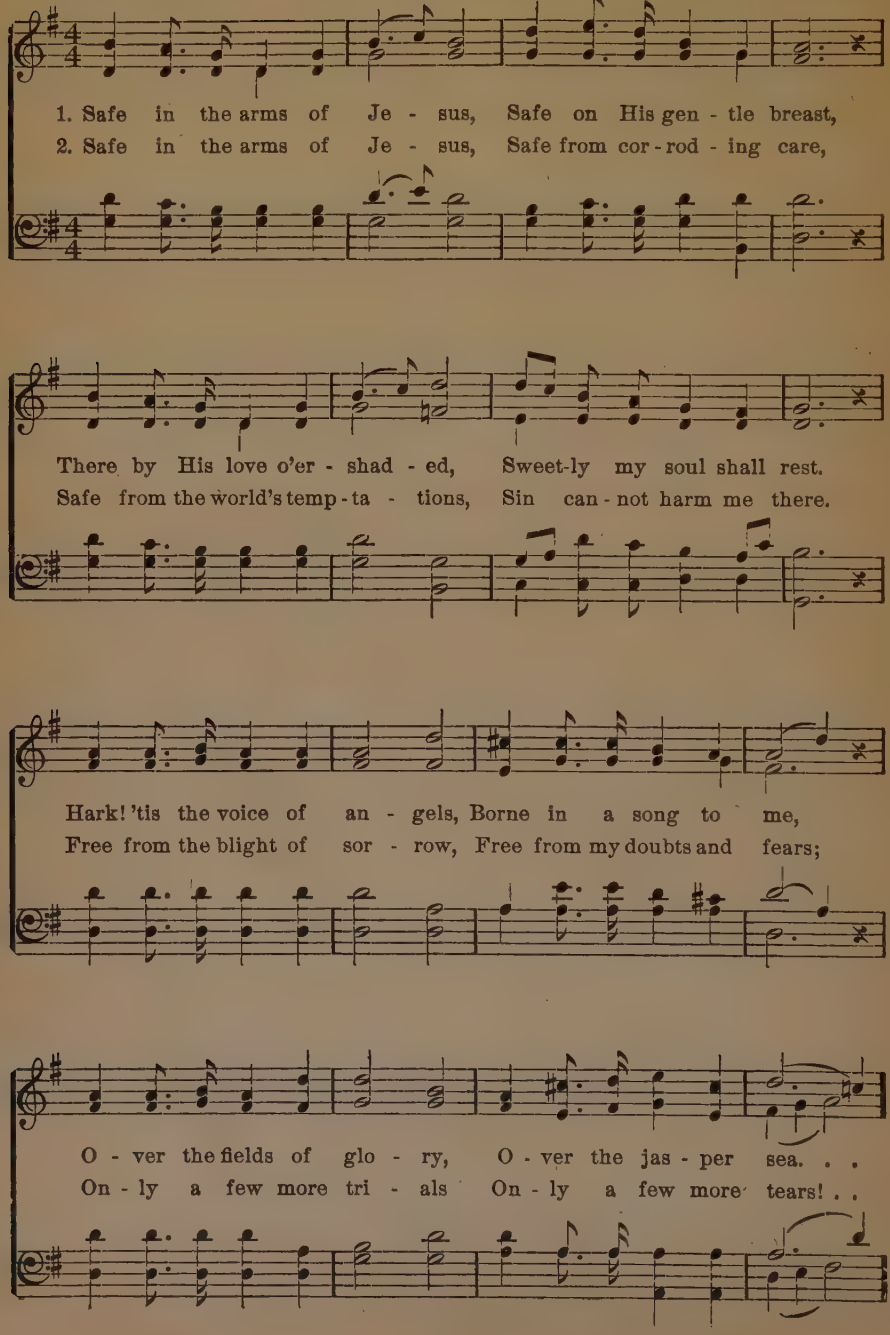
274 Jesus, Thou Art Mine Forever.

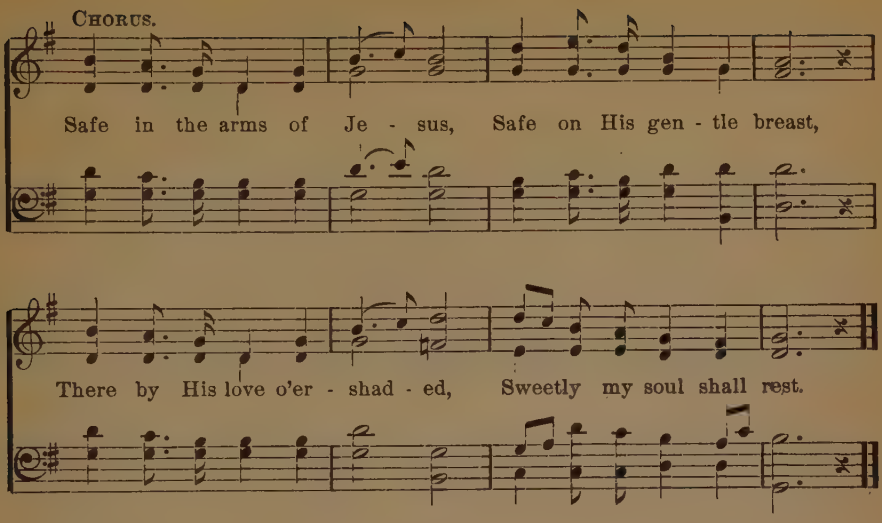
M. Loy. C. A. Barnard.


1. Je - sus, Thou art mine for - ev - er, Dear - er far than earth to me;
2. All were drear to me and lone - ly, If Thy pres-ence gladdened not;
3. Thou a - lone art all my treas-ure, Who hast died that I might live,
4. Bright-est gems and fair - est flow - ers Lose their beau - ty in Thy frown:
5. Je - sus, Thou art mine for - ev - er, Suf - fer not my soul to stray:
6. Lamb of God! I do implore Thee, Guard, support me, lest I fall:
Nei - ther life nor death shall sev - er Those sweet ties that bind to Thee.
While I sing to Thee—Thee on - ly, Mine's an ev - er bliss - ful lot.
Thou con - fer - est no-blest pleasure, Who dost all my sins for - give.
Joy and peace, like balm-y show-ers, In Thy smile come gen - tly down.
Let me in my weak-ness nev - er Cast my price-less pearl a - way.
Let me ev - er - more a - dore Thee, Be my ev - er - last - ing All.

275 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

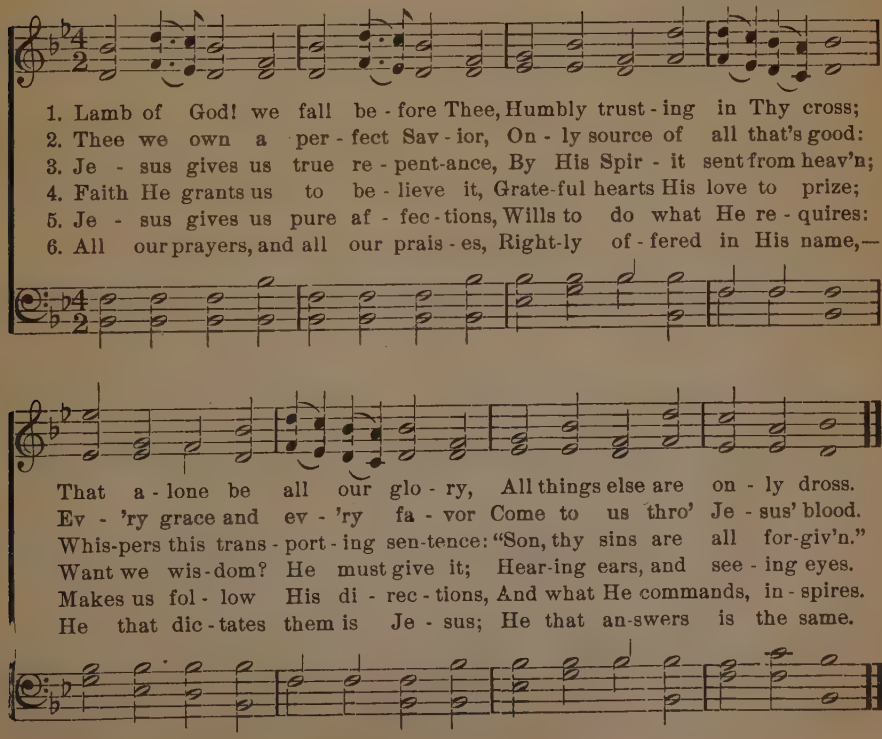

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . .
On - ly a few more tri - als On - ly a few more tears! . .



276 Lamb of God! We Fall Before Thee.

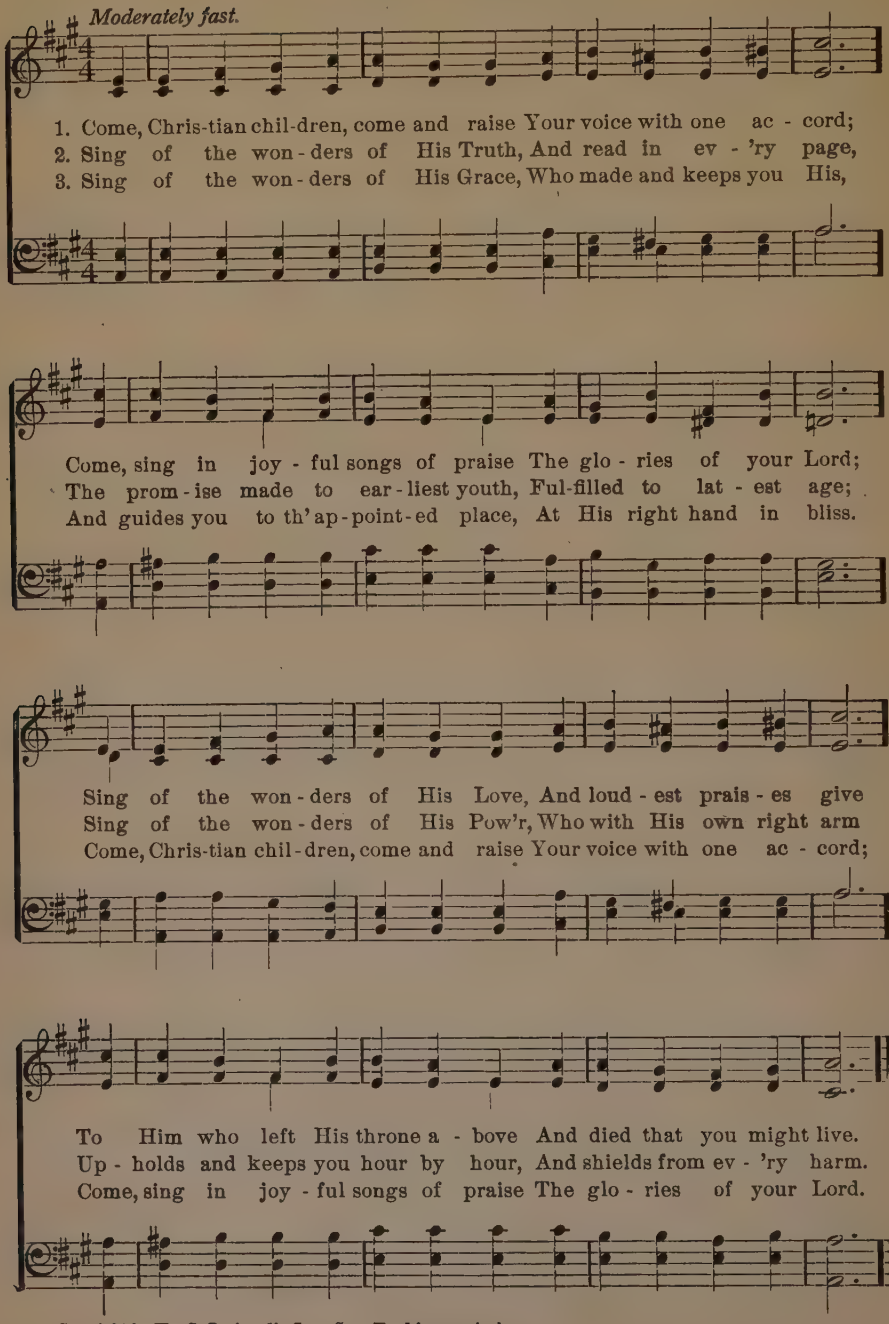
Joseph Hart.

C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Lamb of God! we fall be - fore Thee, Humbly trust - ing in Thy cross;
2. Thee we own a per - fect Sav - ior, On - ly source of all that's good:
3. Je - sus gives us true re - pent-ance, By His Spir - it sent from heav'n;
4. Faith He grants us to be - lieve it, Grate-ful hearts His love to prize;
5. Je - sus gives us pure af - fec - tions, Wills to do what He re - quires:
6. All our prayers, and all our prais - es, Right-ly of - fered in His name,—
That a - lone be all our glo - ry, All things else are on - ly dross.
Ev - 'ry grace and ev - 'ry fa - vor Come to us thro' Je - sus' blood.
Whis-pers this trans - port - ing sen-tence: "Son, thy sins are all for-giv'n."
Want we wis-dom? He must give it; Hear-ing ears, and see - ing eyes.
Makes us fol - low His di - rec - tions, And what He commands, in - spires.
He that dic - tates them is Je - sus; He that an-swers is the same.

277 The Wonders of His Love.

H. P. Danks.


Moderately fast.
1. Come, Chris-tian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
2. Sing of the won-ders of His Truth, And read in ev - 'ry page,
3. Sing of the won-ders of His Grace, Who made and keeps you His,
Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord;
The prom-ise made to ear-liest youth, Ful-filled to lat - est age;
And guides you to th' ap-point-ed place, At His right hand in bliss.
Sing of the won-ders of His Love, And loud - est prais - es give
Sing of the won-ders of His Pow'r, Who with His own right arm
Come, Chris-tian chil-dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;
To Him who left His throne a - bove And died that you might live.
Up - holds and keeps you hour by hour, And shields from ev - 'ry harm.
Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

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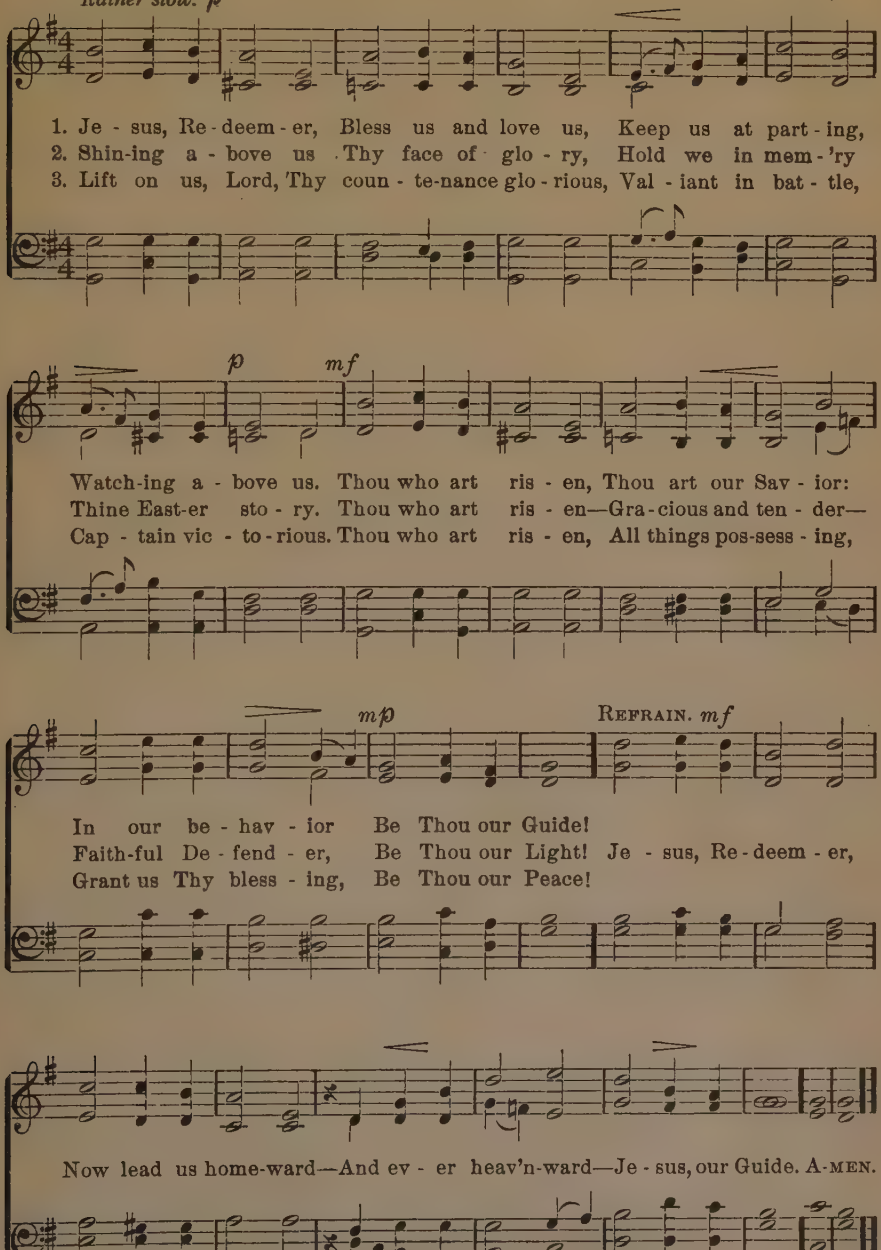
278 Jesus, Redeemer.

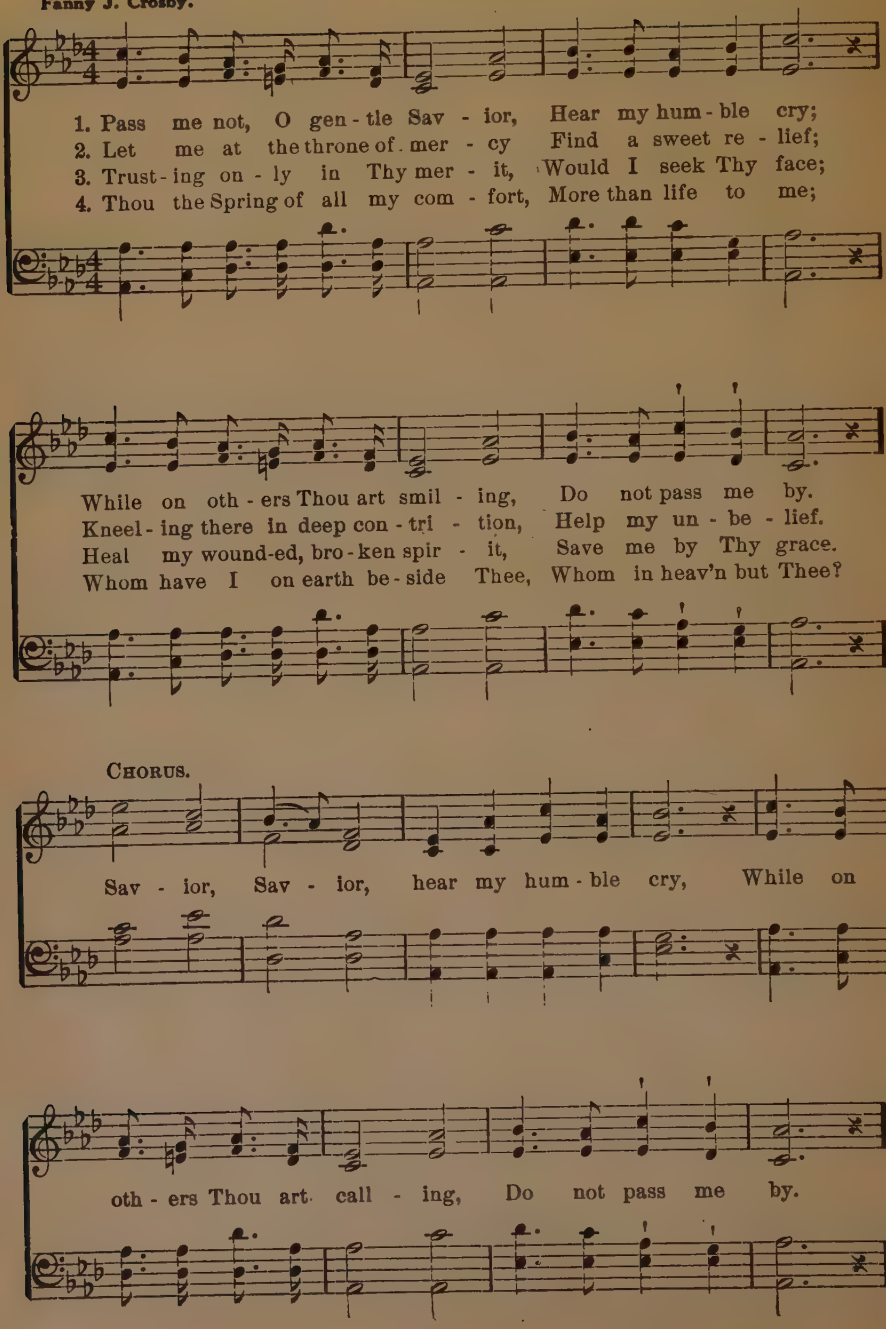
Walter E. Schuette. Emanuel Poppen.

Rather slow. *p*


1. Je - sus, Re - deem - er, Bless us and love us, Keep us at part - ing,
2. Shin-ing a - bove us Thy face of glo - ry, Hold we in mem - 'ry
3. Lift on us, Lord, Thy coun - te-nance glo - rious, Val - iant in bat - tle,
p
mf
Watch-ing a - bove us. Thou who art ris - en, Thou art our Sav - ior:
Thine East-er sto - ry. Thou who art ris - en—Gra - cious and ten - der—
Cap - tain vic - to - rious. Thou who art ris - en, All things pos-sess - ing,
mp
Refrain. mf
In our be - hav - ior Be Thou our Guide!
Faith-ful De - fend - er, Be Thou our Light! Je - sus, Re - deem - er,
Grant us Thy bless - ing, Be Thou our Peace!
Now lead us home-ward—And ev - er heav'n-ward—Je - sus, our Guide. A-men.

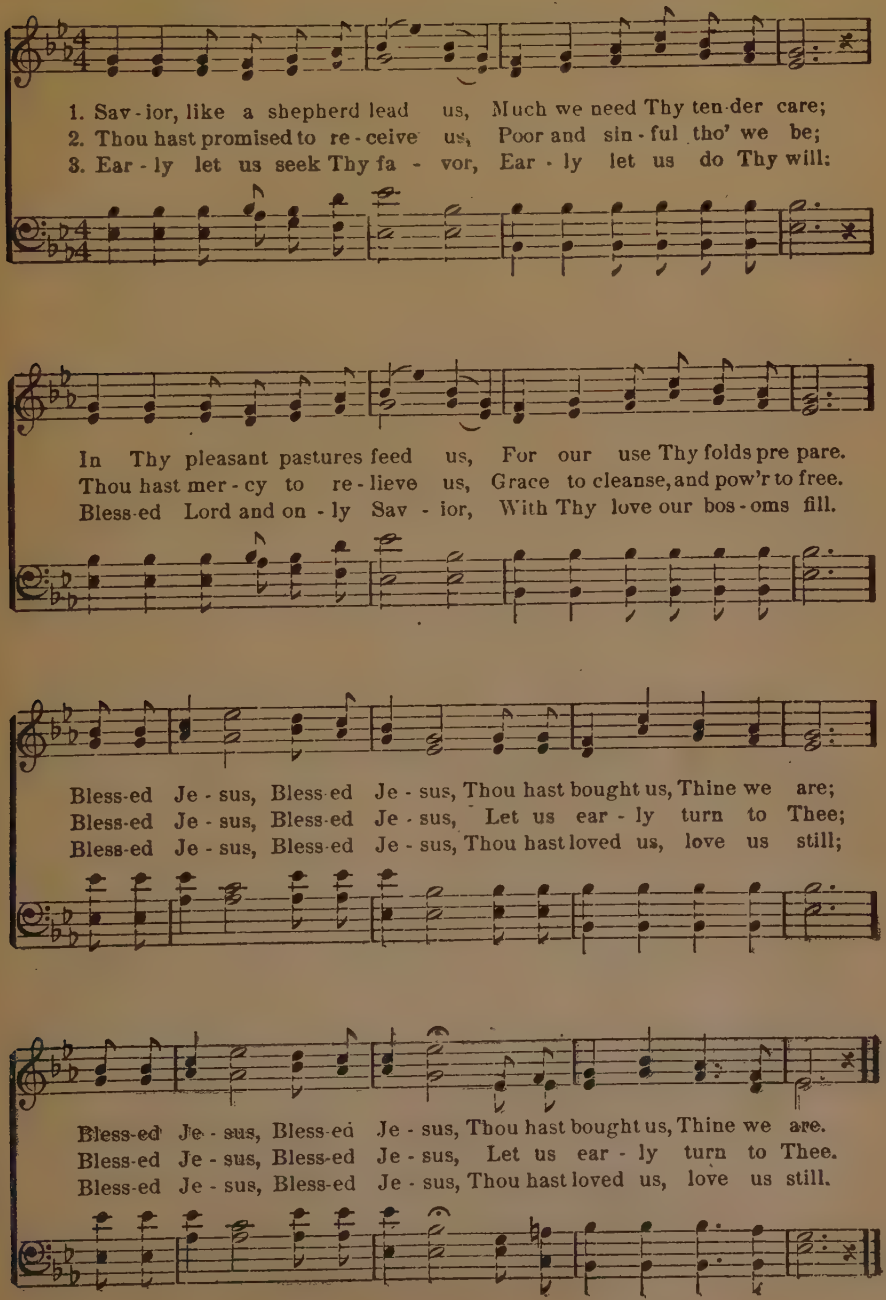
279 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee?
CHORUS.
Sav - ior, Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble cry, While on
oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

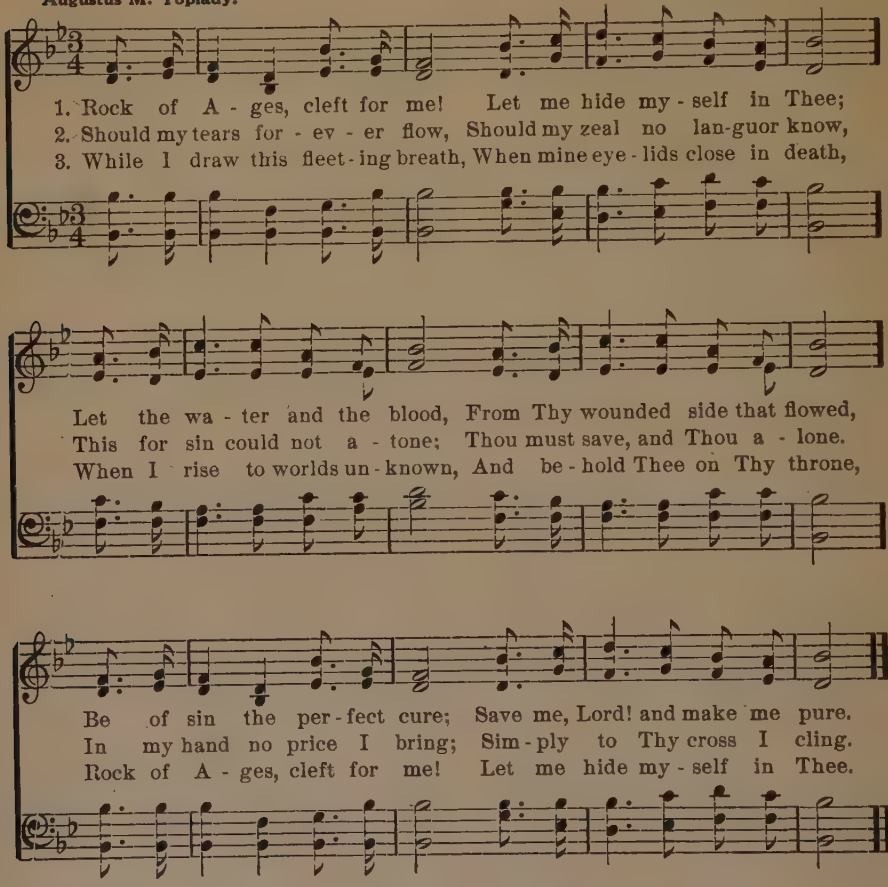
280 Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will:
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre pare.
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

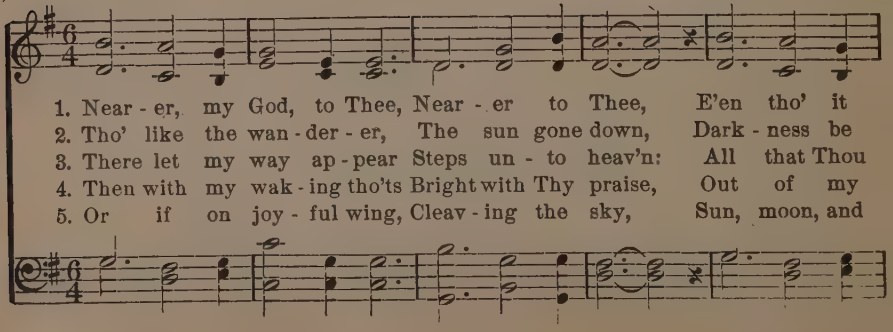
281 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me!

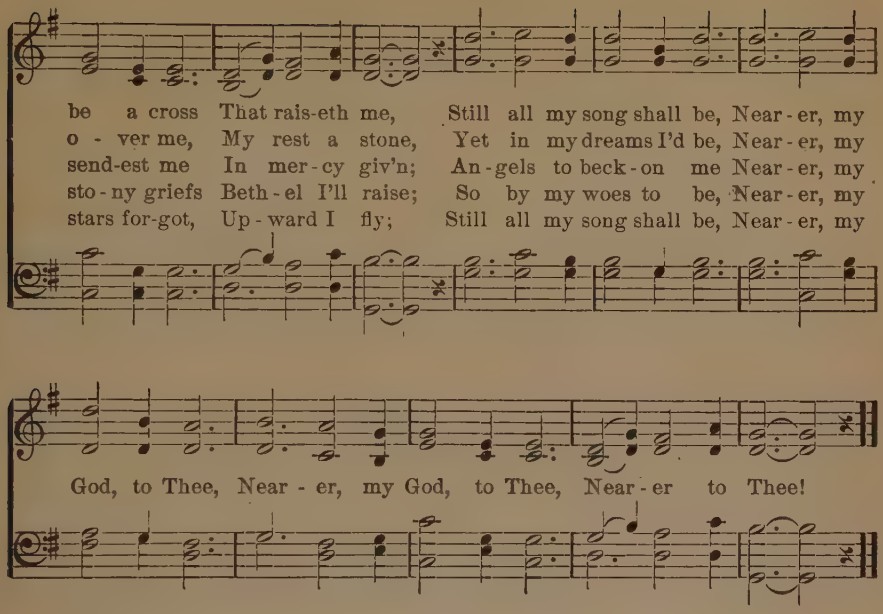
Augustus M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed,
This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee.

282 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and


be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my
send-est me In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my
sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my
stars for-got, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

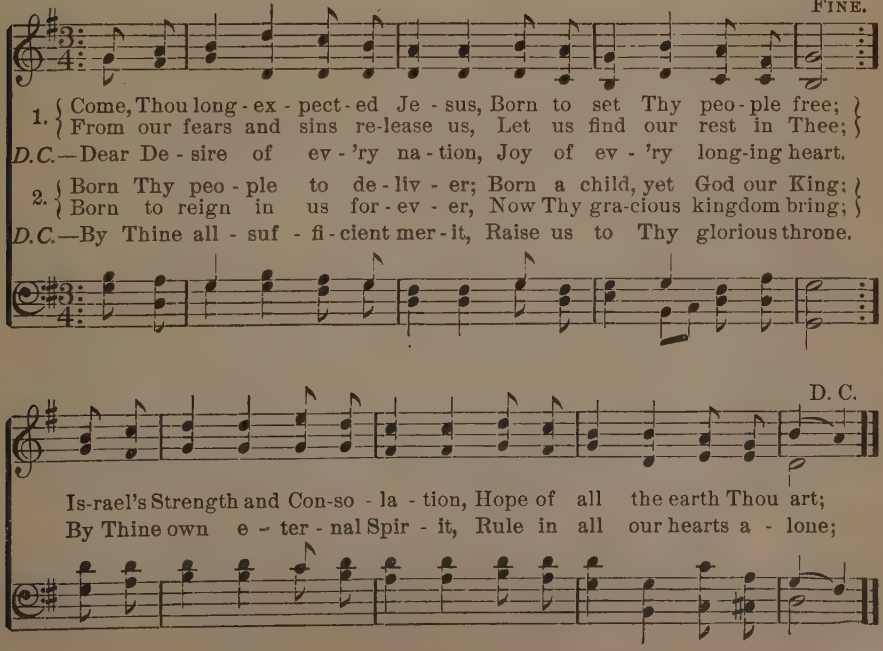
283 Come, Thou Long-expected Jesus.

C. Wesley. German.

FINE.

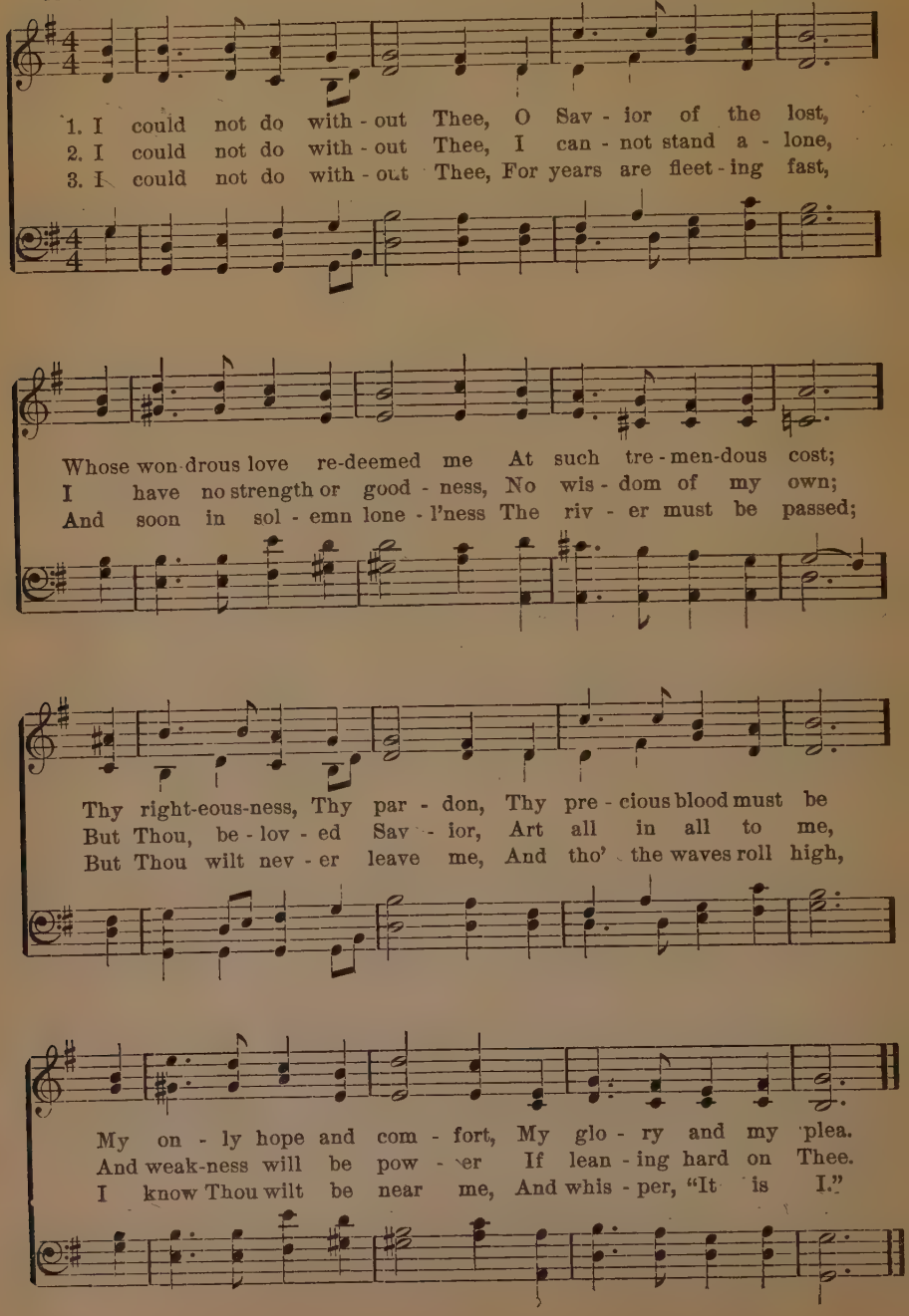
1. { Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
   { From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee;
D.C.—Dear De-sire of ev-'ry na-tion, Joy of ev-'ry long-ing heart.

2. { Born Thy peo-ple to de-liv-er; Born a child, yet God our King;
   { Born to reign in us for-ev-er, Now Thy gra-cious kingdom bring;
D.C.—By Thine all-suf-fi-cient mer-it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.


D. C.
Is-rael's Strength and Con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
By Thine own e-ter-nal Spir-it, Rule in all our hearts a-lone;

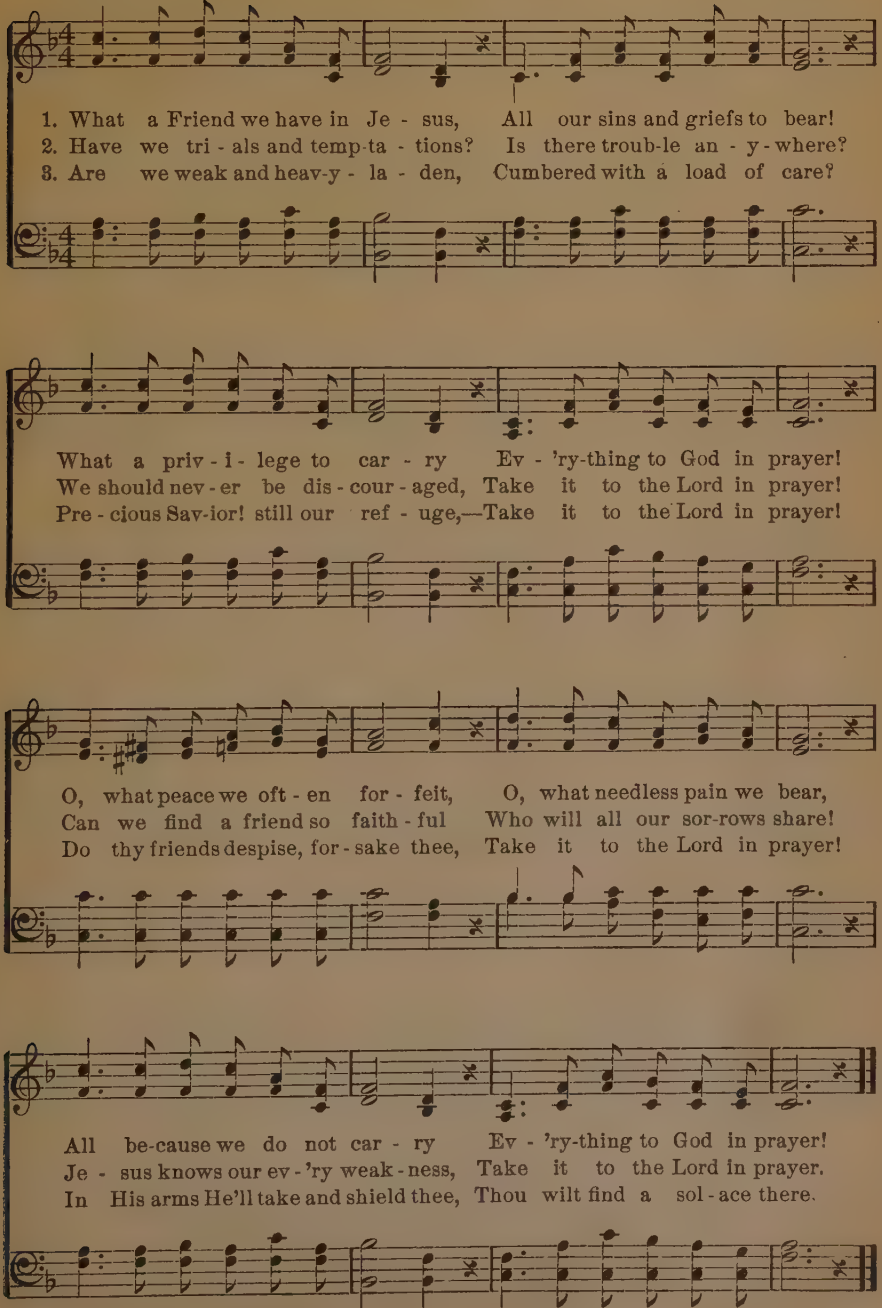
284 I Could Not Do Without Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. Arthur H. Mann.


1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone,
3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,
Whose won-drous love re-deemed me At such tre - men-dous cost;
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
And soon in sol - emn lone - l'ness The riv - er must be passed;
Thy right-eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - ior, Art all in all to me,
But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And tho' the waves roll high,
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weak-ness will be pow - er If lean - ing hard on Thee.
I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."

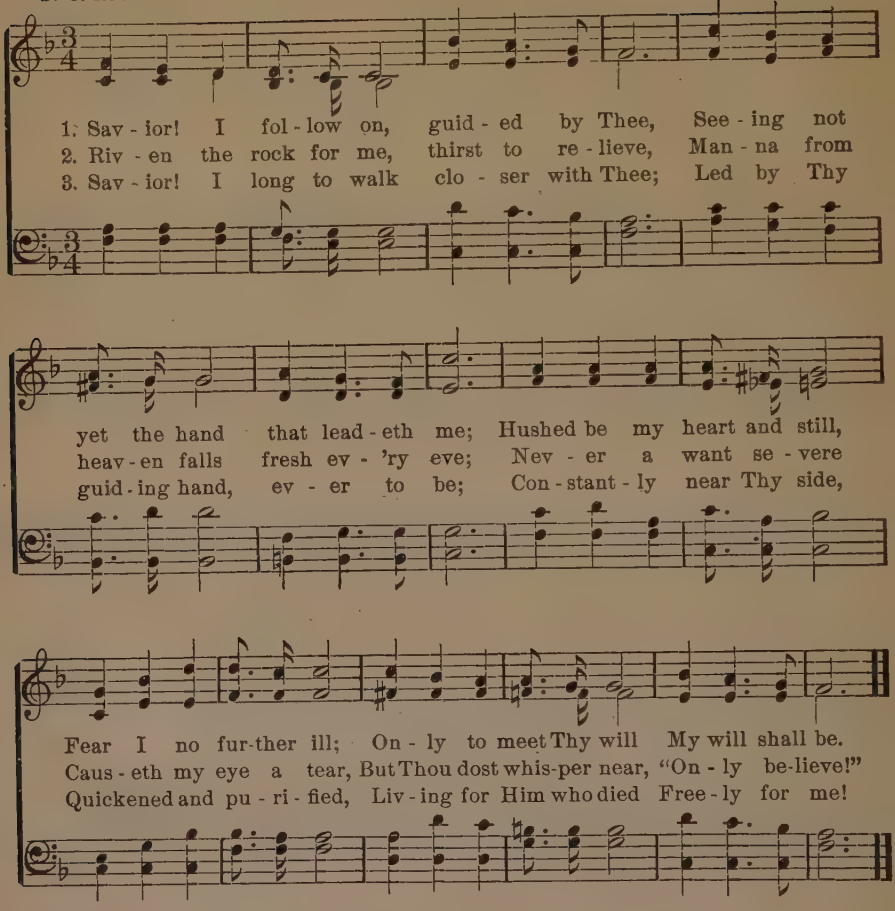
285 What a Friend in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Pre - cious Sav-ior! still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer!
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share!
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

286 Savior, I Follow On.

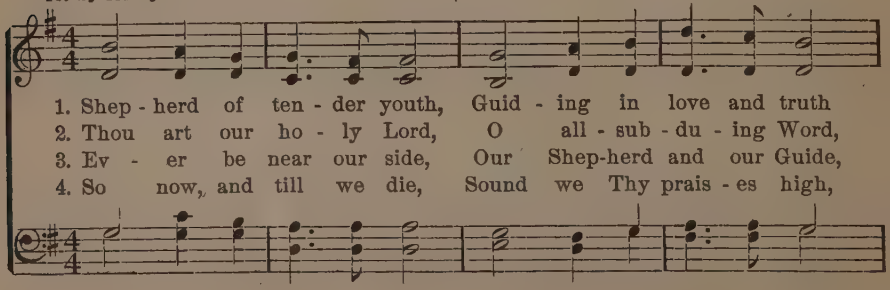
S. C. Robinson.

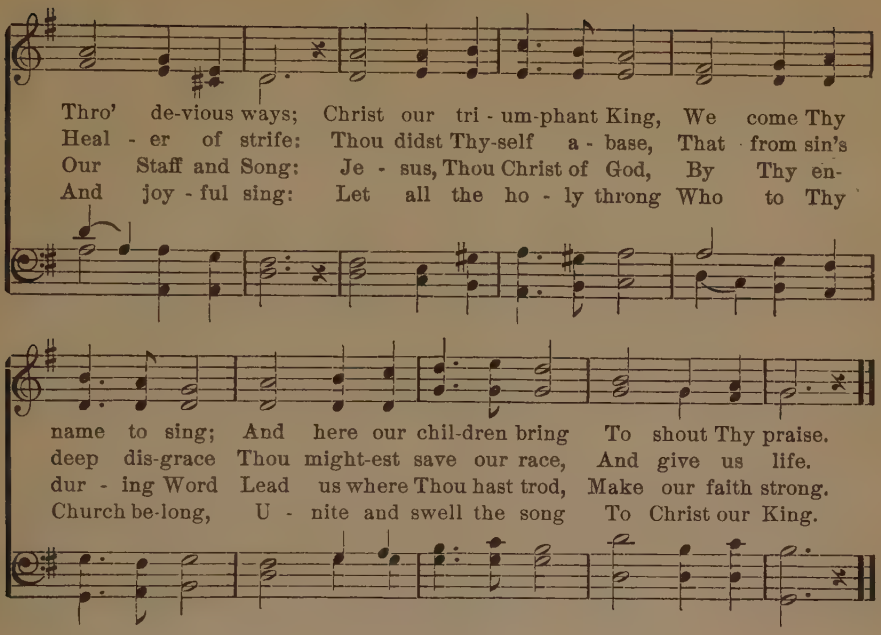

1. Sav - ior! I fol - low on, guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not
2. Riv - en the rock for me, thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from
3. Sav - ior! I long to walk clo - ser with Thee; Led by Thy
yet the hand that lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still,
heav - en falls fresh ev - 'ry eve; Nev - er a want se - vere
guid - ing hand, ev - er to be; Con - stant - ly near Thy side,
Fear I no fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
Caus - eth my eye a tear, But Thou dost whis - per near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
Quickened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me!

287 Shepherd of Tender Youth.

Clement of Alexandria.
Tr. by Henry M. Dexter.

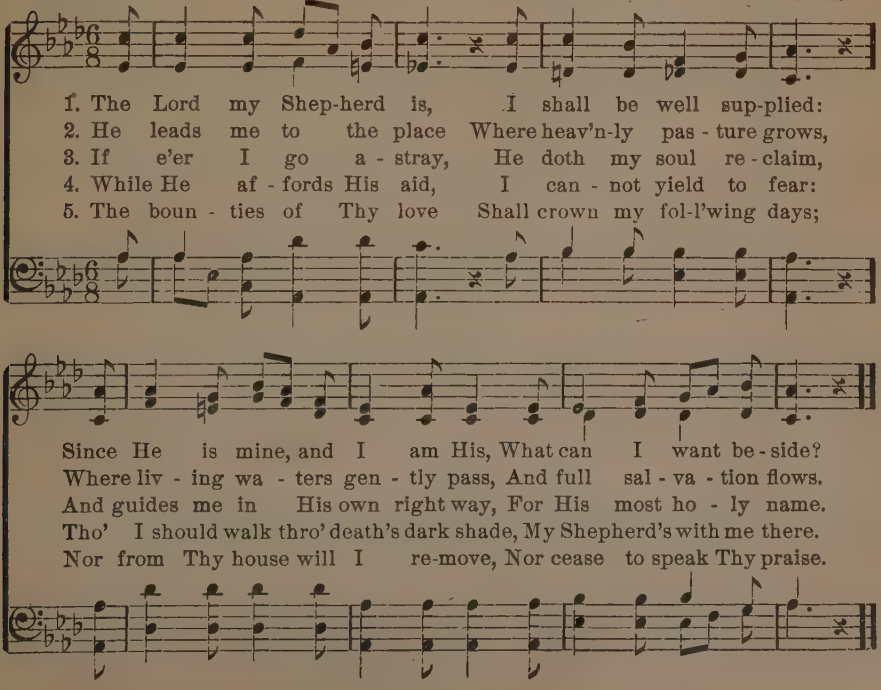
Edward J. Hopkins.


1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, O all - sub - du - ing Word,
3. Ev - er be near our side, Our Shep-herd and our Guide,
4. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,


Thro' de-vious ways; Christ our tri-um-phant King, We come Thy
Heal-er of strife: Thou didst Thy-self a-base, That from sin's
Our Staff and Song: Je-sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy en-
And joy-ful sing: Let all the ho-ly throng Who to Thy
name to sing; And here our chil-dren bring To shout Thy praise.
deep dis-grace Thou might-est save our race, And give us life.
dur-ing Word Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
Church be-long, U-nite and swell the song To Christ our King.

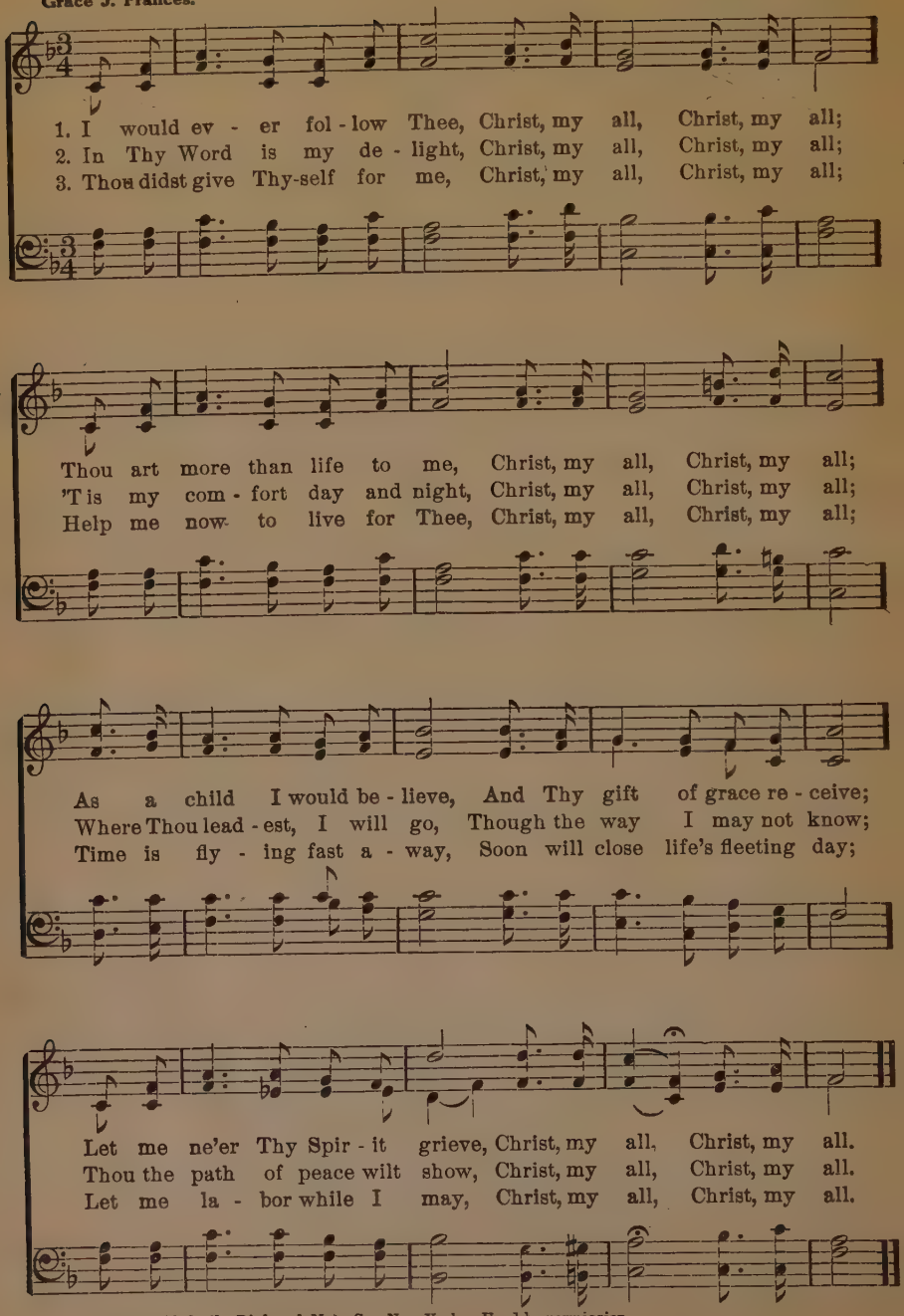
288 The Lord My Shepherd Is.

Isaac Watts. Goodrich's Service and Tune Book.


1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied:
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n-ly pas-ture grows,
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim,
4. While He af-fords His aid, I can-not yield to fear:
5. The boun-ties of Thy love Shall crown my fol-l'wing days;
Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be-side?
Where liv-ing wa-ters gen-tly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.
And guides me in His own right way, For His most ho-ly name.
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.
Nor from Thy house will I re-move, Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

289 Christ, My All.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
2. In Thy Word is my de - light, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
3. Thou didst give Thy-self for me, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
'T is my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all, Christ, my all;
As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;
Where Thou lead - est, I will go, Though the way I may not know;
Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleeting day;
Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all, Christ, my all.
Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all, Christ, my all.
Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all, Christ, my all.

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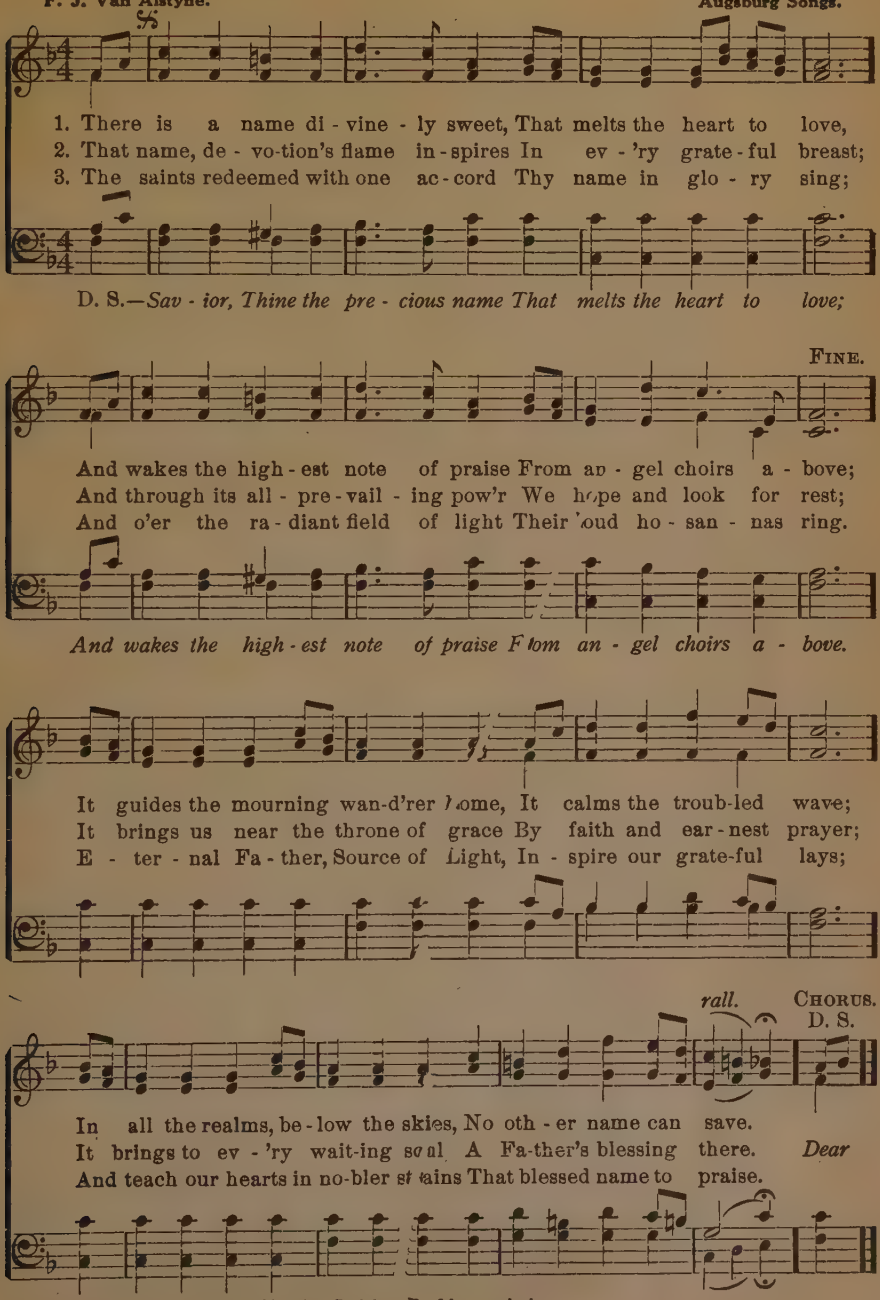
290 Thy Name Alone Can Save.

F. J. Van Alstyne. Augsburg Songs.


1. There is a name di - vine - ly sweet, That melts the heart to love,
2. That name, de - vo-tion's flame in-spires In ev - 'ry grate-ful breast;
3. The saints redeemed with one ac-cord Thy name in glo - ry sing;
D. S.—Sav - ior, Thine the pre - cious name That melts the heart to love;
FINE.
And wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove;
And through its all - pre-vail - ing pow'r We hope and look for rest;
And o'er the ra - diant field of light Their loud ho - san - nas ring.
And wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove.
It guides the mourning wan-d'rer home, It calms the troub-led wave;
It brings us near the throne of grace By faith and ear - nest prayer;
E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Source of Light, In - spire our grate-ful lays;
rall.
CHORUS.
D. S.
In all the realms, be - low the skies, No oth - er name can save.
It brings to ev - 'ry wait-ing soul A Fa-ther's blessing there.
And teach our hearts in no-bler strains That blessed name to praise.
Dear

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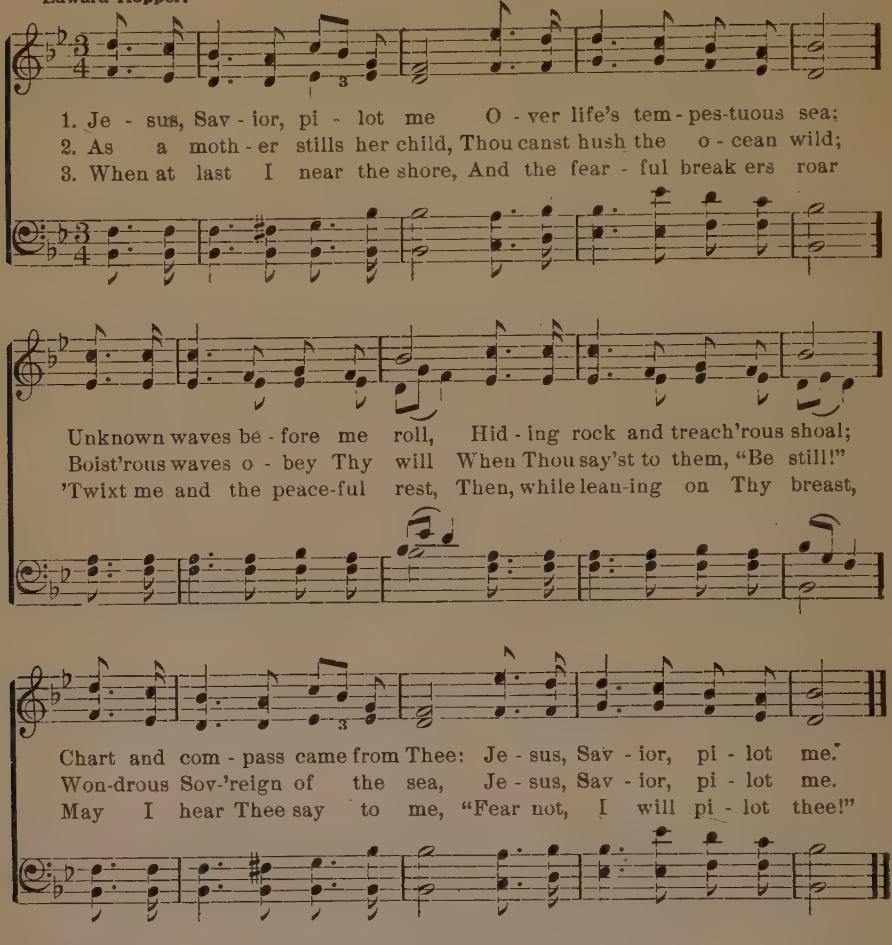
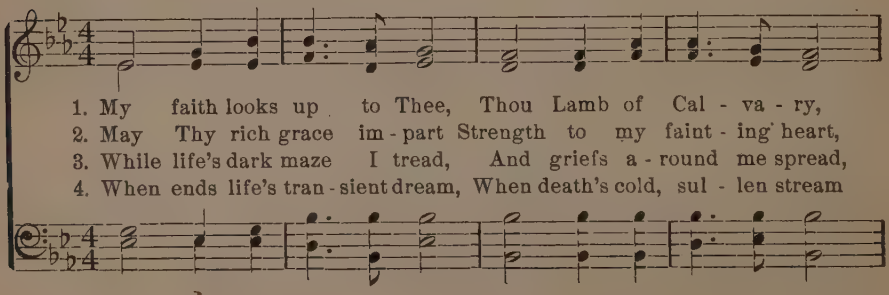
291 Jesus, Savior. Pilot Me.

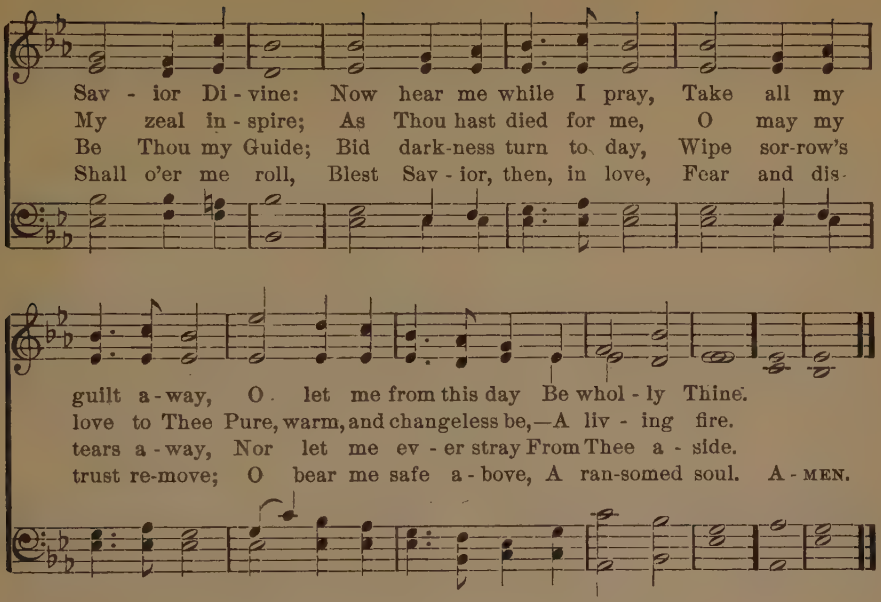
Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break ers roar
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

292 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

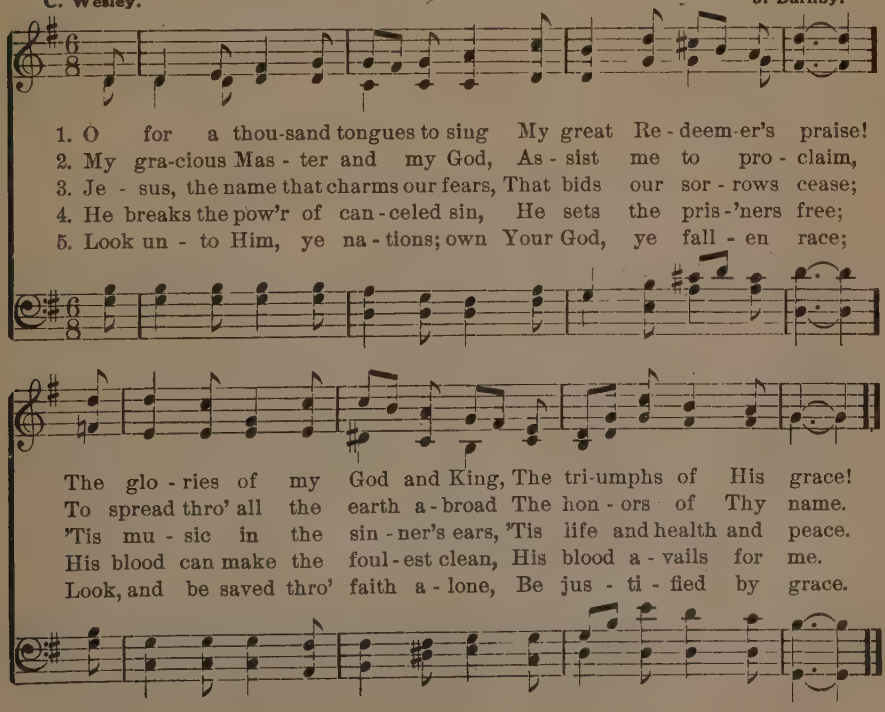
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream


Sav - ior Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul. A - MEN.

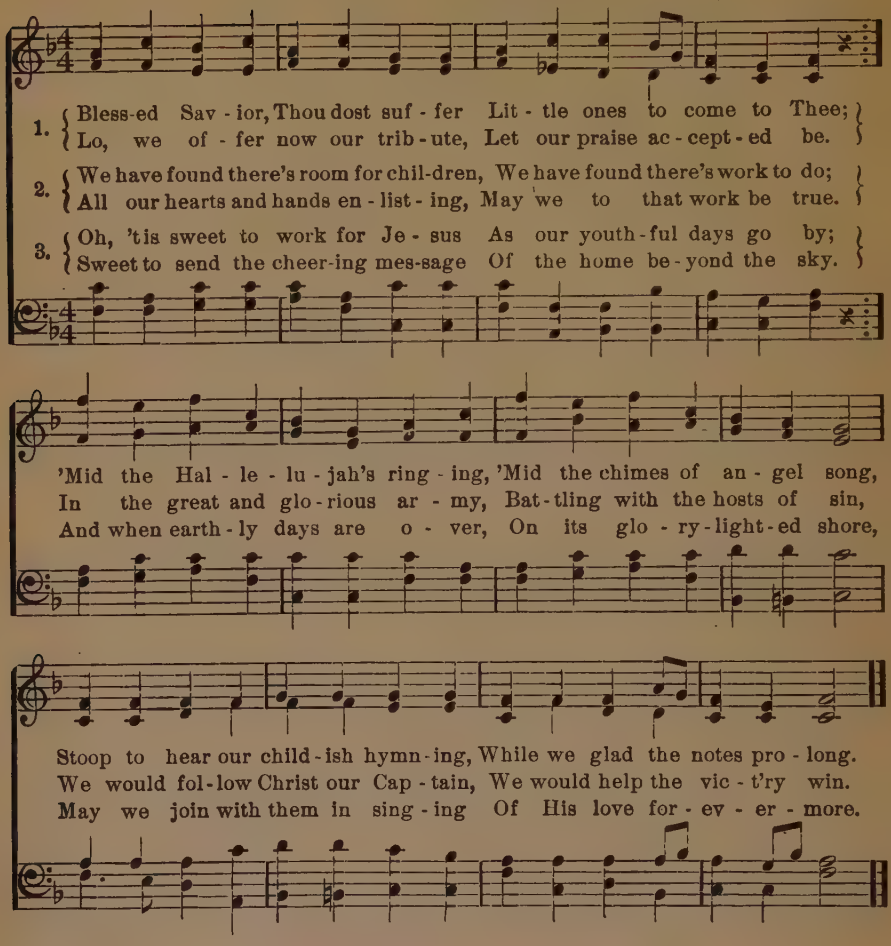
293 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. Wesley. J. Barnby.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem-er's praise!
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ners free;
5. Look un - to Him, ye na - tions; own Your God, ye fall - en race;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vails for me.
Look, and be saved thro' faith a - lone, Be jus - ti - fied by grace.

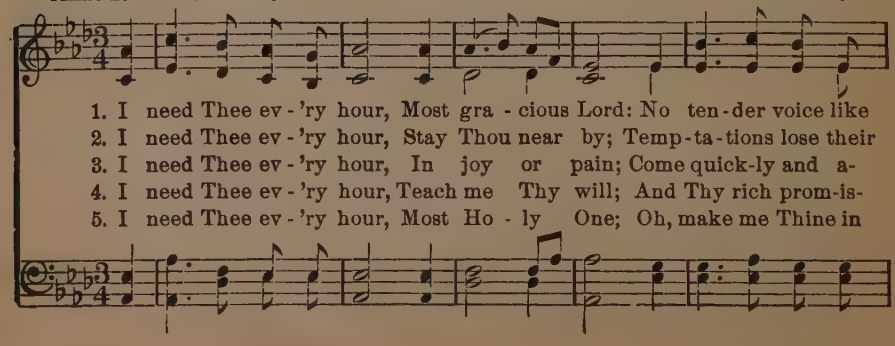
294 Room For the Children.

From "Recueil des Cantiques," Geneve.

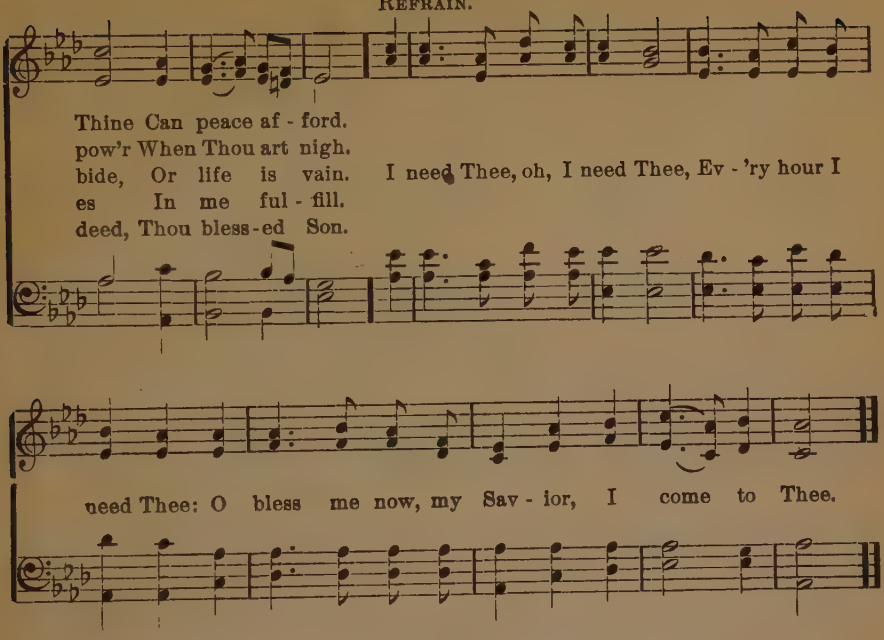

1. Bless-ed Sav - ior, Thou dost suf - fer Lit - tle ones to come to Thee;
Lo, we of - fer now our trib - ute, Let our praise ac - cept - ed be.
2. We have found there's room for chil-dren, We have found there's work to do;
All our hearts and hands en - list - ing, May we to that work be true.
3. Oh, 'tis sweet to work for Je - sus As our youth - ful days go by;
Sweet to send the cheer-ing mes-sage Of the home be - yond the sky.
'Mid the Hal - le - lu - jah's ring - ing, 'Mid the chimes of an - gel song,
In the great and glo - rious ar - my, Bat - tling with the hosts of sin,
And when earth - ly days are o - ver, On its glo - ry - light - ed shore,
Stoop to hear our child - ish hymn - ing, While we glad the notes pro - long.
We would fol - low Christ our Cap - tain, We would help the vic - t'ry win.
May we join with them in sing - ing Of His love for - ev - er - more.

295 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry.

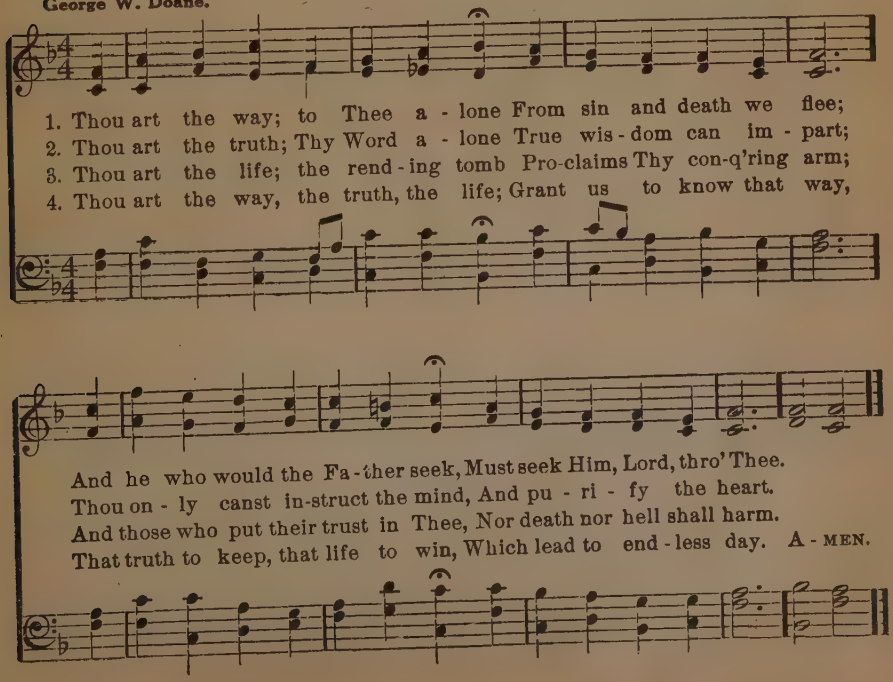

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord: No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is -
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in

REFRAIN.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
need Thee: O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee.

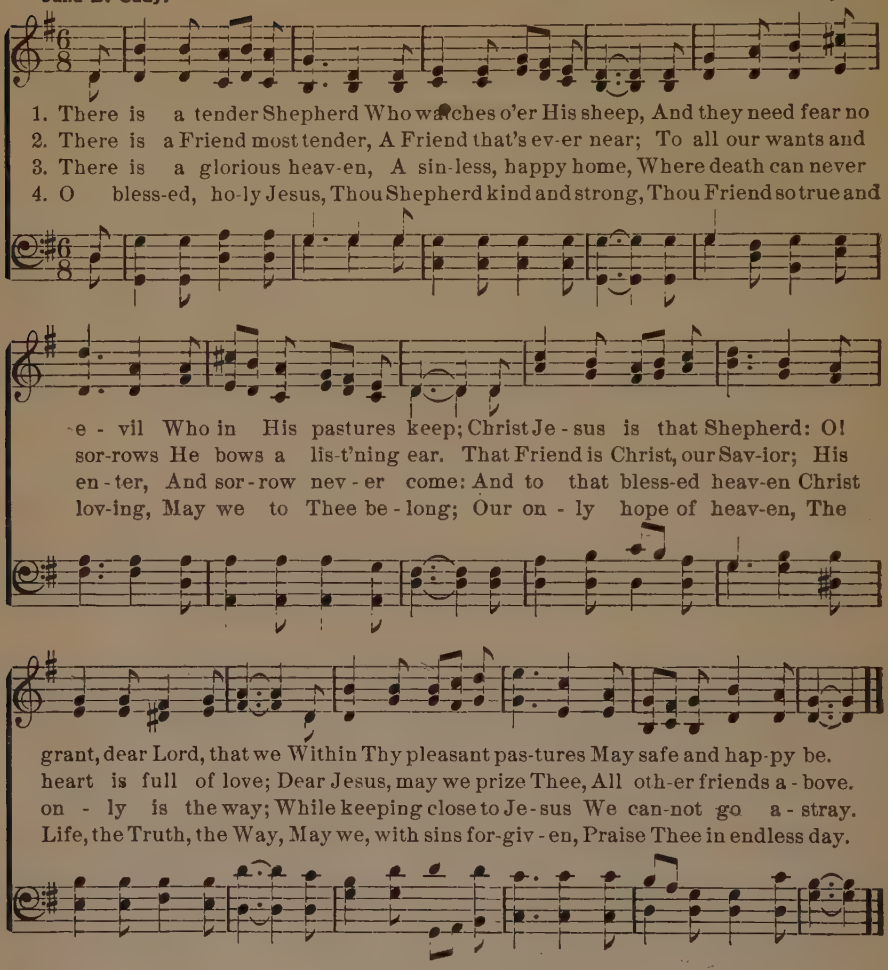
296 Thou Art the Way, to Thee Alone.

George W. Doane. Arr. from Christopher Tye.


1. Thou art the way; to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the truth; Thy Word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;
3. Thou art the life; the rend - ing tomb Pro-claims Thy con-q'ring arm;
4. Thou art the way, the truth, the life; Grant us to know that way,
And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, thro' Thee.
Thou on - ly canst in-struct the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Which lead to end - less day. A - MEN.

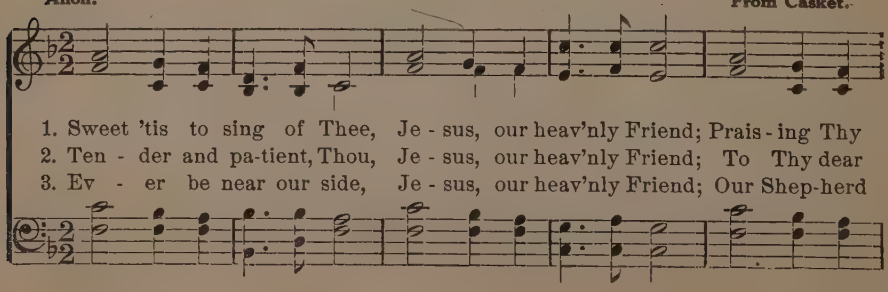
297 There is a Tender Shepherd.

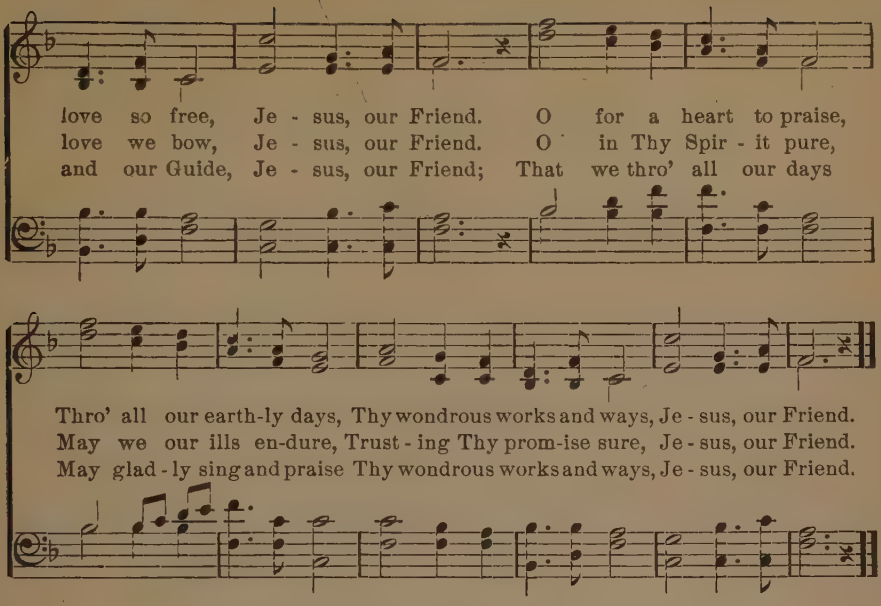
Julia B. Cady. Julia B. Cady.


1. There is a tender Shepherd Who watches o'er His sheep, And they need fear no
2. There is a Friend most tender, A Friend that's ev-er near; To all our wants and
3. There is a glorious heav-en, A sin-less, happy home, Where death can never
4. O bless-ed, ho-ly Jesus, Thou Shepherd kind and strong, Thou Friend so true and
e - vil Who in His pastures keep; Christ Je - sus is that Shepherd: O!
sor-rows He bows a lis-t'ning ear. That Friend is Christ, our Sav-ior; His
en - ter, And sor - row nev - er come: And to that bless-ed heav-en Christ
lov-ing, May we to Thee be - long; Our on - ly hope of heav-en, The
grant, dear Lord, that we Within Thy pleasant pas-tures May safe and hap-py be.
heart is full of love; Dear Jesus, may we prize Thee, All oth-er friends a - bove.
on - ly is the way; While keeping close to Je-sus We can-not go a - stray.
Life, the Truth, the Way, May we, with sins for-giv - en, Praise Thee in endless day.

298 Jesus, Our Friend.

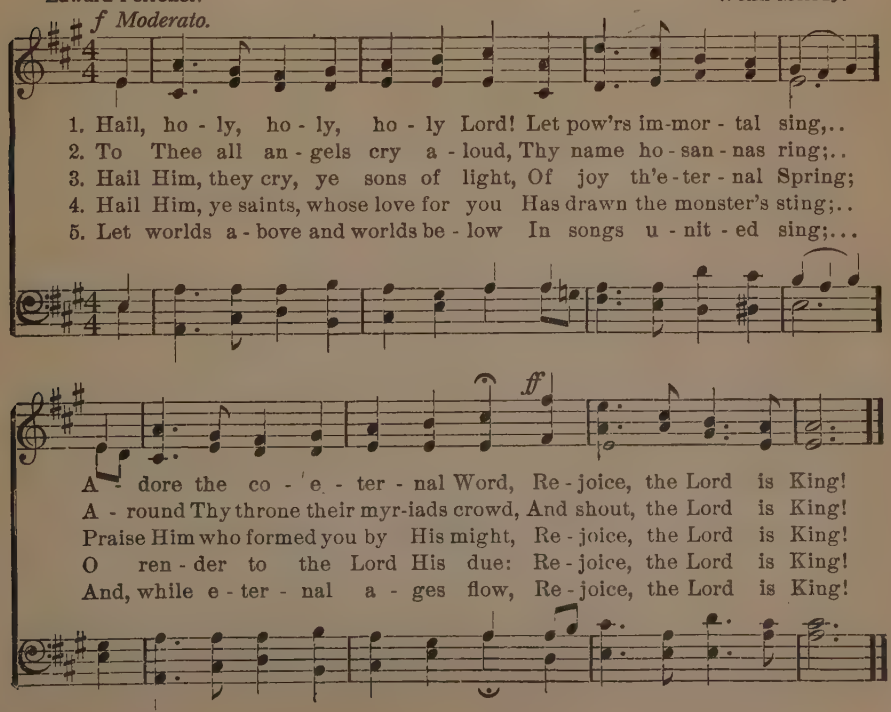
Anon. From Casket.


1. Sweet 'tis to sing of Thee, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; Prais - ing Thy
2. Ten - der and pa-tient, Thou, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; To Thy dear
3. Ev - er be near our side, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; Our Shep-herd


love so free, Je - sus, our Friend. O for a heart to praise,
love we bow, Je - sus, our Friend. O in Thy Spir - it pure,
and our Guide, Je - sus, our Friend; That we thro' all our days
Thro' all our earth-ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus, our Friend.
May we our ills en-dure, Trust - ing Thy prom-ise sure, Je - sus, our Friend.
May glad - ly sing and praise Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus, our Friend.

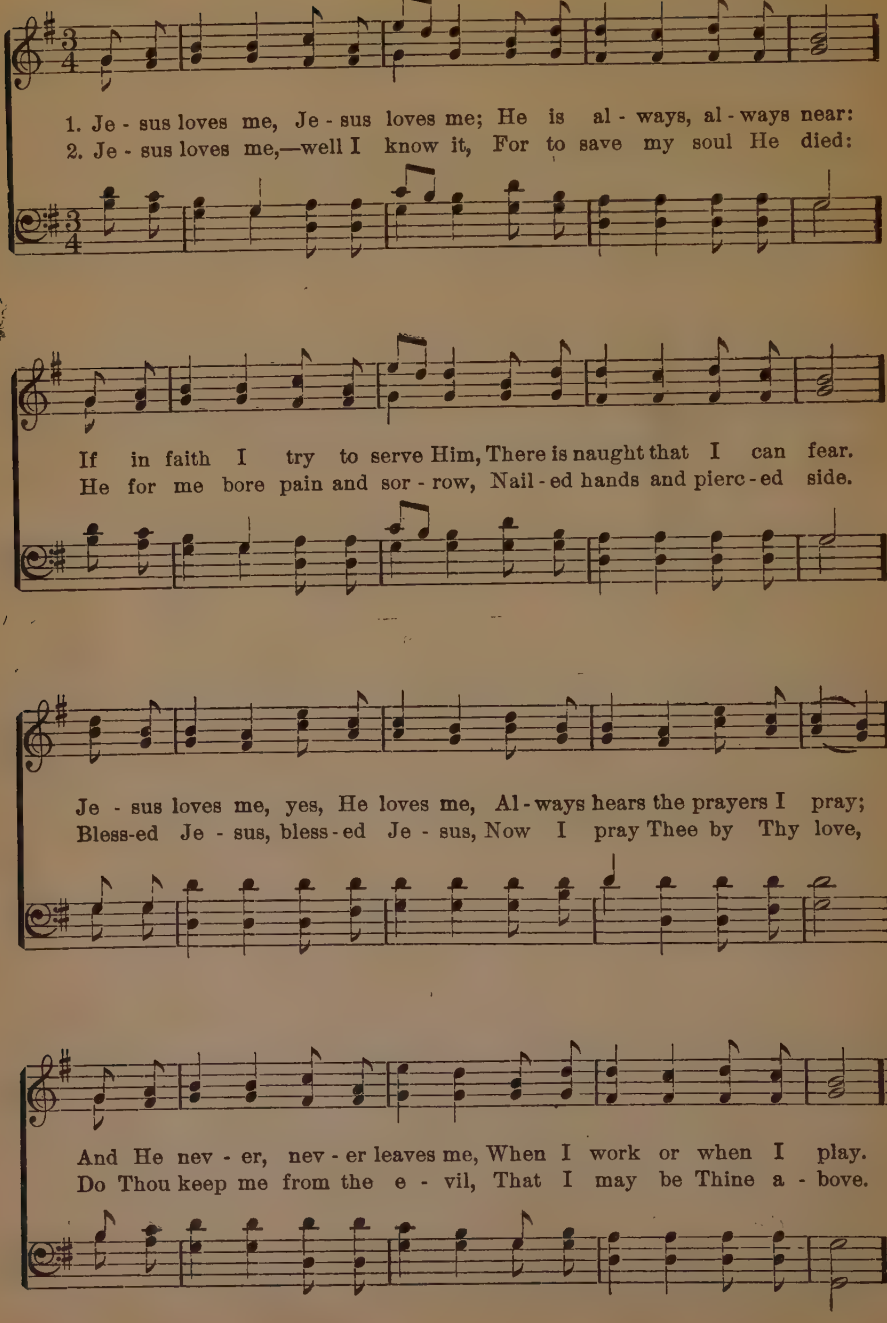
299 "Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

Edward Perronet. **Welsh Melody.**


f Moderato.
1. Hail, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Let pow'rs im-mor - tal sing,..
2. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud, Thy name ho - san - nas ring;..
3. Hail Him, they cry, ye sons of light, Of joy th'e - ter - nal Spring;
4. Hail Him, ye saints, whose love for you Has drawn the monster's sting;..
5. Let worlds a - bove and worlds be - low In songs u - nit - ed sing;...
ff
A - dore the co - e - ter - nal Word, Re - joice, the Lord is King!
A - round Thy throne their myr-iads crowd, And shout, the Lord is King!
Praise Him who formed you by His might, Re - joice, the Lord is King!
O ren - der to the Lord His due: Re - joice, the Lord is King!
And, while e - ter - nal a - ges flow, Re - joice, the Lord is King!

300 Jesus Loves Me.

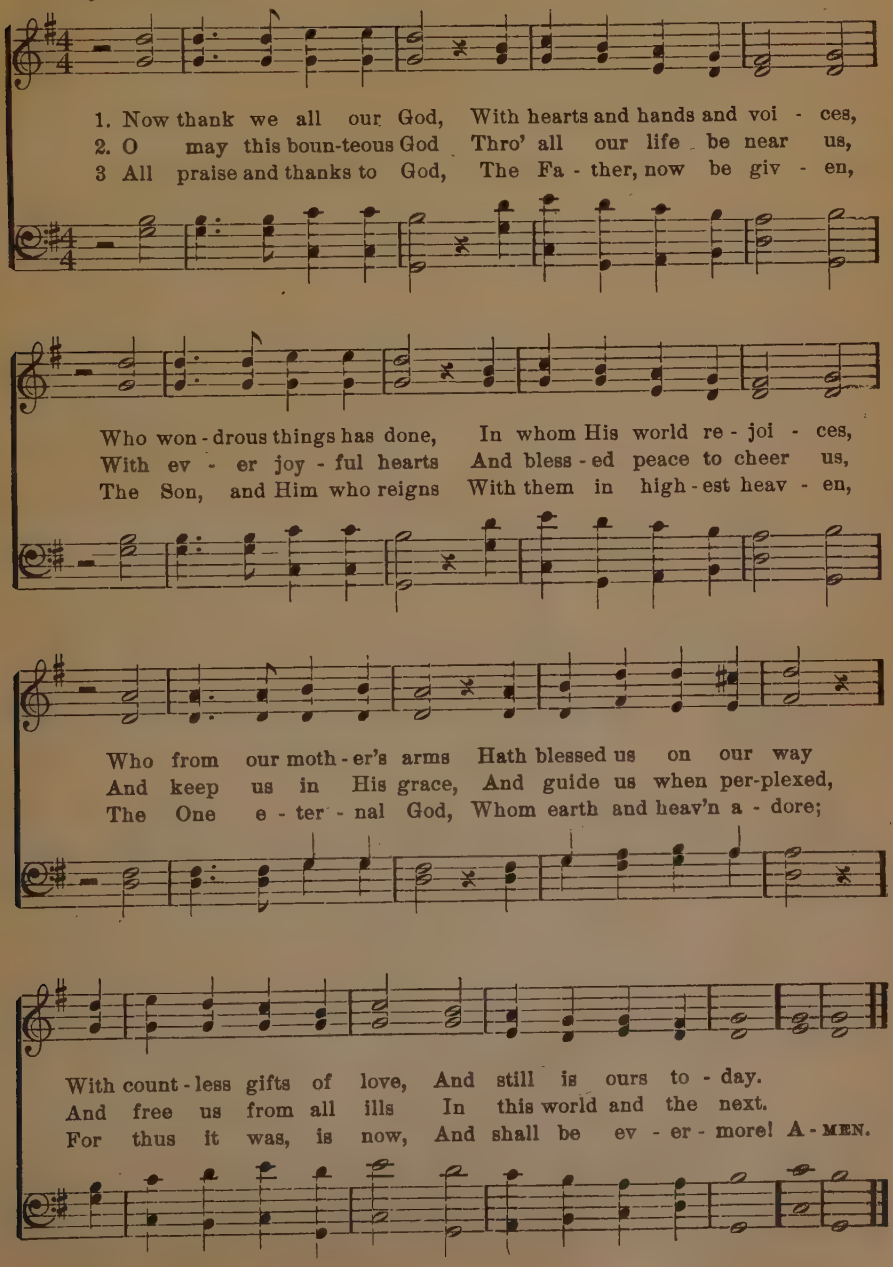
Composite. From the German.


1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; He is al - ways, al - ways near:
2. Je - sus loves me,—well I know it, For to save my soul He died:
If in faith I try to serve Him, There is naught that I can fear.
He for me bore pain and sor - row, Nail - ed hands and pierc - ed side.
Je - sus loves me, yes, He loves me, Al - ways hears the prayers I pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
And He nev - er, nev - er leaves me, When I work or when I play.
Do Thou keep me from the e - vil, That I may be Thine a - bove.

301 Now Thank We All Our God.

Martin Rinkert.
Tr. by Cath. Winkworth.

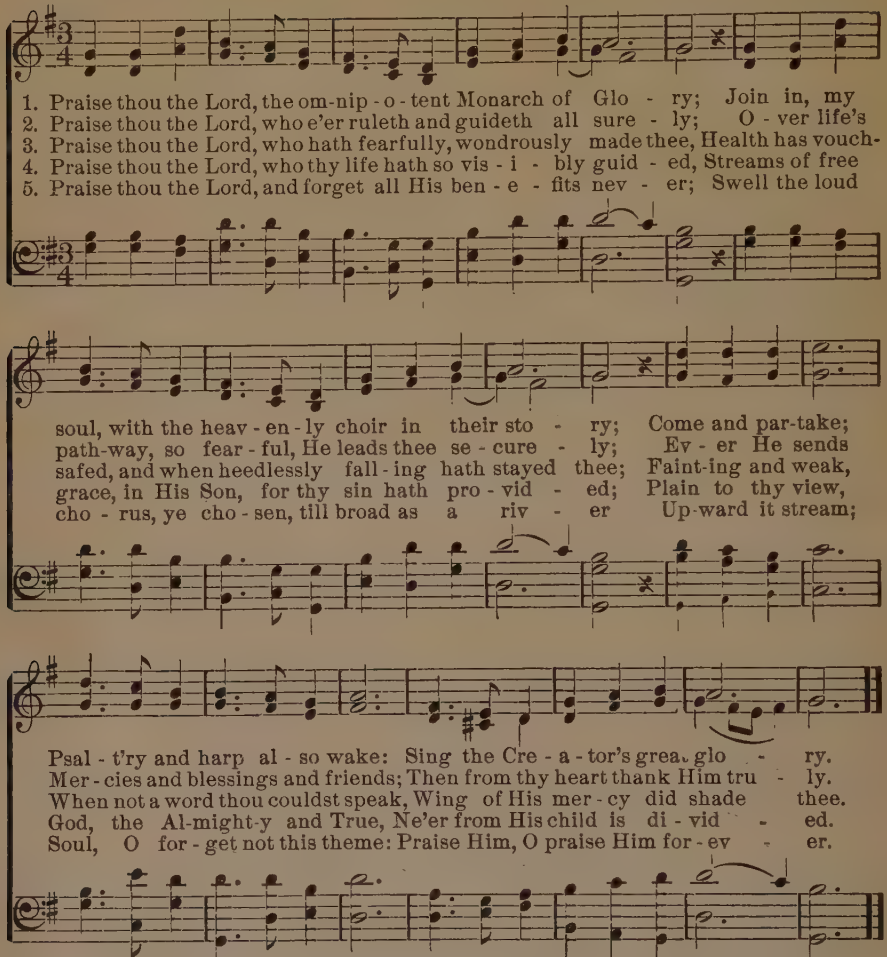
Johann Crueger.
Mod. by Dr. F. Layritz.


1. Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voi - ces,
2. O may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,
3 All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
Who won - drous things has done, In whom His world re - joi - ces,
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us,
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per-plexed,
The One e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more! A - MEN.

302 Praise Thou the Lord.

Joachim Neander.
Tr. by J. H. Good.

Stralsund Ges. Buch.

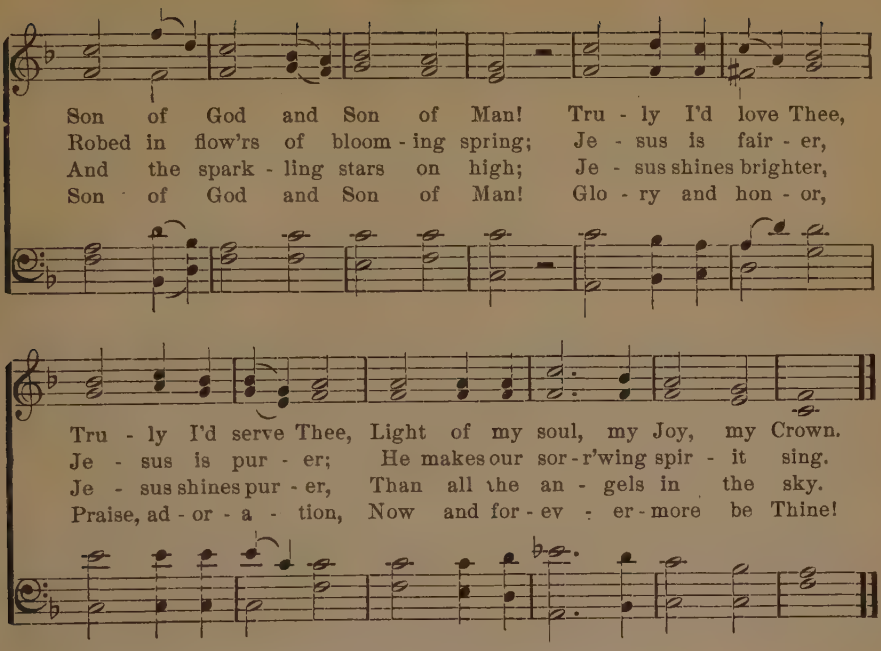

1. Praise thou the Lord, the om-nip-o-tent Monarch of Glo-ry; Join in, my
2. Praise thou the Lord, who e'er ruleth and guideth all sure-ly; O-ver life's
3. Praise thou the Lord, who hath fearfully, wondrously made thee, Health has vouch-
4. Praise thou the Lord, who thy life hath so vis-i-bly guid-ed, Streams of free
5. Praise thou the Lord, and forget all His ben-e-fits nev-er; Swell the loud
soul, with the heav-en-ly choir in their sto-ry; Come and par-take;
path-way, so fear-ful, He leads thee se-cure-ly; Ev-er He sends
safed, and when heedlessly fall-ing hath stayed thee; Faint-ing and weak,
grace, in His Son, for thy sin hath pro-vid-ed; Plain to thy view,
cho-rus, ye cho-sen, till broad as a riv-er Up-ward it stream;
Psal-t'ry and harp al-so wake: Sing the Cre-a-tor's grea. glo-ry.
Mer-cies and blessings and friends; Then from thy heart thank Him tru-ly.
When not a word thou couldst speak, Wing of His mer-cy did shade thee.
God, the Al-might-y and True, Ne'er from His child is di-vid-ed.
Soul, O for-get not this theme: Praise Him, O praise Him for-ev-er.

303 Beautiful Savior.

Tr. by Joseph A. Seiss.

Crusaders' Hymn.
Harm. by R. S. Willis.

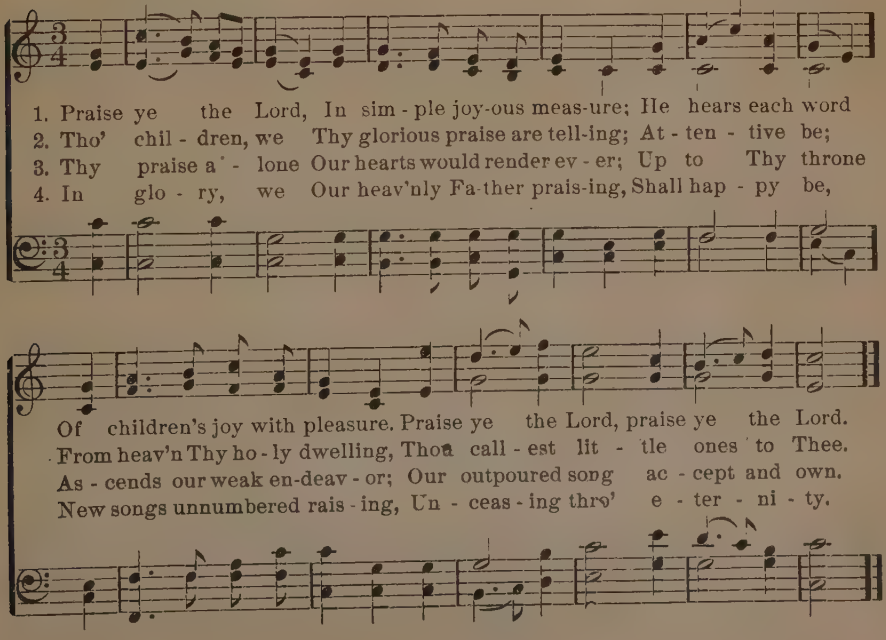
1. Beau-ti-ful Sav-ior! King of Cre-a-tion!
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er the wood-lands,
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er the moon-light
4. Beau-ti-ful Sav-ior! Lord of the na-tions!


Son of God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee,
Robed in flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And the spark - ling stars on high; Je - sus shines brighter,
Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or,
Tru - ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
Je - sus is pur - er; He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.
Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels in the sky.
Praise, ad - or - a - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

304 Praise Ye the Lord.

G. Gessner.
Tr. by Harriet R. Spaeth.

H. G. Nageli.


1. Praise ye the Lord, In sim - ple joy-ous meas-ure; He hears each word
2. Tho' chil - dren, we Thy glorious praise are tell-ing; At - ten - tive be;
3. Thy praise a' - lone Our hearts would render ev - er; Up to Thy throne
4. In glo - ry, we Our heav'nly Fa-ther prais-ing, Shall hap - py be,
Of children's joy with pleasure. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.
From heav'n Thy ho - ly dwelling, Thou call - est lit - tle ones to Thee.
As - cends our weak en-deav - or; Our outpoured song ac - cept and own.
New songs unnumbered rais - ing, Un - ceas - ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

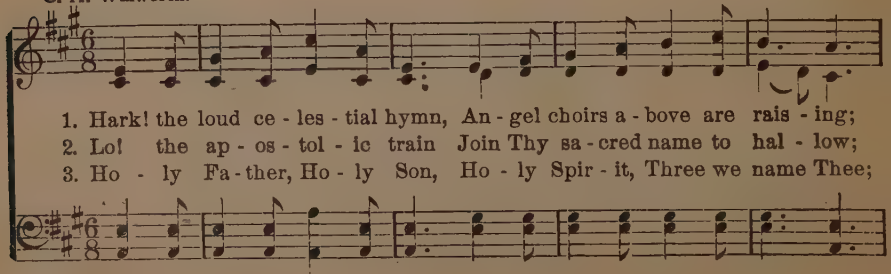
305 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

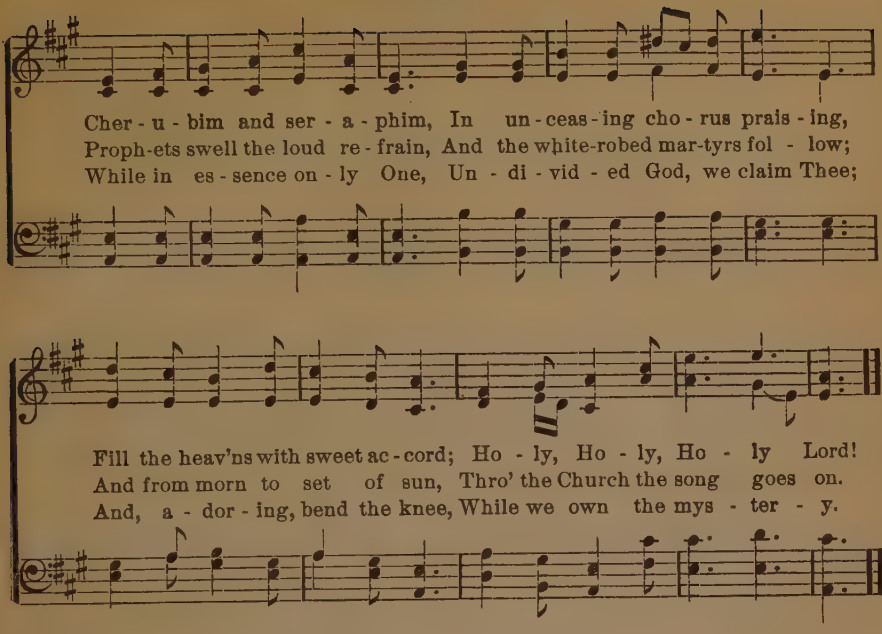
Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Hail Him, ye heirs of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid Lord did call;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
The God in - car - nate, Man di - vine: And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
The God in - car - nate, Man di - vine: And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

306 Hark! the Loud Celestial Hymn.

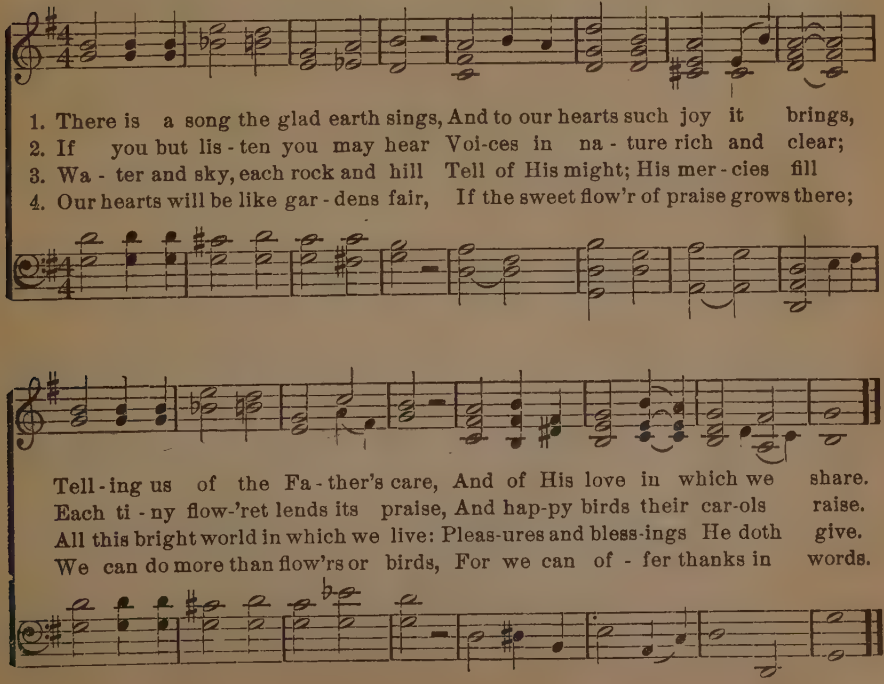
C. A. Walworth.


1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
2. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train Join Thy sa - cred name to hal - low;
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name Thee;


Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
Proph-ets swell the loud re - frain, And the white-robed mar-tyrs fol - low;
While in es - sence on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God, we claim Thee;
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!
And from morn to set of sun, Thro' the Church the song goes on.
And, a - dor - ing, bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.

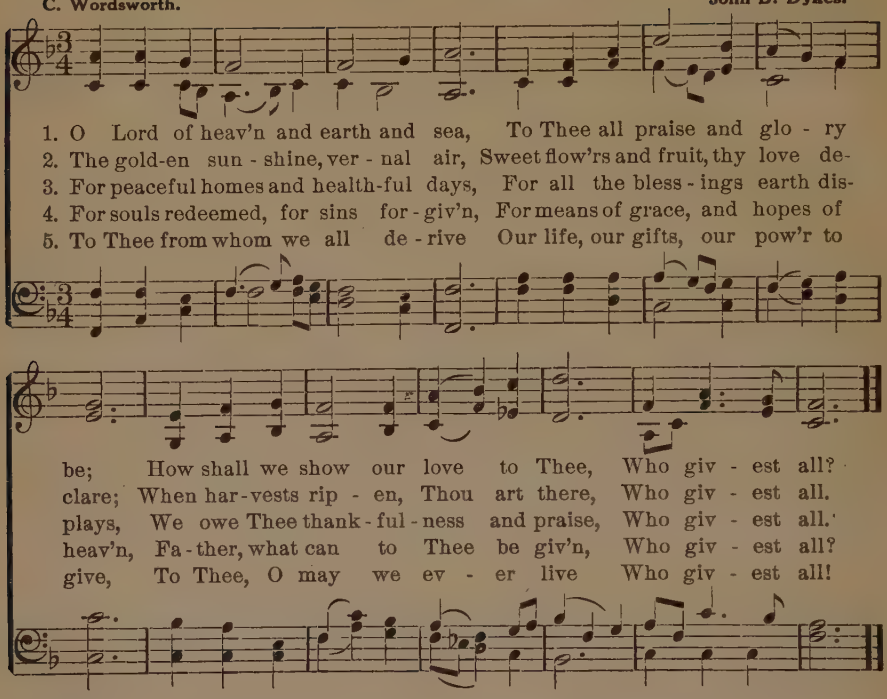
307 Hymn of Praise.

Cornelia Shipman. Emeline Phelps Farrar.


1. There is a song the glad earth sings, And to our hearts such joy it brings,
2. If you but lis - ten you may hear Voi-ces in na - ture rich and clear;
3. Wa - ter and sky, each rock and hill Tell of His might; His mer - cies fill
4. Our hearts will be like gar - dens fair, If the sweet flow'r of praise grows there;
Tell - ing us of the Fa - ther's care, And of His love in which we share.
Each ti - ny flow-'ret lends its praise, And hap-py birds their car-ols raise.
All this bright world in which we live: Pleas-ures and bless-ings He doth give.
We can do more than flow'rs or birds, For we can of - fer thanks in words.

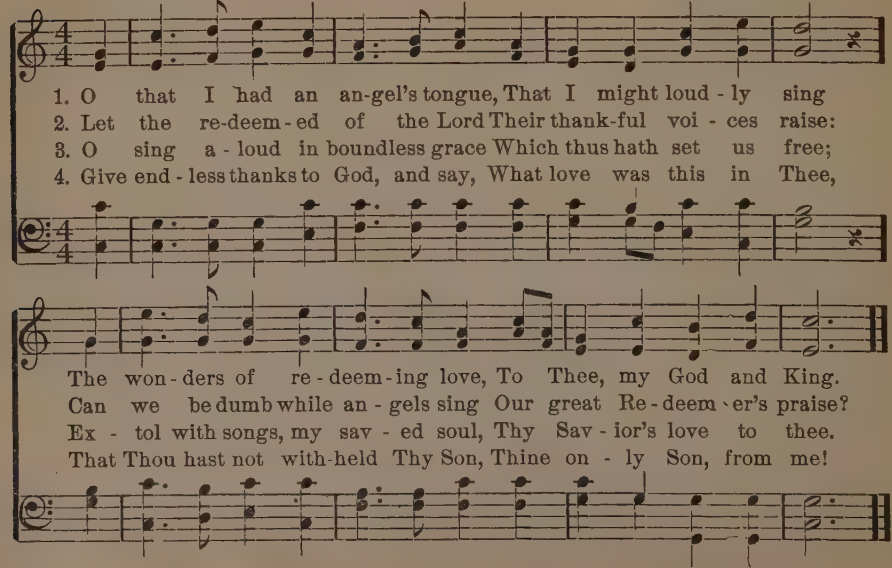
308 O Lord of Heaven.

C. Wordsworth. John B. Dykes.


1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry
2. The gold-en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit, thy love de-
3. For peaceful homes and health-ful days, For all the bless - ings earth dis-
4. For souls redeemed, for sins for - giv'n, For means of grace, and hopes of
5. To Thee from whom we all de - rive Our life, our gifts, our pow'r to
be; How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
clare; When har-vests rip - en, Thou art there, Who giv - est all.
plays, We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise, Who giv - est all.
heav'n, Fa - ther, what can to Thee be giv'n, Who giv - est all?
give, To Thee, O may we ev - er live Who giv - est all!

309 O That I Had an Angel's Tongue.

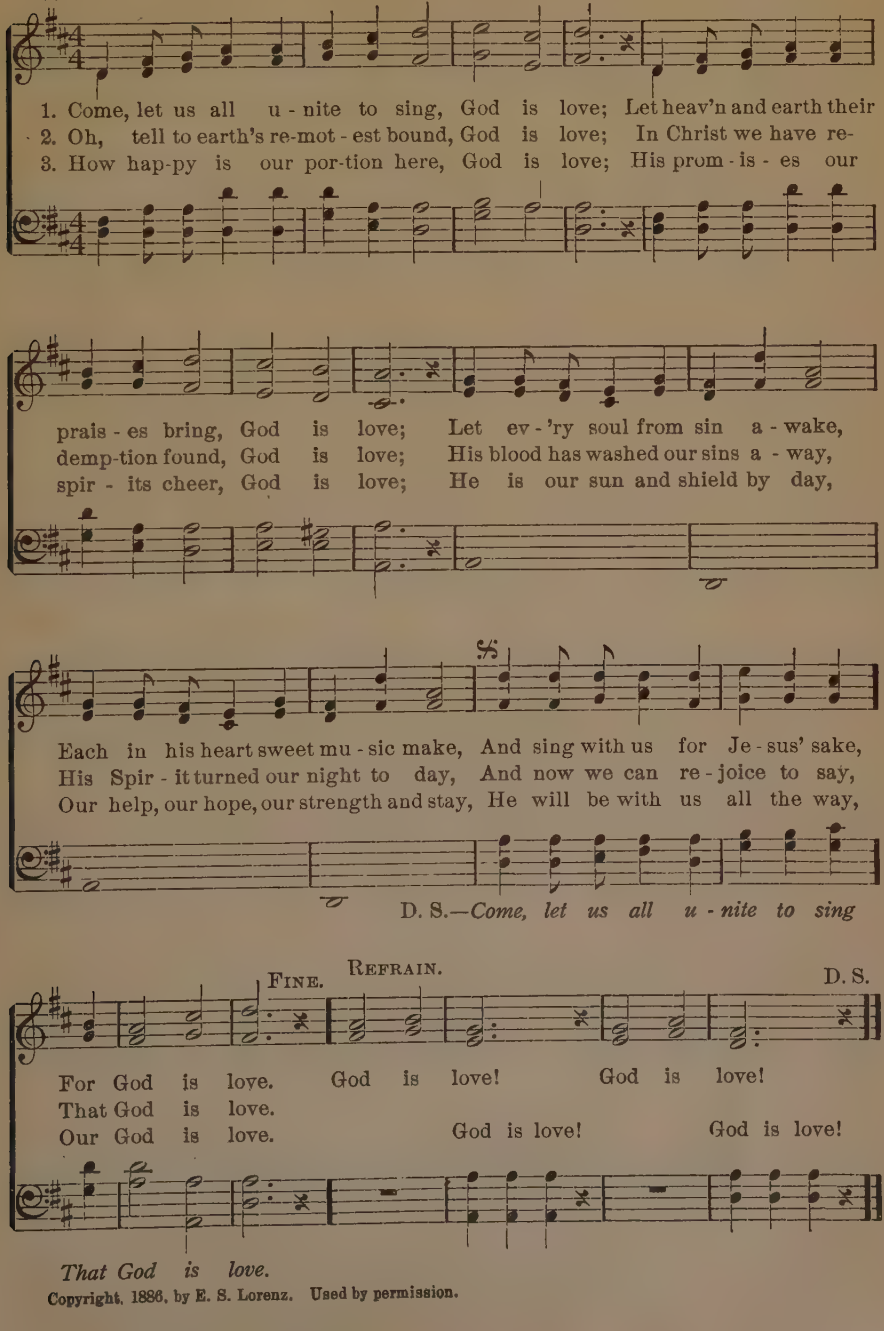
John Mason, Alt. William B. Bradbury.


1. O that I had an an-gel's tongue, That I might loud - ly sing
2. Let the re-deem - ed of the Lord Their thank-ful voi - ces raise:
3. O sing a - loud in boundless grace Which thus hath set us free;
4. Give end - less thanks to God, and say, What love was this in Thee,
The won - ders of re - deem - ing love, To Thee, my God and King.
Can we be dumb while an - gels sing Our great Re - deem - er's praise?
Ex - tol with songs, my sav - ed soul, Thy Sav - ior's love to thee.
That Thou hast not with-held Thy Son, Thine on - ly Son, from me!

310 Come, Let Us All Unite to Sing.

(GOD IS LOVE.)

Anon. E. S. Lorenz.


1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their
2. Oh, tell to earth's re-mot - est bound, God is love; In Christ we have re-
3. How hap-py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom - is - es our
prais - es bring, God is love; Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake,
demp-tion found, God is love; His blood has washed our sins a - way,
spir - its cheer, God is love; He is our sun and shield by day,
Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And sing with us for Je - sus' sake,
His Spir - it turned our night to day, And now we can re - joice to say,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be with us all the way,
D. S.—Come, let us all u - nite to sing
FINE.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
For God is love. God is love! God is love!
That God is love.
Our God is love. God is love! God is love!
That God is love.

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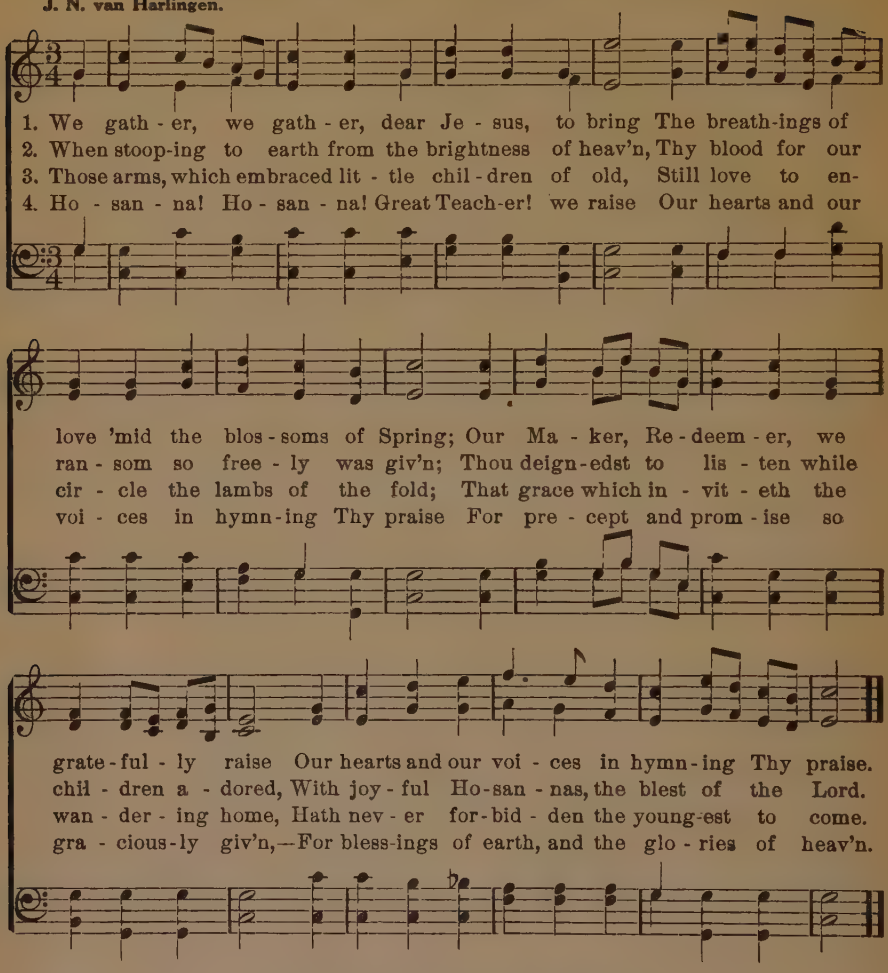
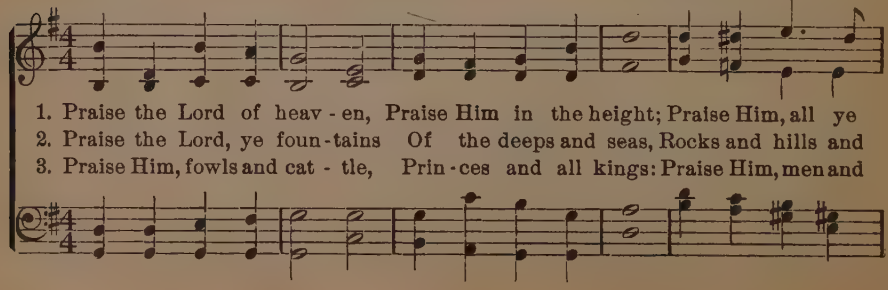
311 We Gather, Dear Jesus, to Bring.

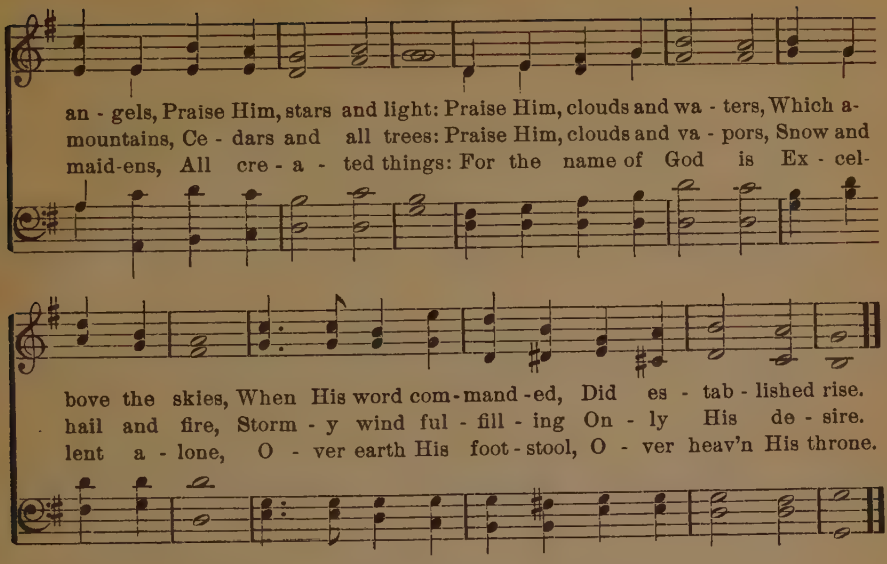
J. N. van Harlingen.


1. We gath - er, we gath - er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breath-ings of
love 'mid the blos - soms of Spring; Our Ma - ker, Re - deem - er, we
2. When stoop-ing to earth from the brightness of heav'n, Thy blood for our
ran - som so free - ly was giv'n; Thou deign-edst to lis - ten while
3. Those arms, which embraced lit - tle chil - dren of old, Still love to en-
cir - cle the lambs of the fold; That grace which in - vit - eth the
4. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Great Teach-er! we raise Our hearts and our
voi - ces in hymn-ing Thy praise For pre - cept and prom - ise so
grate - ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voi - ces in hymn-ing Thy praise.
chil - dren a - dored, With joy - ful Ho-san - nas, the blest of the Lord.
wan - der - ing home, Hath nev - er for-bid - den the young-est to come.
gra - cious-ly giv'n,—For bless-ings of earth, and the glo - ries of heav'n.

312 Praise the Lord of Heaven.

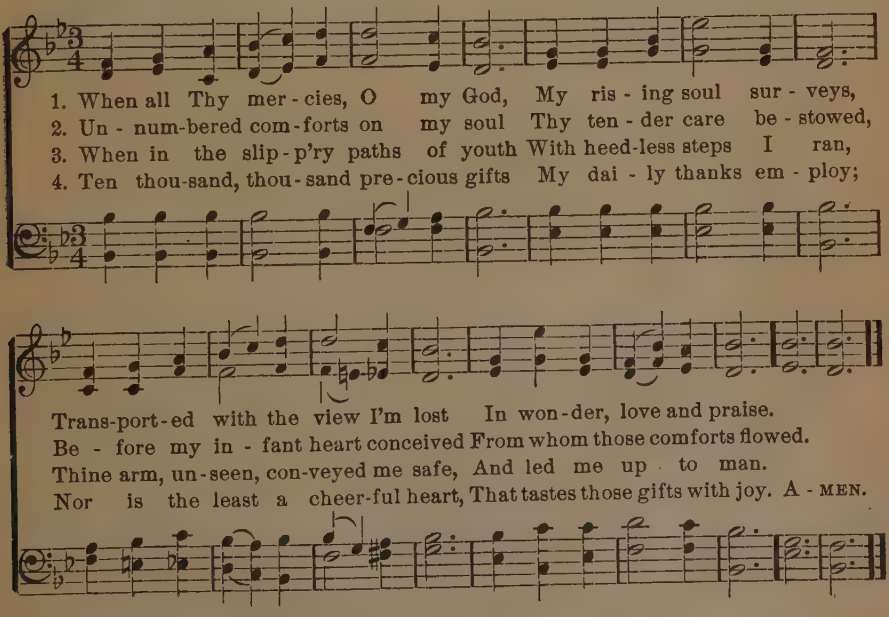
T. B. Browne. St. Alban's Tune Book.


1. Praise the Lord of heav - en, Praise Him in the height; Praise Him, all ye
2. Praise the Lord, ye foun-tains Of the deeps and seas, Rocks and hills and
3. Praise Him, fowls and cat - tle, Prin - ces and all kings: Praise Him, men and


an - gels, Praise Him, stars and light: Praise Him, clouds and wa - ters, Which a-
mountains, Ce - dars and all trees: Praise Him, clouds and va - pors, Snow and
maid-ens, All cre - a - ted things: For the name of God is Ex - cel-
bove the skies, When His word com-mand-ed, Did es - tab - lished rise.
hail and fire, Storm - y wind ful - fill - ing On - ly His de - sire.
lent a - lone, O - ver earth His foot - stool, O - ver heav'n His throne.

313 When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

Joseph Addison. James Walch.


1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un - num-bered com-forts on my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
3. When in the slip-p'ry paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran,
4. Ten thou-sand, thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
Trans-port-ed with the view I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy. A - MEN.

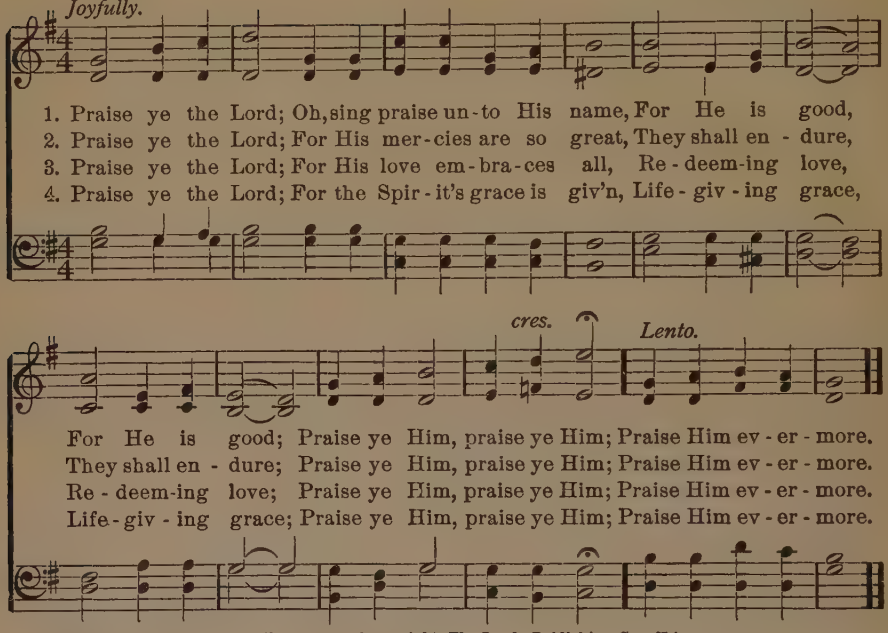
5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

314 Praise Ye the Lord.

Carl Ackermann. Nettie Delphine Ellsworth.

Joyfully.


1. Praise ye the Lord; Oh, sing praise un-to His name, For He is good,
2. Praise ye the Lord; For His mer-cies are so great, They shall en-dure,
3. Praise ye the Lord; For His love em-bra-ces all, Re-deem-ing love,
4. Praise ye the Lord; For the Spir-it's grace is giv'n, Life-giv-ing grace,
cres.
Lento.
For He is good; Praise ye Him, praise ye Him; Praise Him ev-er-more.
They shall en-dure; Praise ye Him, praise ye Him; Praise Him ev-er-more.
Re-deem-ing love; Praise ye Him, praise ye Him; Praise Him ev-er-more.
Life-giv-ing grace; Praise ye Him, praise ye Him; Praise Him ev-er-more.

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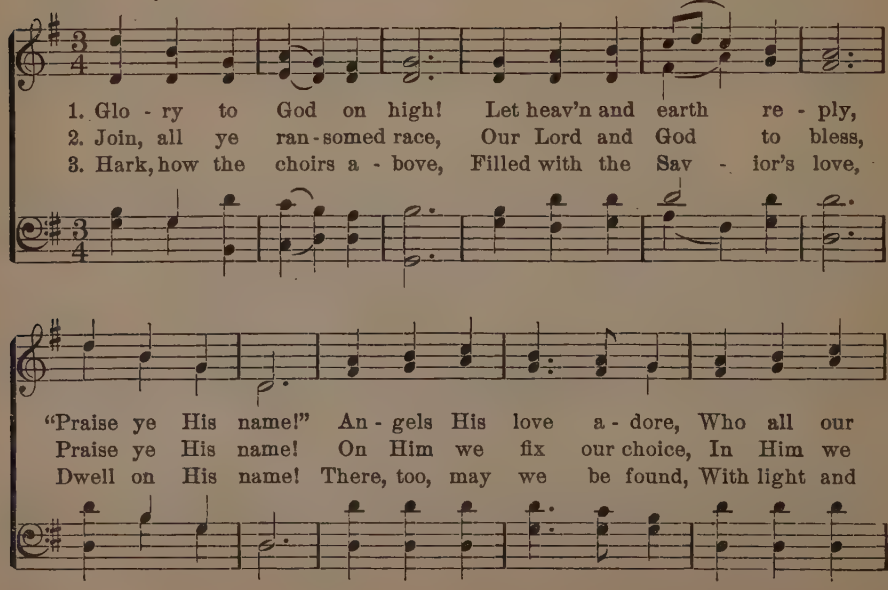
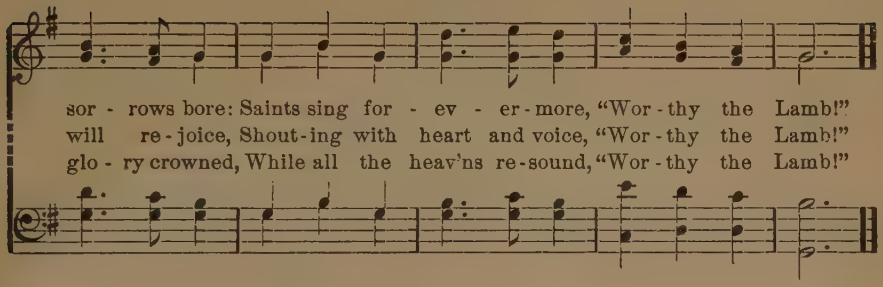
315 Glory to God on High!

James Allen, Alt. F. Giardini.

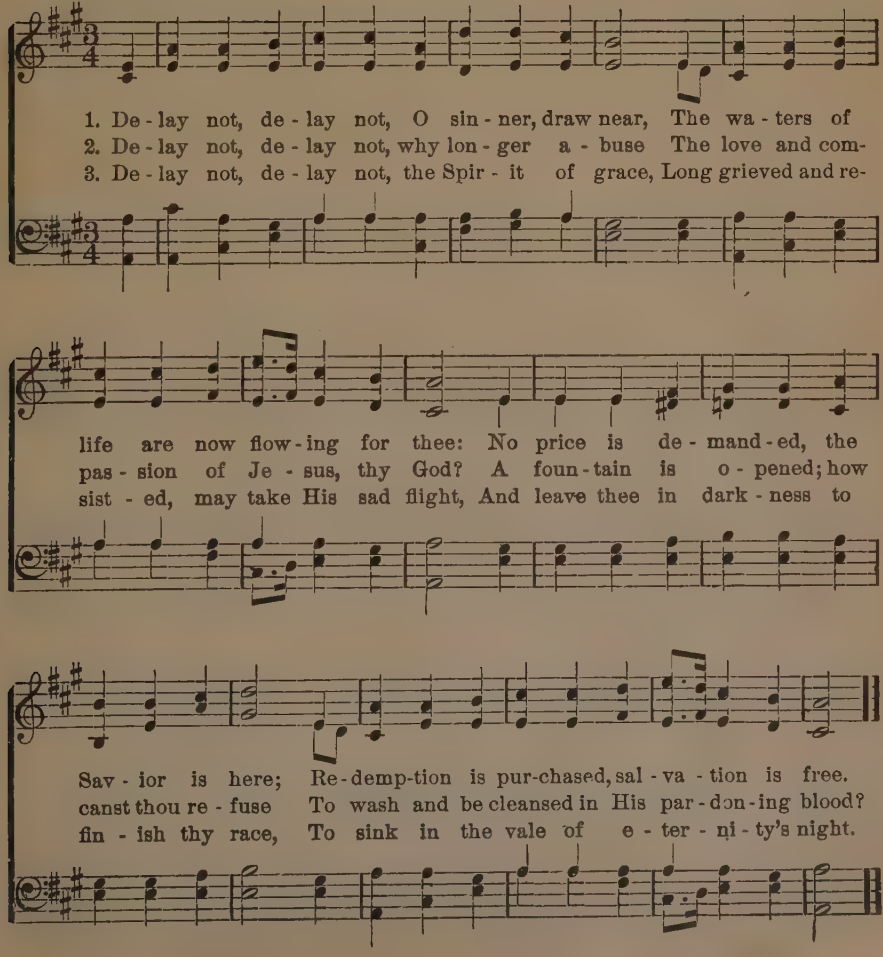

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply,
2. Join, all ye ran-somed race, Our Lord and God to bless,
3. Hark, how the choirs a-bove, Filled with the Sav-ior's love,
"Praise ye His name!" An-gels His love a-dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! On Him we fix our choice, In Him we
Dwell on His name! There, too, may we be found, With light and


sor - rows bore: Saints sing for - ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
will re - joice, Shout - ing with heart and voice, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
glo - ry crowned, While all the heav'ns re - sound, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"

Call to Grace.

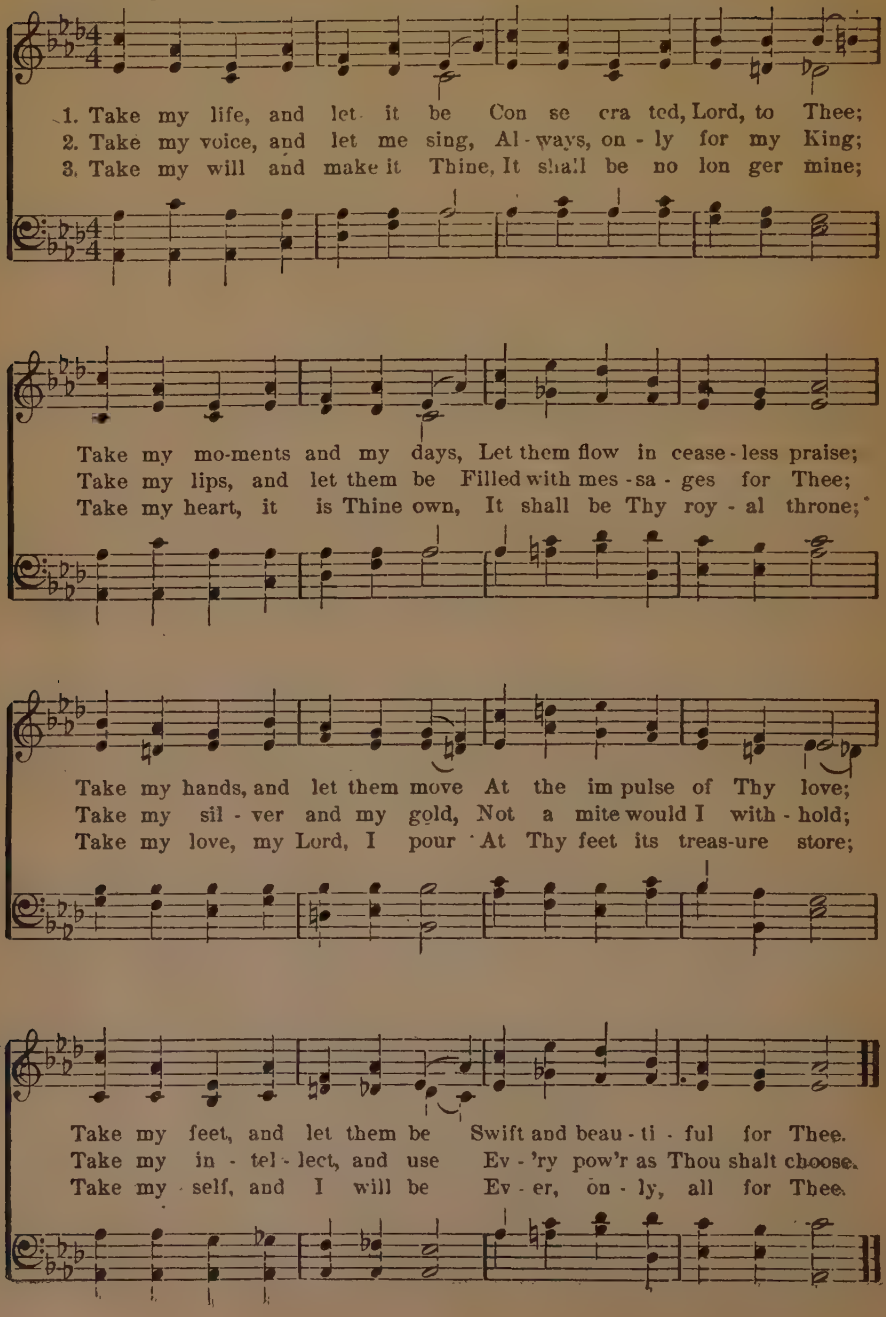
316 Delay Not, O Sinner, Draw Near.

Thomas Hastings. F. J. Haydn.


1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near, The wa - ters of
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, why lon - ger a - buse The love and com-
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, the Spir - it of grace, Long grieved and re-
life are now flow - ing for thee: No price is de - mand - ed, the
pas - sion of Je - sus, thy God? A foun - tain is o - pened; how
sist - ed, may take His sad flight, And leave thee in dark - ness to
Sav - ior is here; Re - demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.
canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleansed in His par - don - ing blood?
fin - ish thy race, To sink in the vale of e - ter - ni - ty's night.

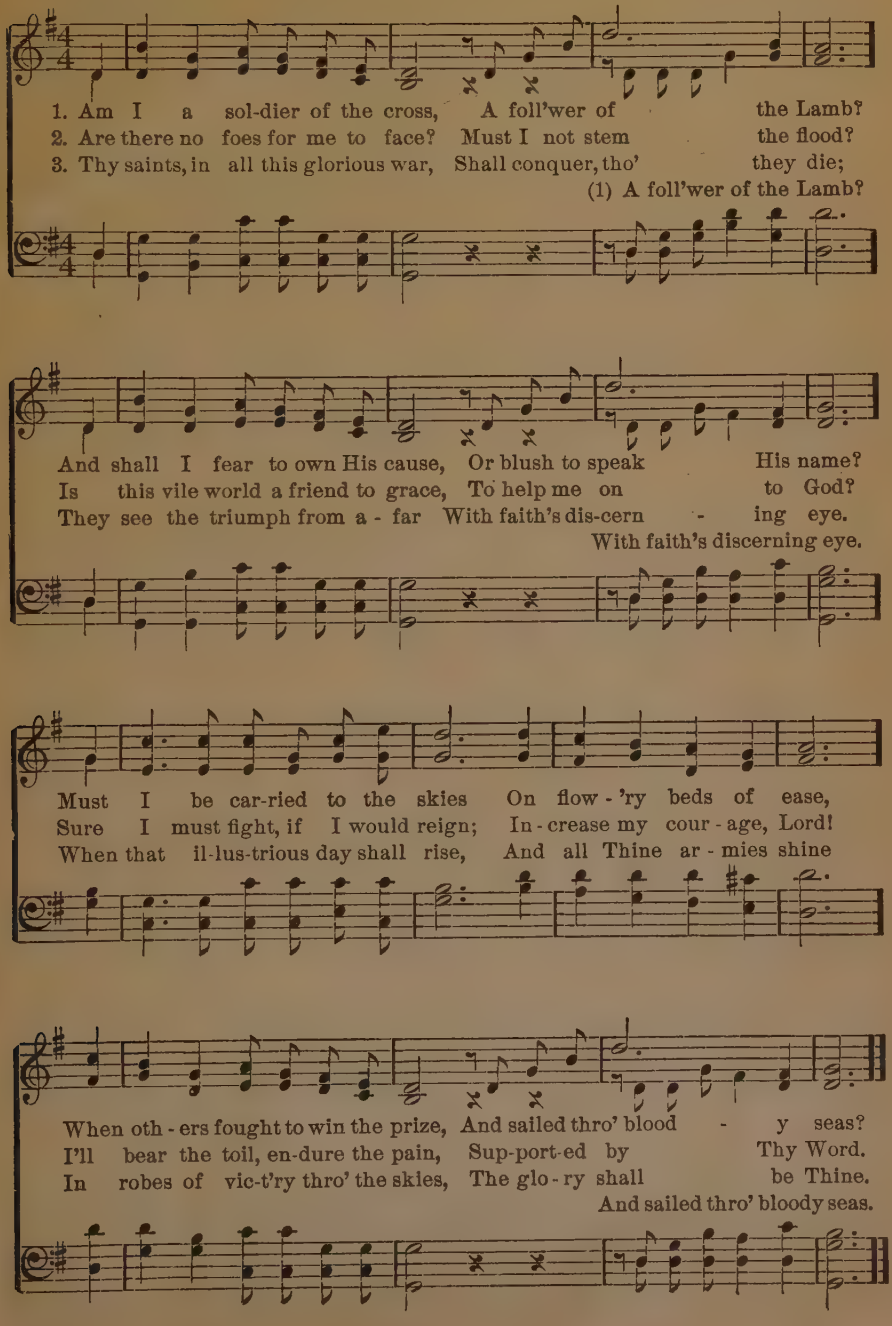
317 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Anon.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con se cra ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly for my King;
3. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon ger mine;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im pulse of Thy love;
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

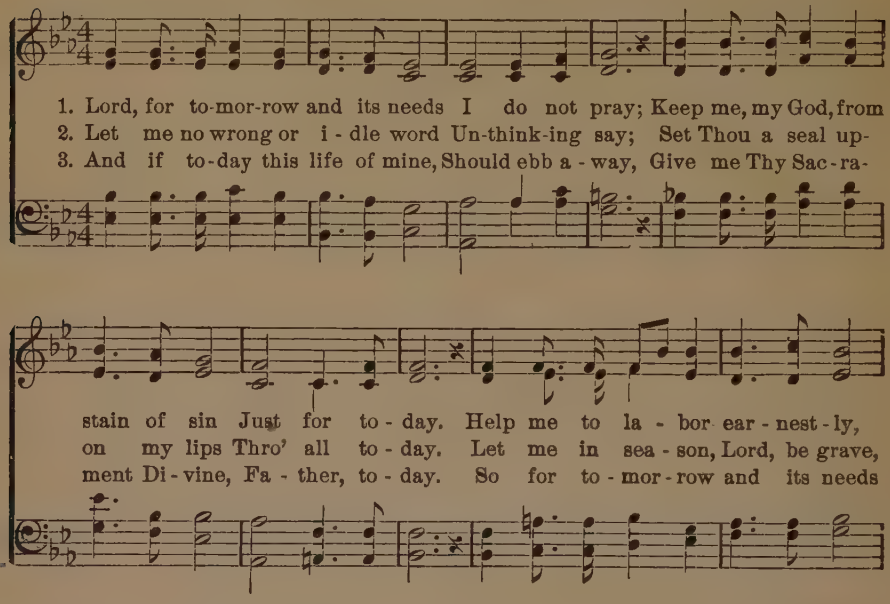
318 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. From Voice of Joy.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;
(1) A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the triumph from a - far With faith's dis-cern - ing eye.
With faith's discerning eye.
Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord!
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine
When oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.
And sailed thro' bloody seas.

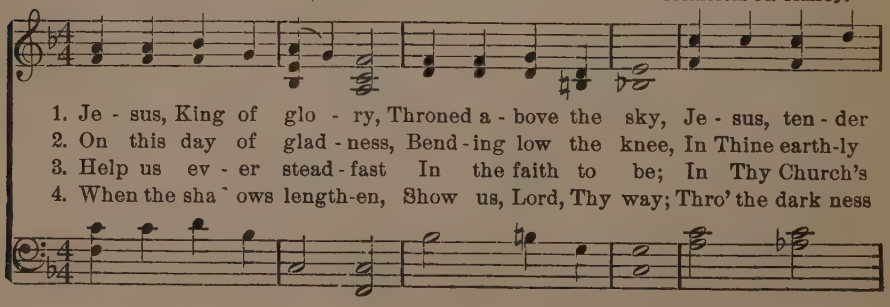
319 Lord, For To-morrow and Its Needs.

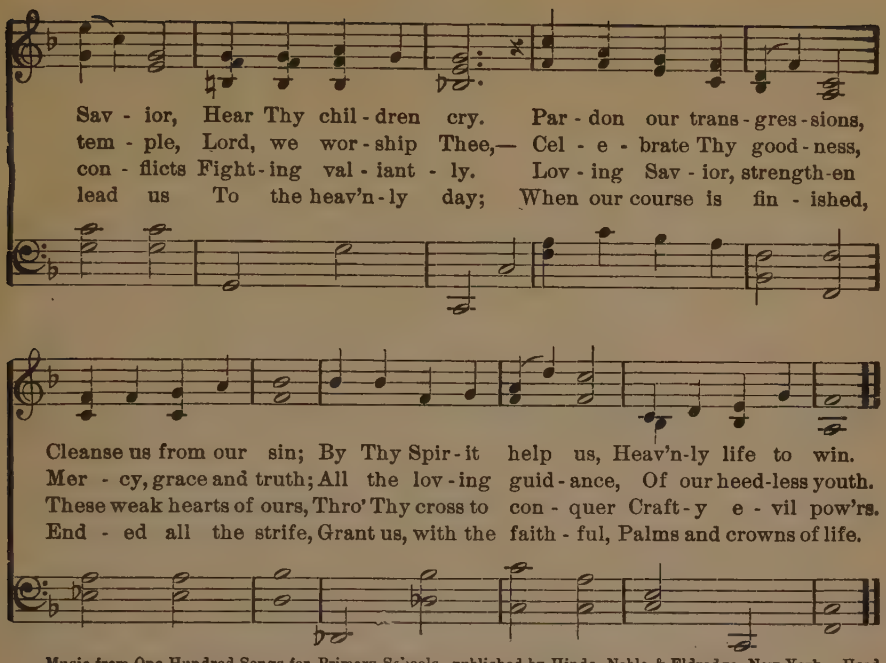
E. R. Wilberforce. H. R. Palmer.


1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if to-day this life of mine, Should ebb a-way, Give me Thy Sac-ra-
stain of sin Just for to-day. Help me to la-bor ear-nest-ly,
on my lips Thro' all to-day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
ment Di-vine, Fa-ther, to-day. So for to-mor-row and its needs
cres.
ff
rall.
And dai-ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. AMEN.

320 Jesus, King of Glory.

W. H. Davison. Henrietta A. Halsey.

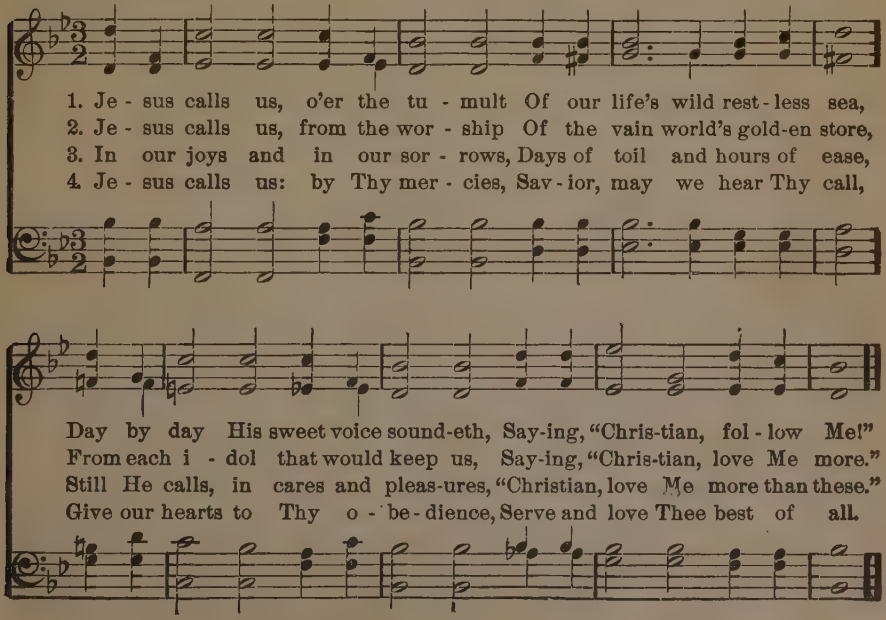

1. Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der
2. On this day of glad-ness, Bend-ing low the knee, In Thine earth-ly
3. Help us ev-er stead-fast In the faith to be; In Thy Church's
4. When the sha-ows length-en, Show us, Lord, Thy way; Thro' the dark ness


Sav - ior, Hear Thy chil - dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions,
tem - ple, Lord, we wor - ship Thee,— Cel - e - brate Thy good - ness,
con - flicts Fight - ing val - iant - ly. Lov - ing Sav - ior, strength - en
lead us To the heav'n - ly day; When our course is fin - ished,
Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spir - it help us, Heav'n - ly life to win.
Mer - cy, grace and truth; All the lov - ing guid - ance, Of our heed - less youth.
These weak hearts of ours, Thro' Thy cross to con - quer Craft - y e - vil pow'rs.
End - ed all the strife, Grant us, with the faith - ful, Palms and crowns of life.

Music from One Hundred Songs for Primary Schools, published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York. Used by permission.

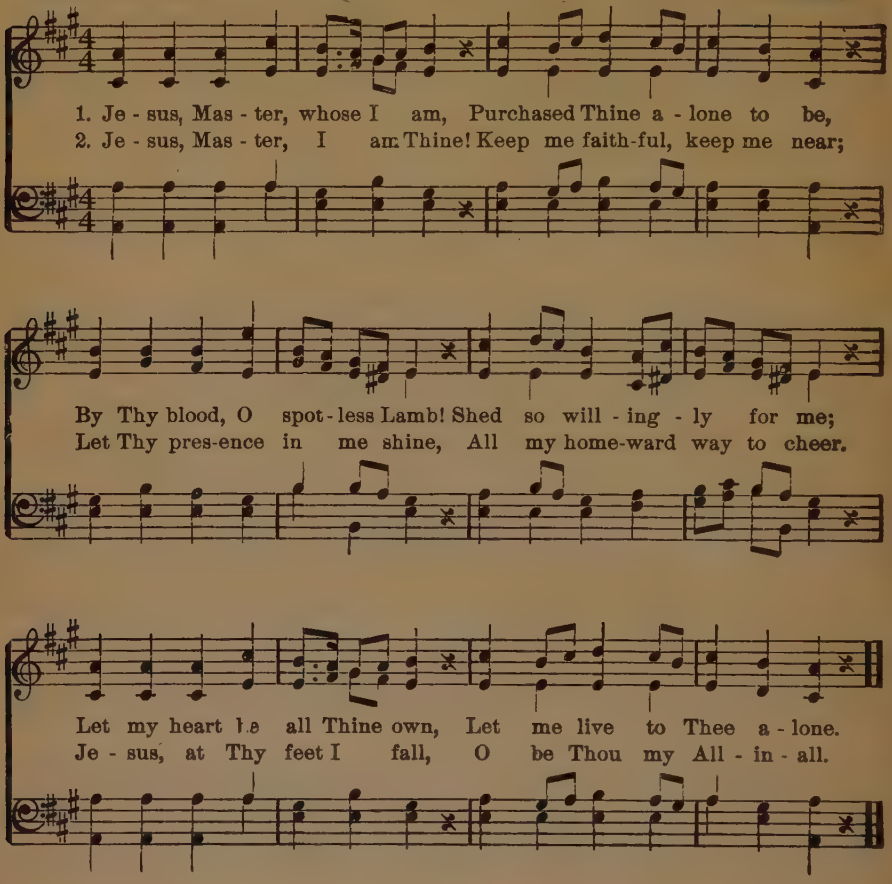
321 Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me!"
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

322 Jesus Master, Whose I Am.

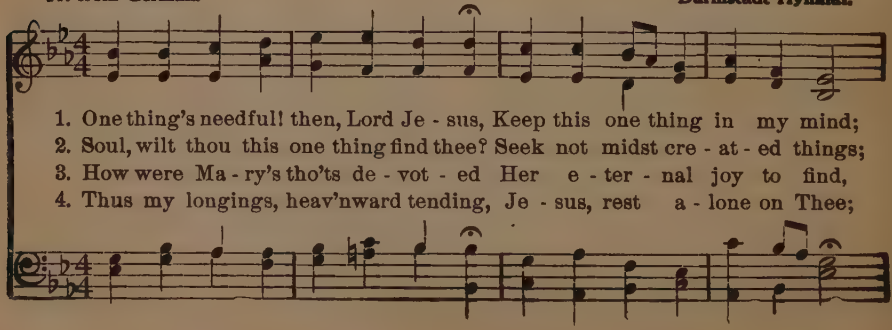
Frances R. Havergal — Pilgerharfe.

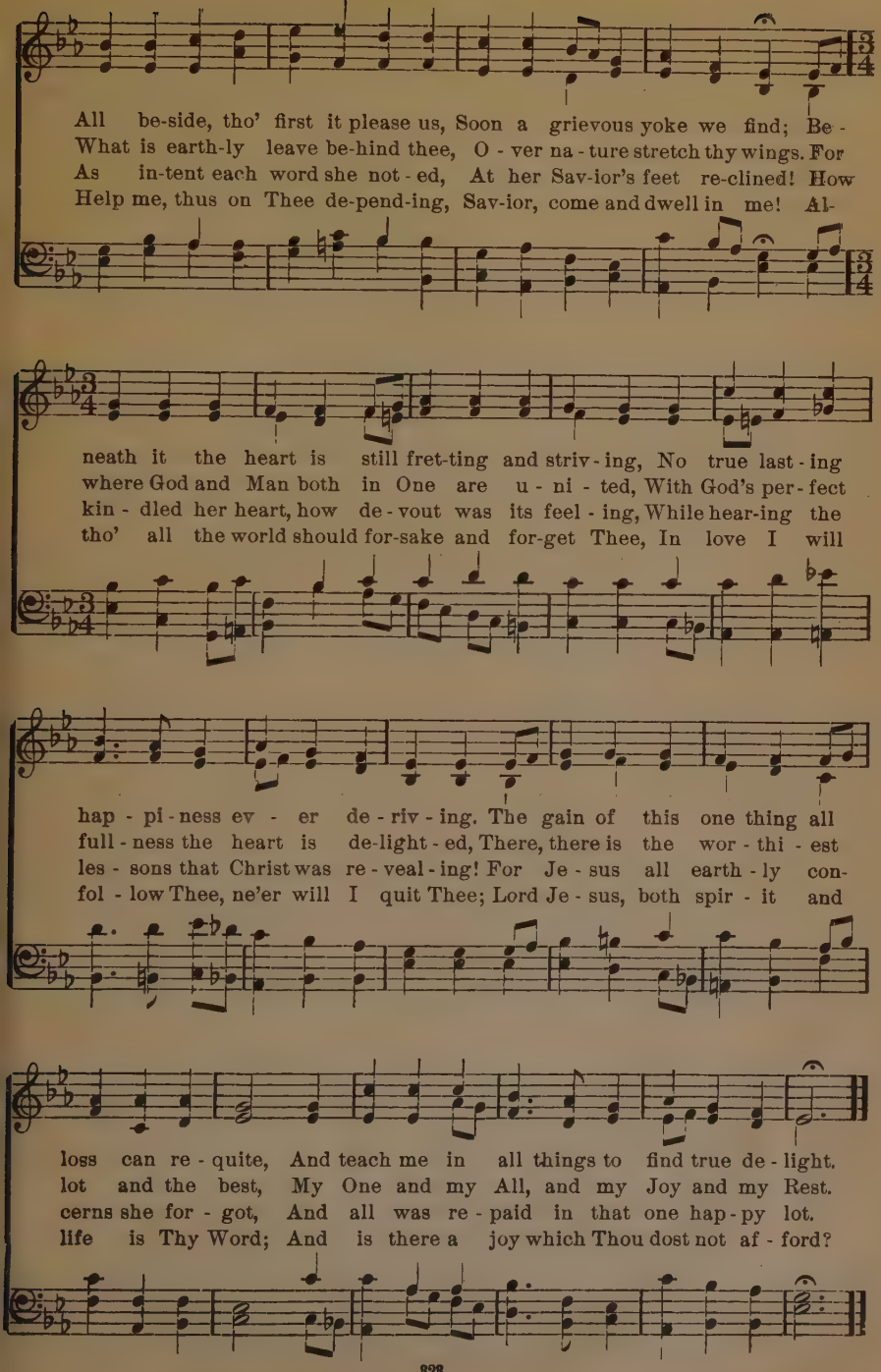

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a - lone to be,
2. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine! Keep me faith-ful, keep me near;
By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb! Shed so will - ing - ly for me;
Let Thy pres-ence in me shine, All my home-ward way to cheer.
Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O be Thou my All - in - all.

323 One Thing's Needful!

J. H. Schroeder.
Tr. from German.

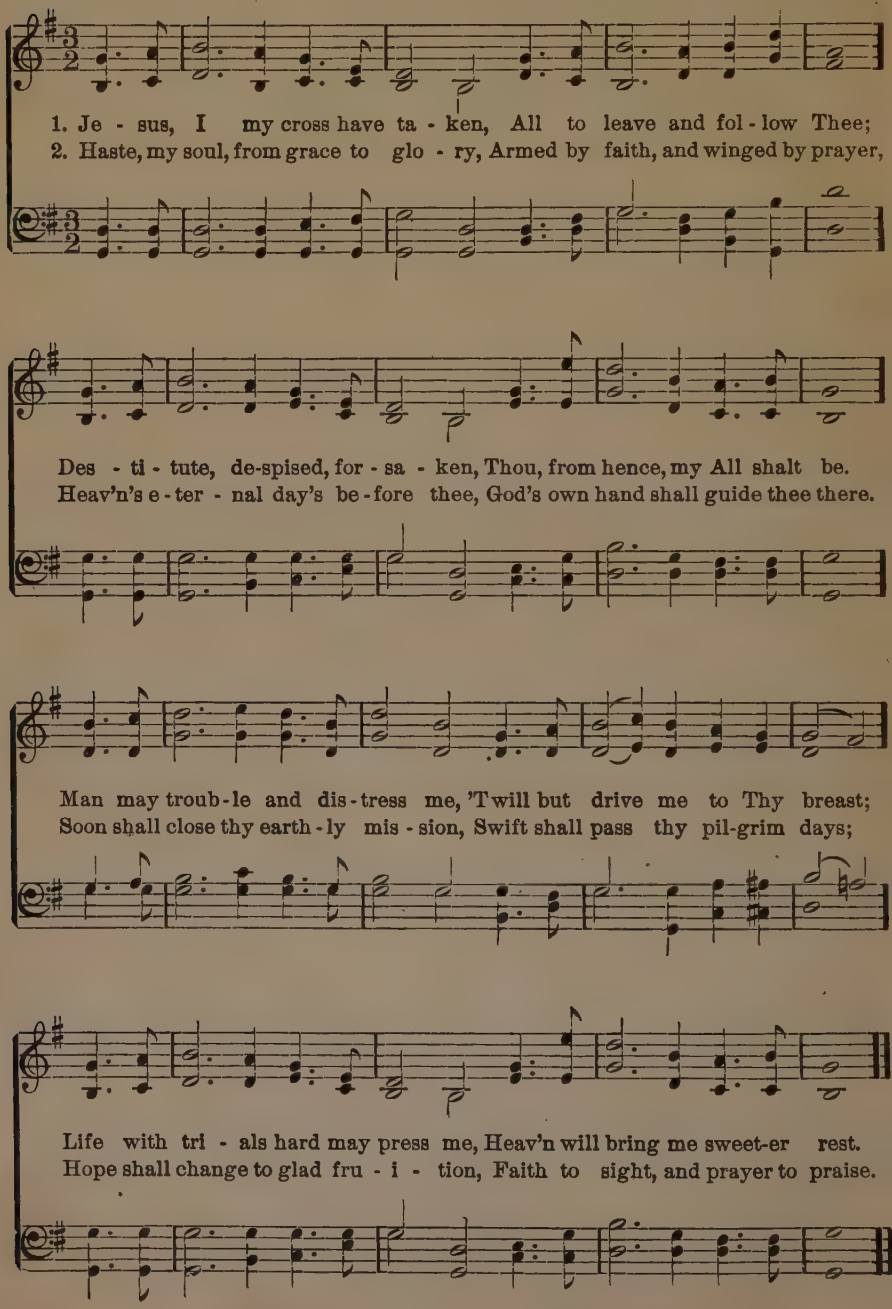
Darmstadt Hymnal.


1. One thing's needful! then, Lord Je - sus, Keep this one thing in my mind;
2. Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee? Seek not midst cre - at - ed things;
3. How were Ma - ry's tho'ts de - vot - ed Her e - ter - nal joy to find,
4. Thus my longings, heav'nward tending, Je - sus, rest a - lone on Thee;


All be-side, tho' first it please us, Soon a grievous yoke we find; Be-
What is earth-ly leave be-hind thee, O - ver na - ture stretch thy wings. For
As in-tent each word she not - ed, At her Sav-ior's feet re-clined! How
Help me, thus on Thee de-pend-ing, Sav-ior, come and dwell in me! Al-
neath it the heart is still fret-ting and striv - ing, No true last - ing
where God and Man both in One are u - ni - ted, With God's per - fect
kin - dled her heart, how de - vout was its feel - ing, While hear-ing the
tho' all the world should for-sake and for-get Thee, In love I will
hap - pi - ness ev - er de - riv - ing. The gain of this one thing all
full - ness the heart is de-light - ed, There, there is the wor - thi - est
les - sons that Christ was re - veal - ing! For Je - sus all earth - ly con-
fol - low Thee, ne'er will I quit Thee; Lord Je - sus, both spir - it and
loss can re - quite, And teach me in all things to find true de - light.
lot and the best, My One and my All, and my Joy and my Rest.
cerns she for - got, And all was re - paid in that one hap - py lot.
life is Thy Word; And is there a joy which Thou dost not af - ford?

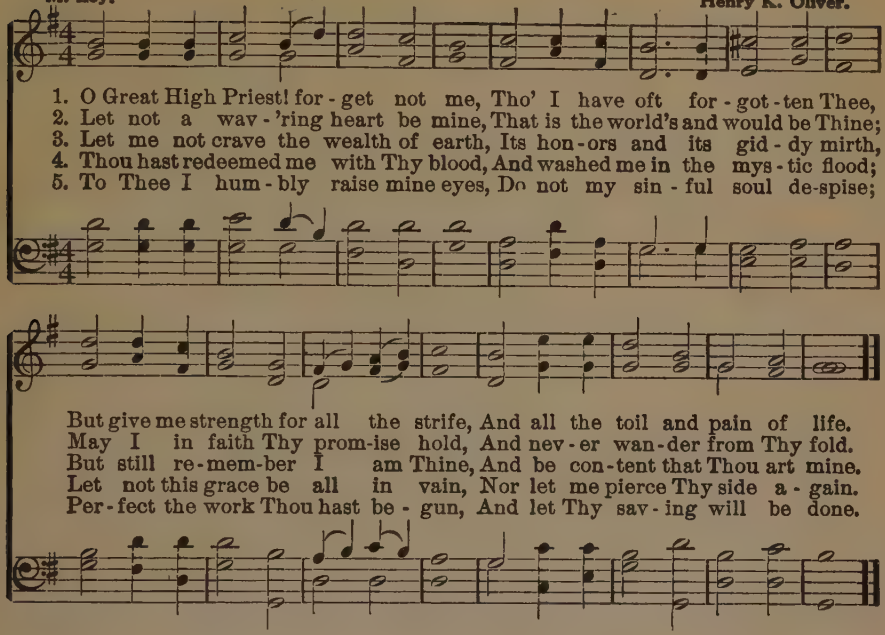
324 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. Lyte. Spanish Melody.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Haste, my soul, from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my All shalt be.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil-grim days;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

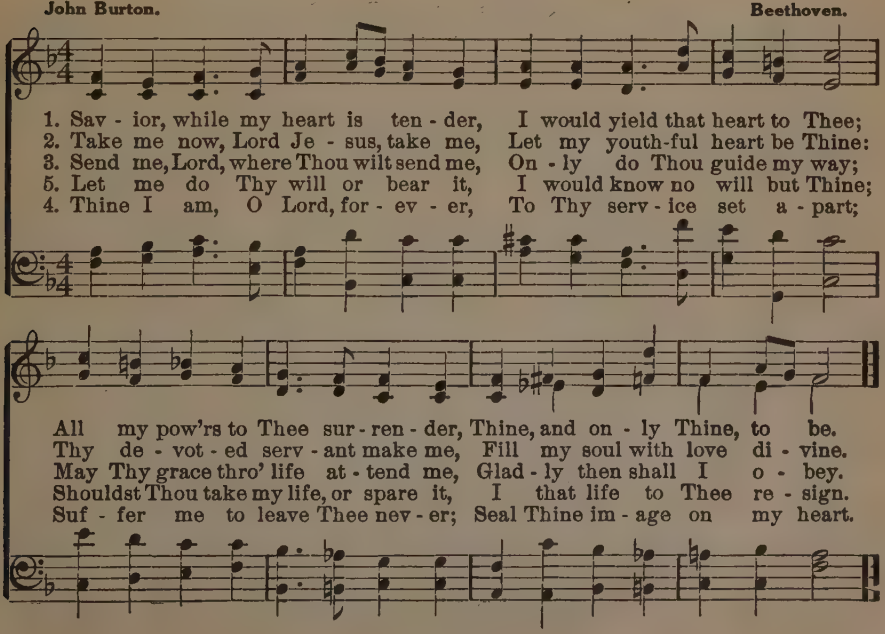
325 O Great High Priest! Forget Not Me.

M. Loy. Henry K. Oliver.


1. O Great High Priest! for - get not me, Tho' I have oft for - got - ten Thee,
2. Let not a wav - 'ring heart be mine, That is the world's and would be Thine;
3. Let me not crave the wealth of earth, Its hon - ors and its gid - dy mirth,
4. Thou hast redeemed me with Thy blood, And washed me in the mys - tic flood;
5. To Thee I hum - bly raise mine eyes, Do not my sin - ful soul de-spise;
But give me strength for all the strife, And all the toil and pain of life.
May I in faith Thy prom-ise hold, And nev - er wan-der from Thy fold.
But still re-mem-ber I am Thine, And be con-tent that Thou art mine.
Let not this grace be all in vain, Nor let me pierce Thy side a - gain.
Per - fect the work Thou hast be - gun, And let Thy sav - ing will be done.

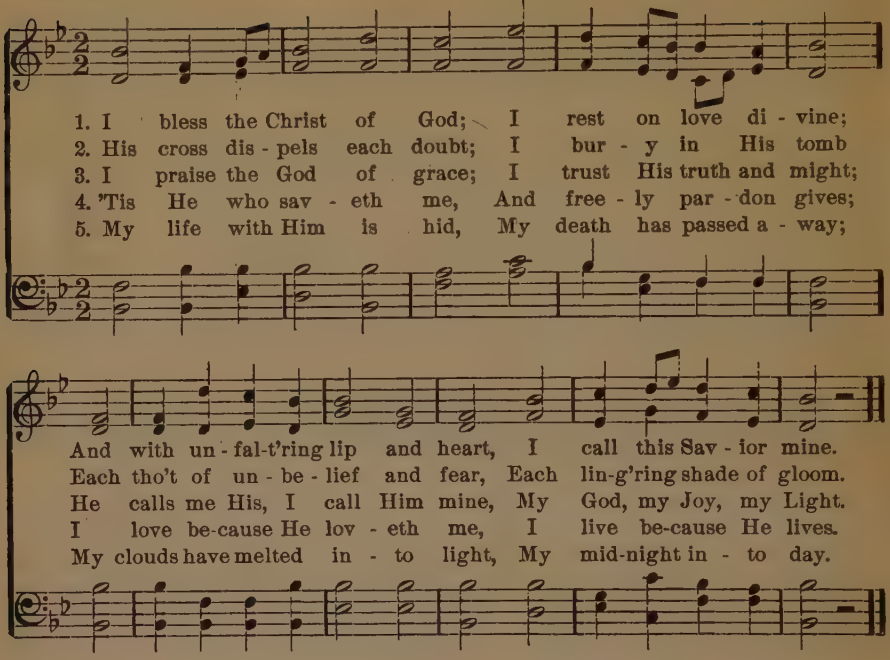
326 Savior, While My Heart is Tender.

John Burton. Beethoven.


1. Sav - ior, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine:
3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way;
5. Let me do Thy will or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;
4. Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv - ice set a - part;
All my pow'rs to Thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly Thine, to be.
Thy de - vot - ed serv - ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
May Thy grace thro' life at - tend me, Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.
Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er; Seal Thine im - age on my heart.

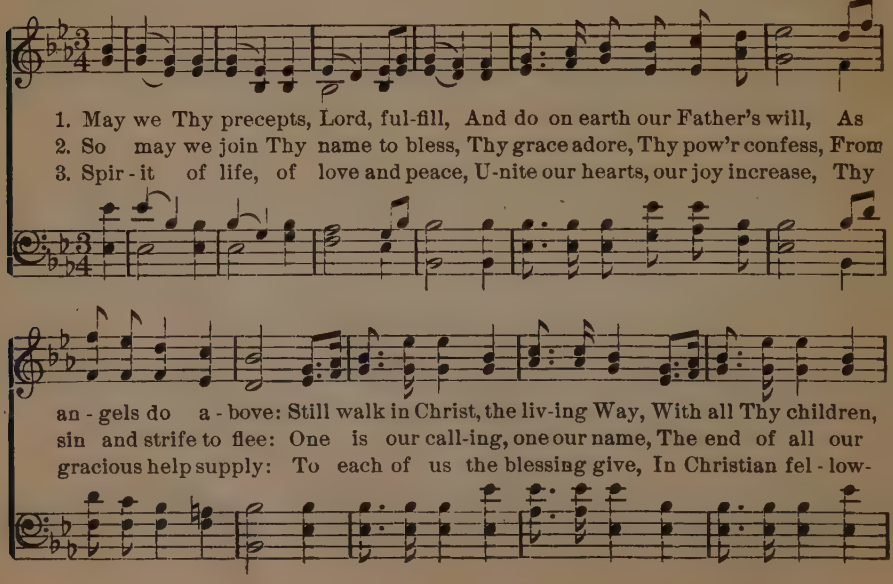
327 I Bless the Christ of God.

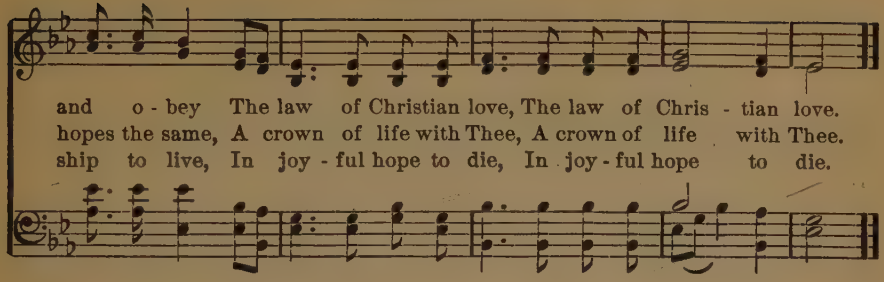
H. Bonar. D. E. Jones.


1. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
2. His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bur - y in His tomb
3. I praise the God of grace; I trust His truth and might;
4. 'Tis He who sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives;
5. My life with Him is hid, My death has passed a - way;
And with un - fal-t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - ior mine.
Each tho't of un - be - lief and fear, Each lin-g'ring shade of gloom.
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my Joy, my Light.
I love be-cause He lov - eth me, I live be-cause He lives.
My clouds have melted in - to light, My mid-night in - to day.

328 May We Thy Precepts, Lord, Fulfill.

Edward Osler. Lowell Mason.

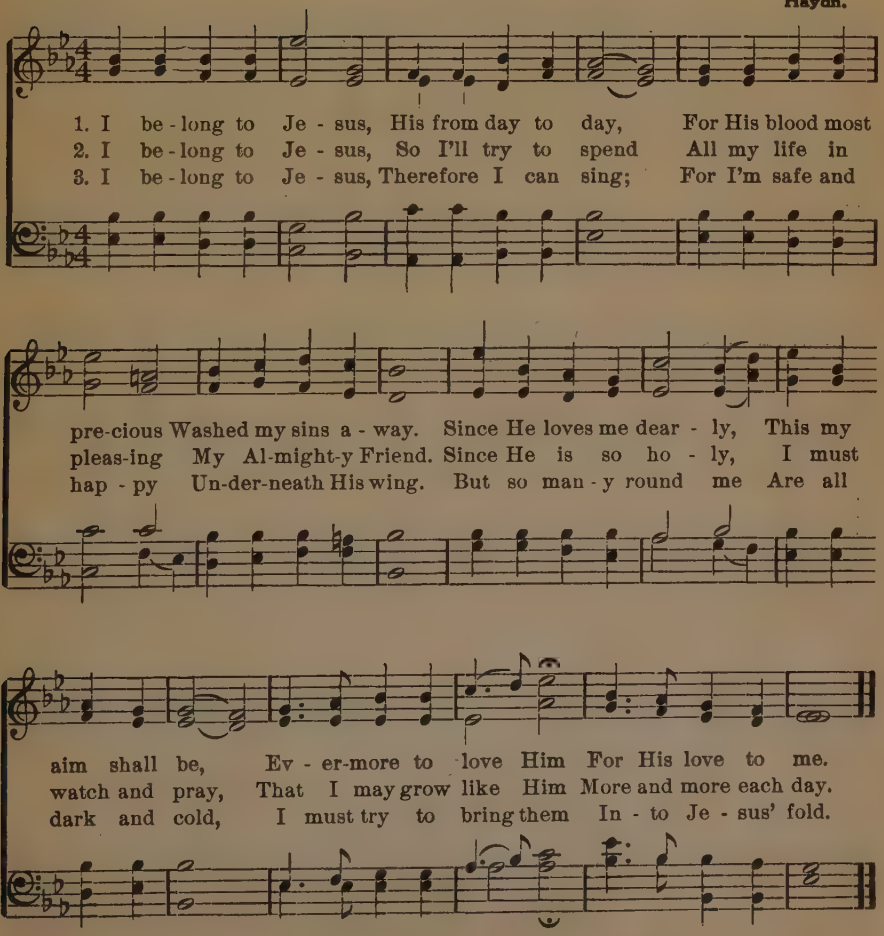

1. May we Thy precepts, Lord, ful-fill, And do on earth our Father's will, As
2. So may we join Thy name to bless, Thy grace adore, Thy pow'r confess, From
3. Spir - it of life, of love and peace, U-nite our hearts, our joy increase, Thy
an - gels do a - bove: Still walk in Christ, the liv-ing Way, With all Thy children,
sin and strife to flee: One is our call-ing, one our name, The end of all our
gracious help supply: To each of us the blessing give, In Christian fel - low-


and o - bey The law of Christian love, The law of Chris - tian love.
hopes the same, A crown of life with Thee, A crown of life with Thee.
ship to live, In joy - ful hope to die, In joy - ful hope to die.

Service.

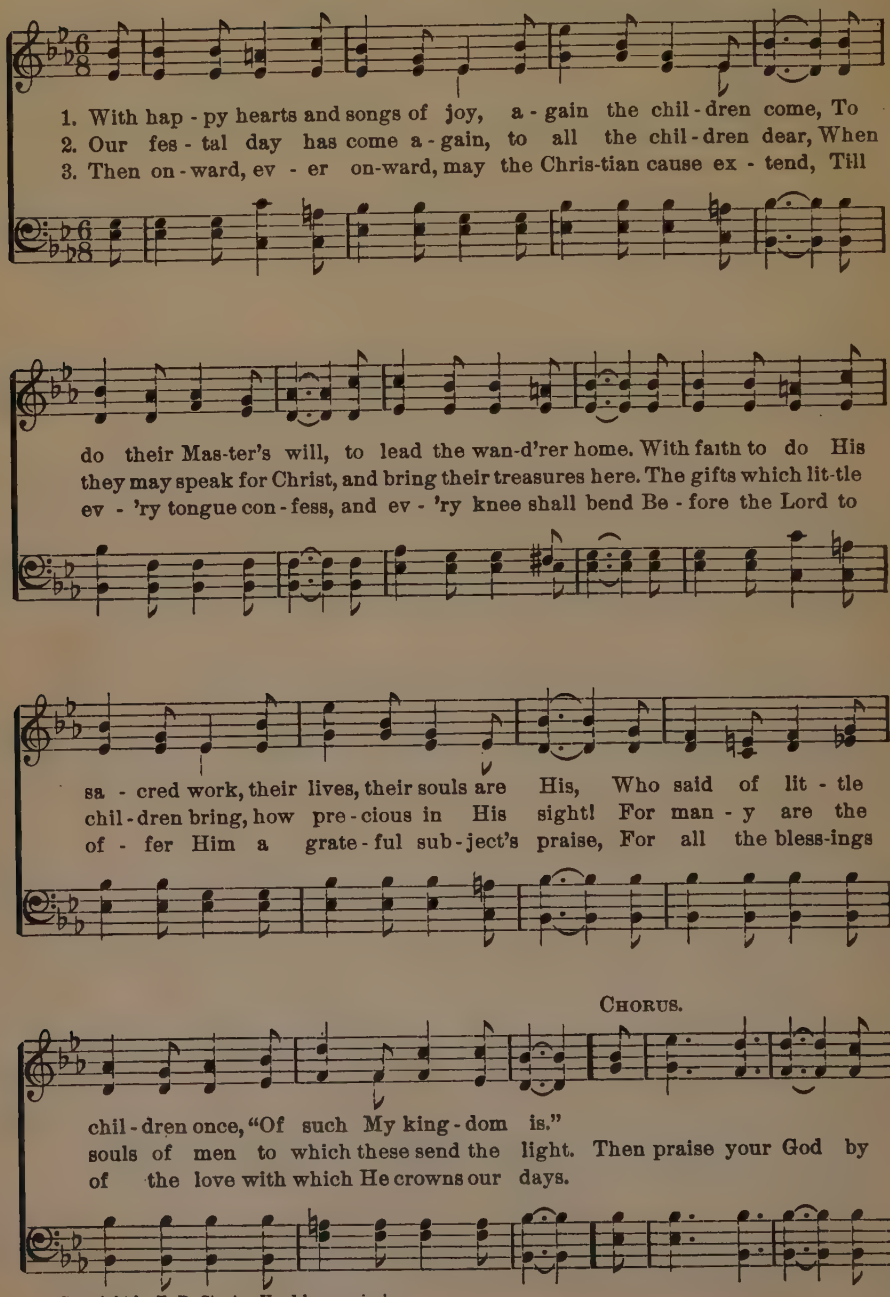
329 I Belong to Jesus.

Haydn.


1. I be - long to Je - sus, His from day to day, For His blood most
2. I be - long to Je - sus, So I'll try to spend All my life in
3. I be - long to Je - sus, Therefore I can sing; For I'm safe and
pre-cious Washed my sins a - way. Since He loves me dear - ly, This my
pleas-ing My Al-might-y Friend. Since He is so ho - ly, I must
hap - py Un-der-neath His wing. But so man - y round me Are all
aim shall be, Ev - er-more to love Him For His love to me.
watch and pray, That I may grow like Him More and more each day.
dark and cold, I must try to bring them In - to Je - sus' fold.

330 Praise Your God.

Words and Music by E. D. Stout.


1. With hap - py hearts and songs of joy, a - gain the chil - dren come, To
2. Our fes - tal day has come a - gain, to all the chil - dren dear, When
3. Then on - ward, ev - er on-ward, may the Chris-tian cause ex - tend, Till
do their Mas-ter's will, to lead the wan-d'rer home. With faith to do His
they may speak for Christ, and bring their treasures here. The gifts which lit-tle
ev - 'ry tongue con - fess, and ev - 'ry knee shall bend Be - fore the Lord to
sa - cred work, their lives, their souls are His, Who said of lit - tle
chil - dren bring, how pre - cious in His sight! For man - y are the
of - fer Him a grate - ful sub - ject's praise, For all the bless-ings
Chorus.
chil - dren once, "Of such My king - dom is."
souls of men to which these send the light. Then praise your God by
of the love with which He crowns our days.

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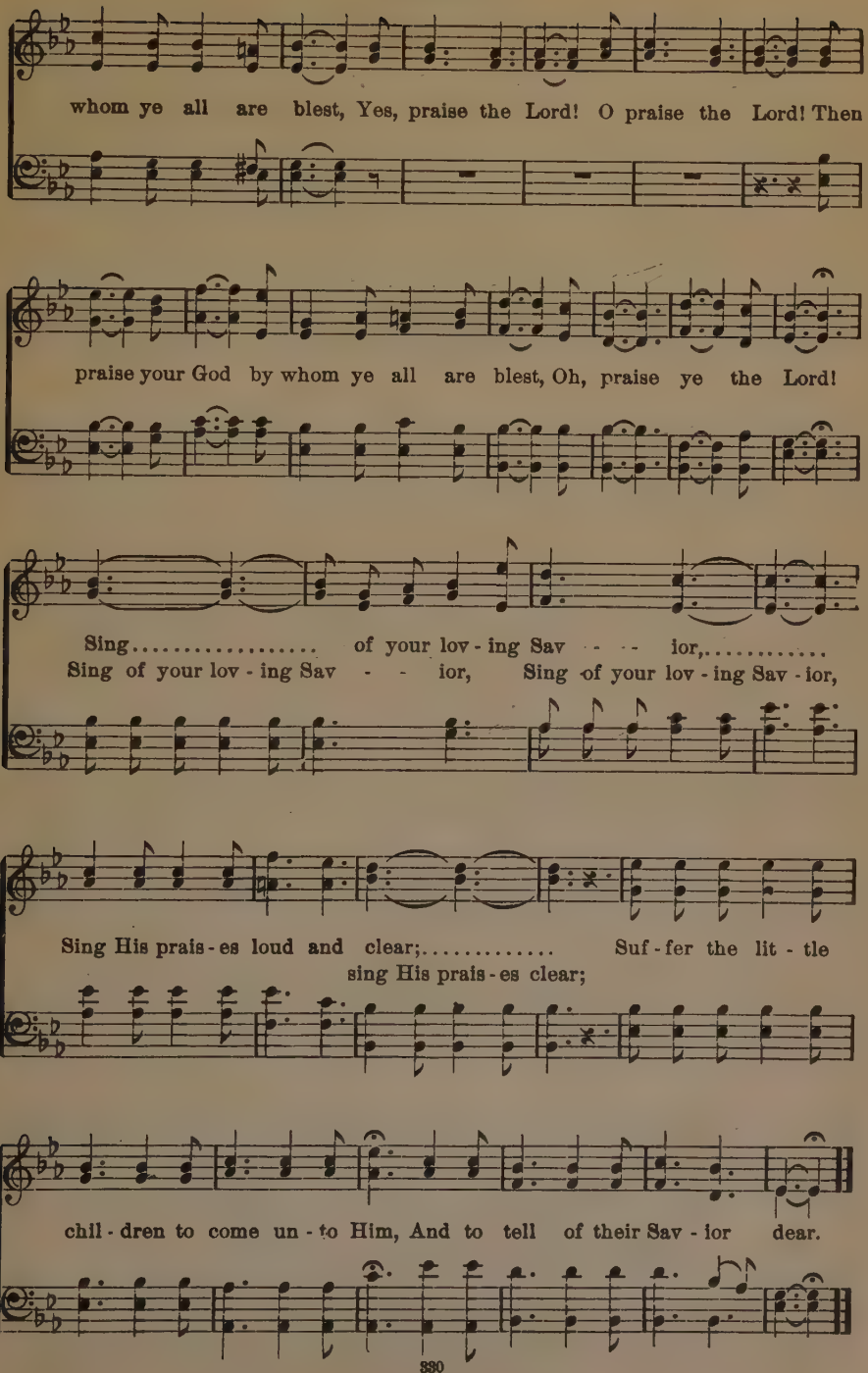
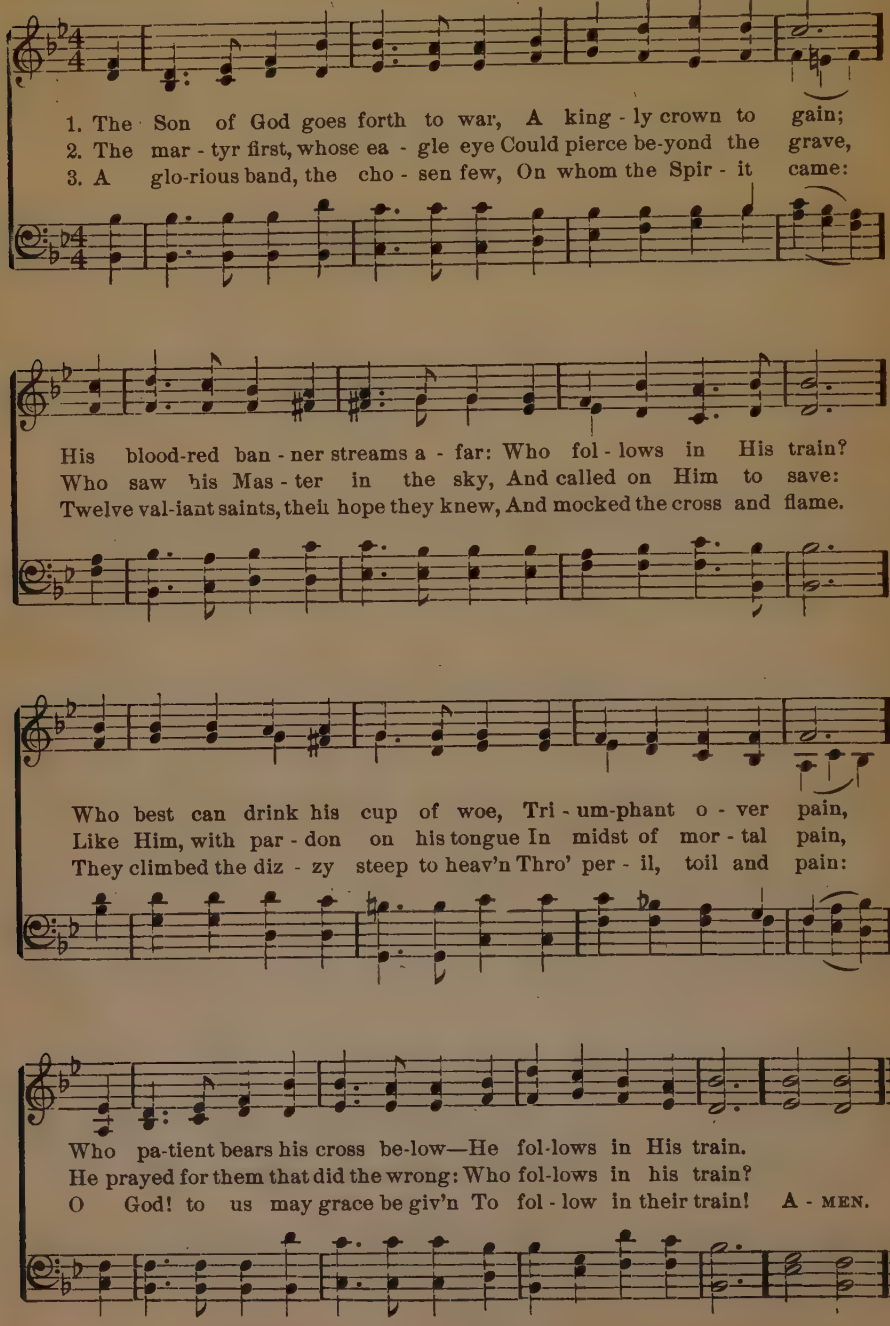

whom ye all are blest, Yes, praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! Then
praise your God by whom ye all are blest, Oh, praise ye the Lord!
Sing..... of your lov - ing Sav - - - ior,.....
Sing of your lov - ing Sav - - ior, Sing of your lov - ing Sav - ior,
Sing His prais - es loud and clear;..... Suf - fer the lit - tle
sing His prais - es clear;
chil - dren to come un - to Him, And to tell of their Sav - ior dear.

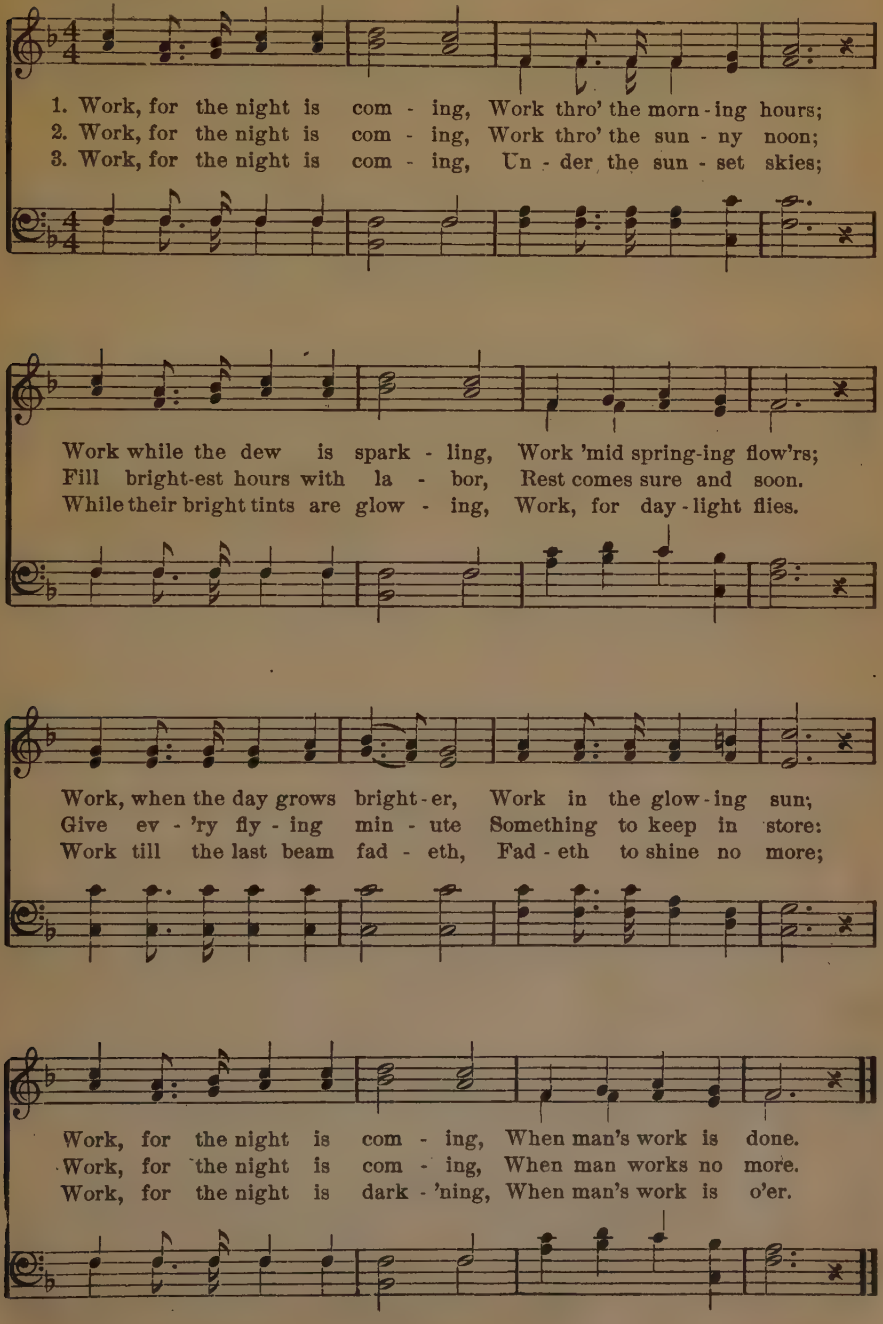
331 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. Henry S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came:
His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain:
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train! A - MEN.

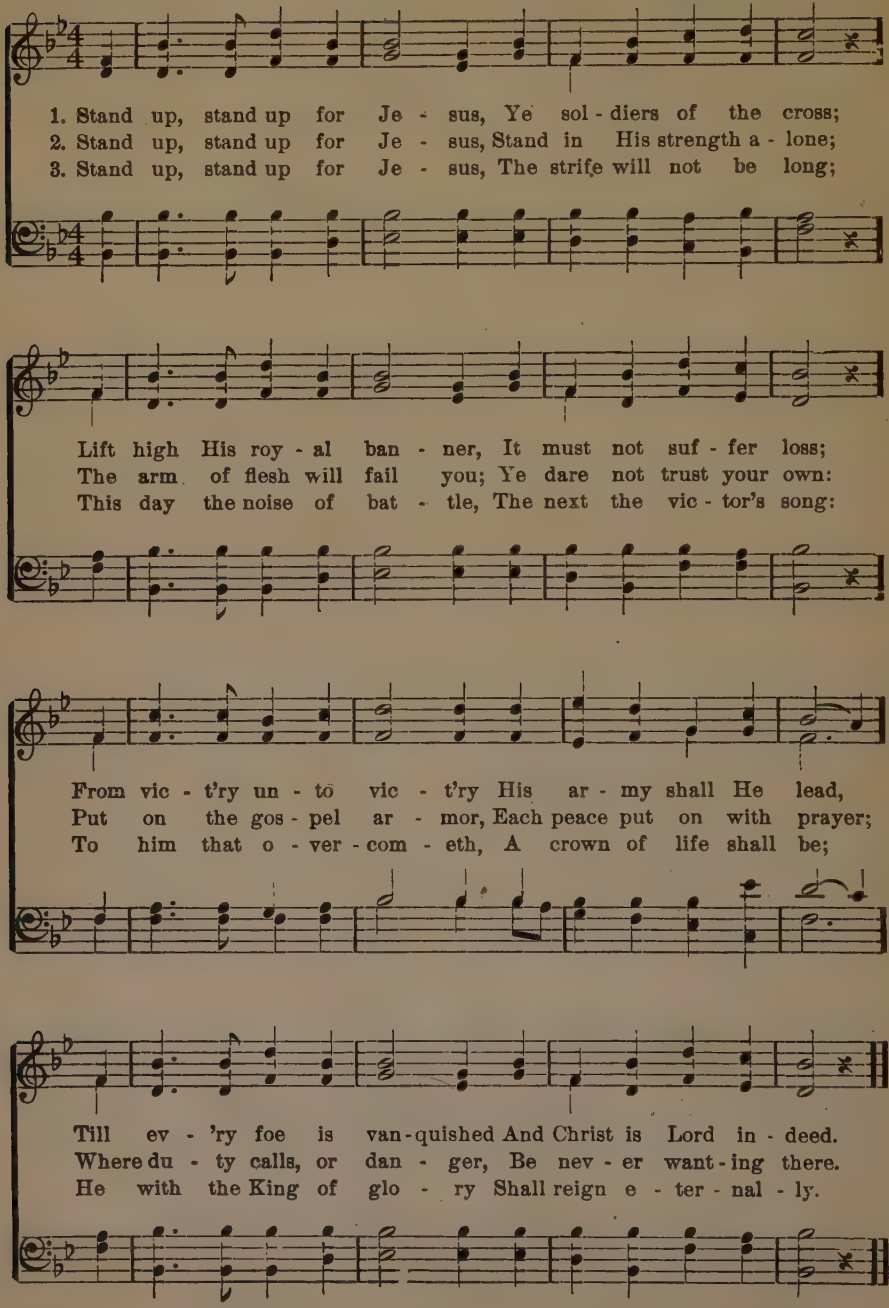
332 Work, For the Night is Coming.

Anna L. Walker. Lowell Mason.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, for the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

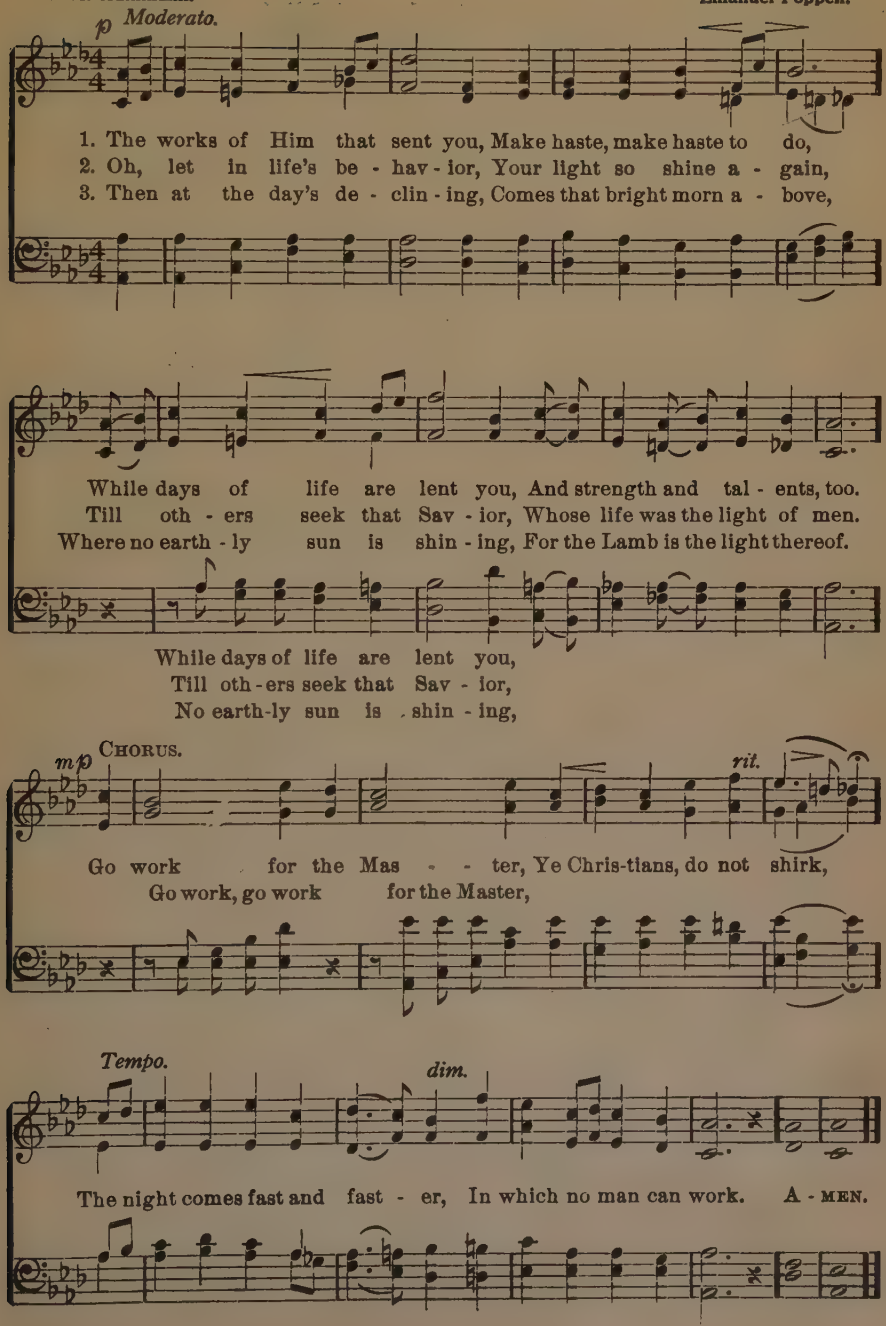
333 Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield, Jr. George James Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each peace put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

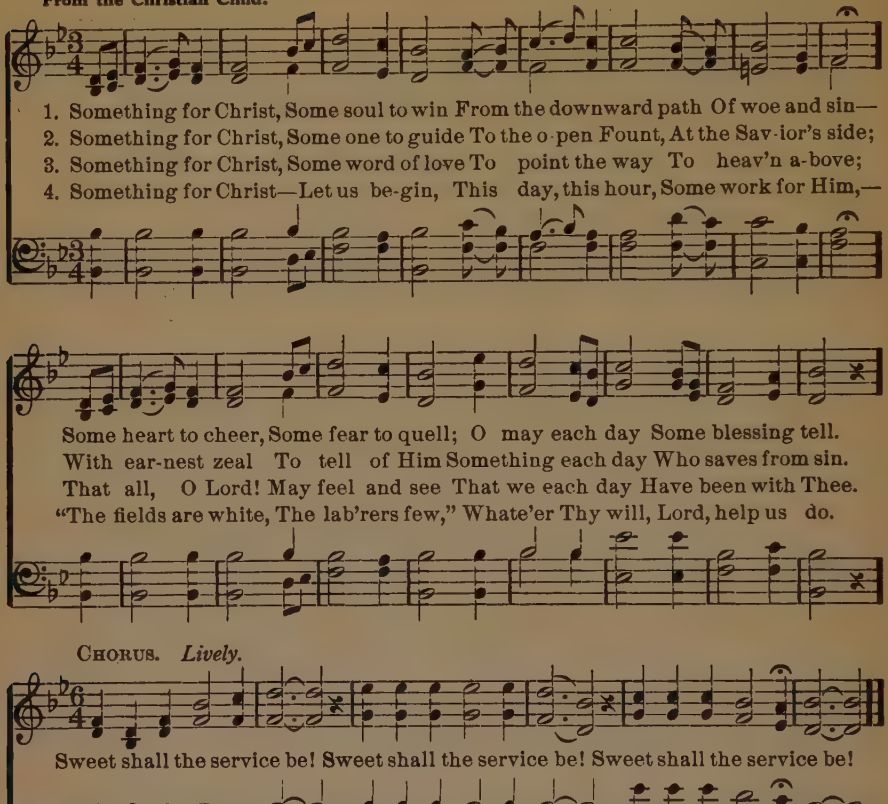
334 While It Is Day.

J. H. Kuhlmann. Emanuel Poppen.


p Moderato.
1. The works of Him that sent you, Make haste, make haste to do,
2. Oh, let in life's be - hav - ior, Your light so shine a - gain,
3. Then at the day's de - clin - ing, Comes that bright morn a - bove,
While days of life are lent you, And strength and tal - ents, too.
Till oth - ers seek that Sav - ior, Whose life was the light of men.
Where no earth - ly sun is shin - ing, For the Lamb is the light thereof.
While days of life are lent you,
Till oth - ers seek that Sav - ior,
No earth-ly sun is shin - ing,
mp CHORUS.
rit.
Go work for the Mas - - ter, Ye Chris-tians, do not shirk,
Go work, go work for the Master,
Tempo.
dim.
The night comes fast and fast - er, In which no man can work. A - MEN.

335 Something For Christ.

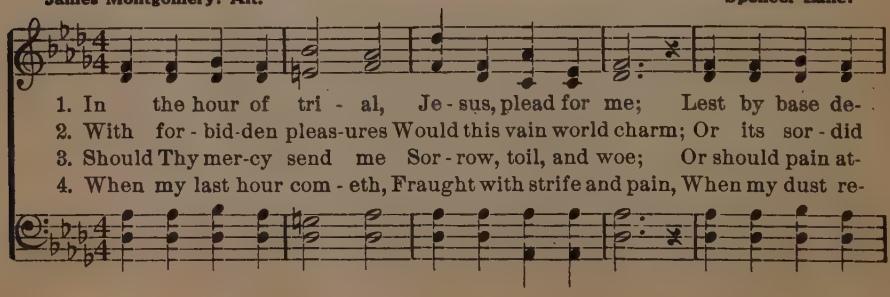
From the Christian Child. From Casket.

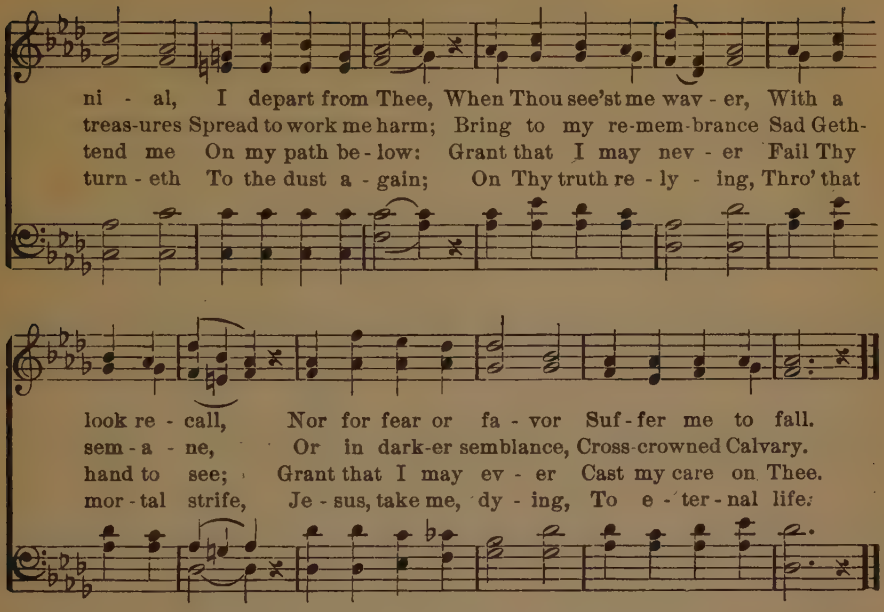

1. Something for Christ, Some soul to win From the downward path Of woe and sin—
2. Something for Christ, Some one to guide To the o-pen Fount, At the Sav-ior's side;
3. Something for Christ, Some word of love To point the way To heav'n a-bove;
4. Something for Christ—Let us be-gin, This day, this hour, Some work for Him,—
Some heart to cheer, Some fear to quell; O may each day Some blessing tell.
With ear-nest zeal To tell of Him Something each day Who saves from sin.
That all, O Lord! May feel and see That we each day Have been with Thee.
"The fields are white, The lab'rers few," Whate'er Thy will, Lord, help us do.
CHORUS. Lively.
Sweet shall the service be! Sweet shall the service be! Sweet shall the service be!

Cross and Consolation.

336 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. Alt. Spencer Lane.

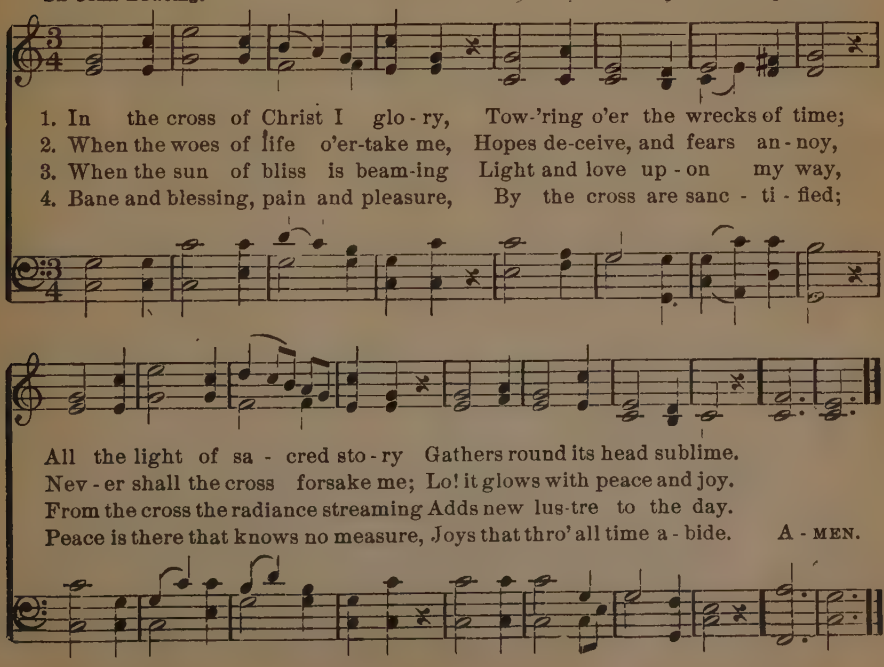

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-
2. With for - bid-den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-


ni - al, I depart from Thee, When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a
treas-ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-mem-brance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that
look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or in dark-er semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

337 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir John Bowring.

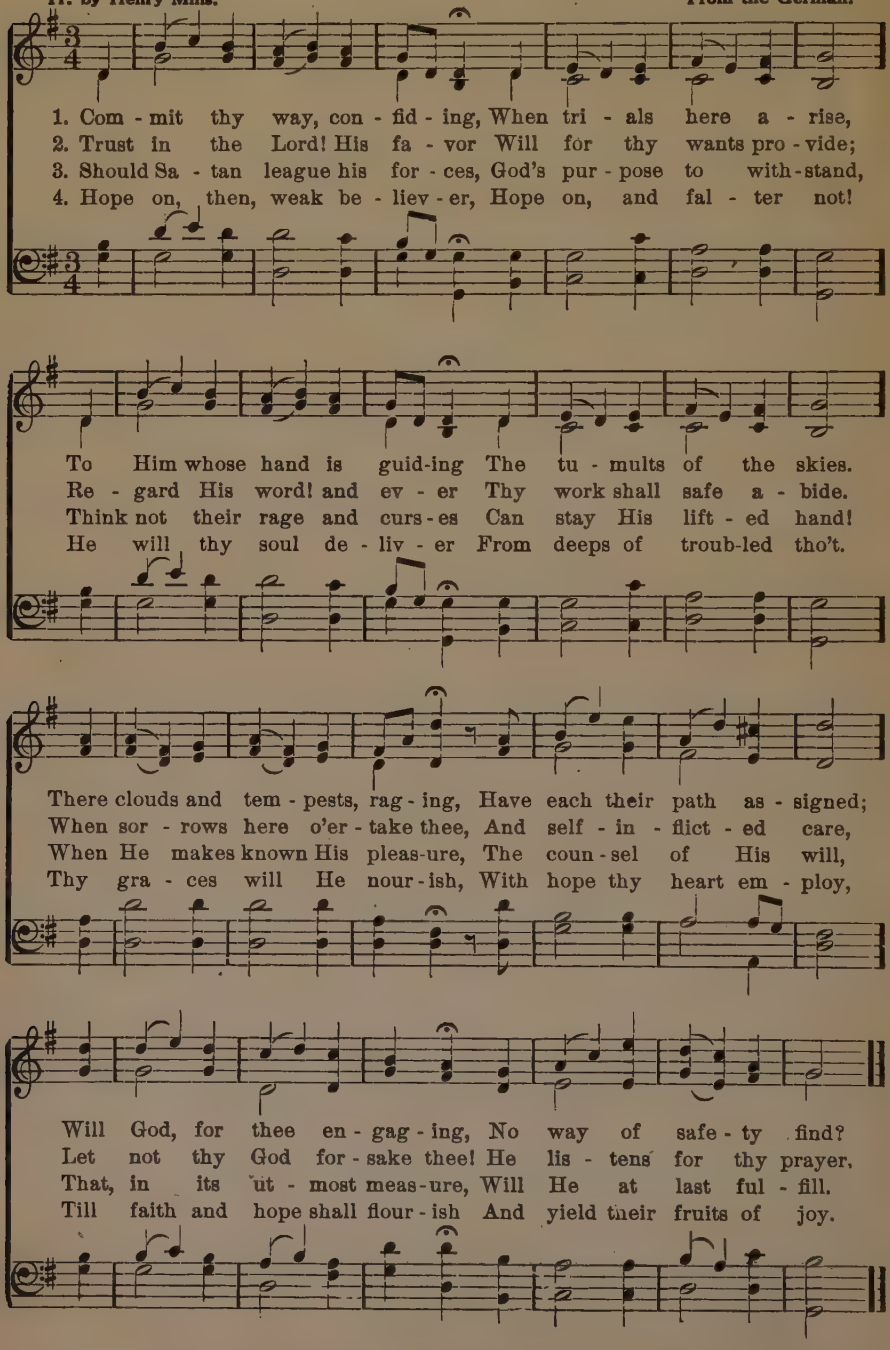
Ithamar Conkey.
Mod. by John H. Spielman.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming Adds new lus-tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

338 Commit Thy Way, Confiding.

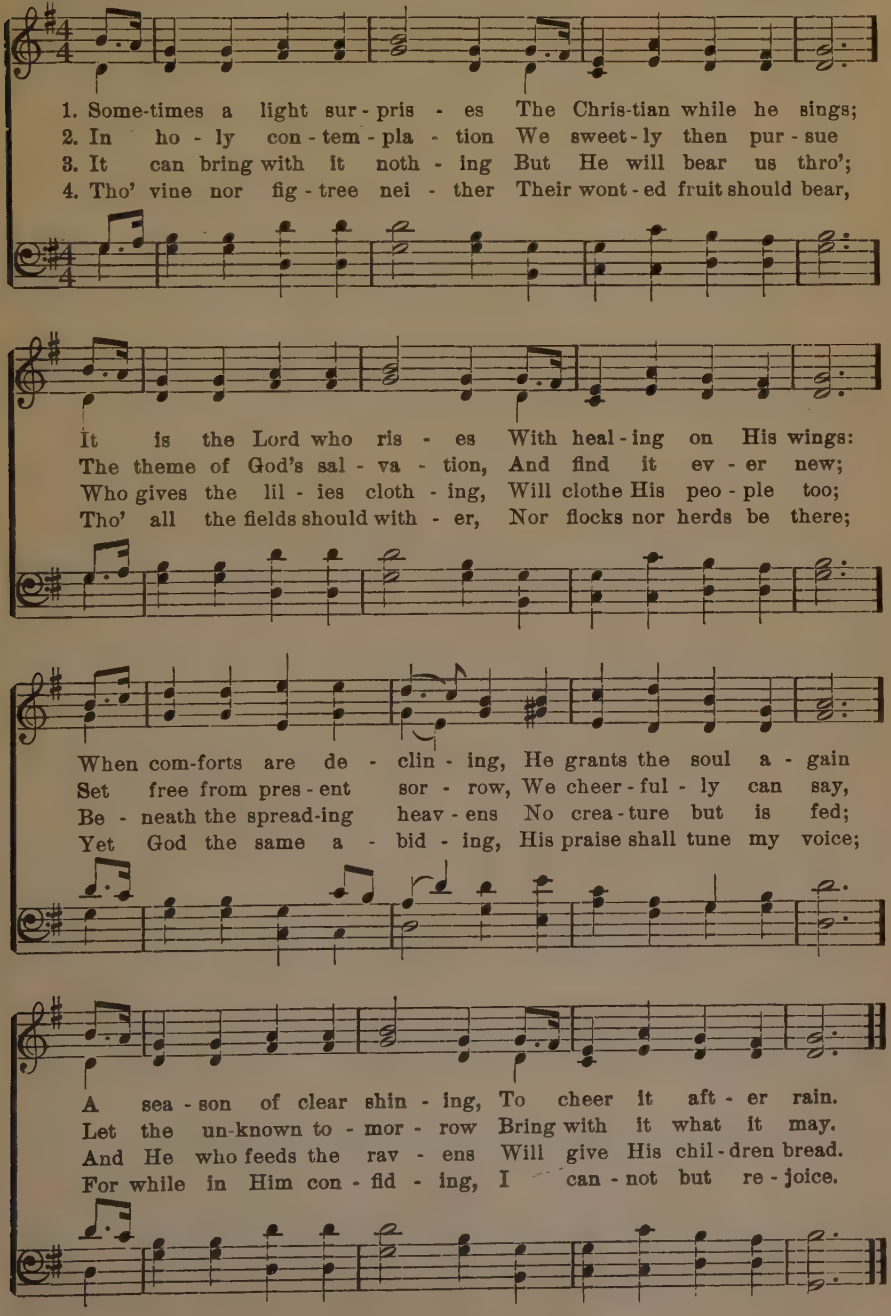
Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by Henry Mills.

From the German.


1. Com - mit thy way, con - fid - ing, When tri - als here a - rise,
2. Trust in the Lord! His fa - vor Will for thy wants pro - vide;
3. Should Sa - tan league his for - ces, God's pur - pose to with - stand,
4. Hope on, then, weak be - liev - er, Hope on, and fal - ter not!
To Him whose hand is guid-ing The tu - mults of the skies.
Re - gard His word! and ev - er Thy work shall safe a - bide.
Think not their rage and curs - es Can stay His lift - ed hand!
He will thy soul de - liv - er From deeps of troub-led tho't.
There clouds and tem - pests, rag - ing, Have each their path as - signed;
When sor - rows here o'er - take thee, And self - in - flict - ed care,
When He makes known His pleas-ure, The coun - sel of His will,
Thy gra - ces will He nour - ish, With hope thy heart em - ploy,
Will God, for thee en - gag - ing, No way of safe - ty find?
Let not thy God for - sake thee! He lis - tens for thy prayer,
That, in its ut - most meas-ure, Will He at last ful - fill.
Till faith and hope shall flour - ish And yield their fruits of joy.

339 Sometimes a Light Surprises.

William Cowper. S. Salvatori.


1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings;
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue
3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bear us thro';
4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont - ed fruit should bear,
It is the Lord who ris - es With heal - ing on His wings:
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too;
Tho' all the fields should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;
When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
Be - neath the spread-ing heav - ens No crea - ture but is fed;
Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice;
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
Let the un-known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
And He who feeds the rav - ens Will give His chil - dren bread.
For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.

340 Jesus, Be Our Guide.

N. L. Zinzendorf
Tr. by L. Heyl

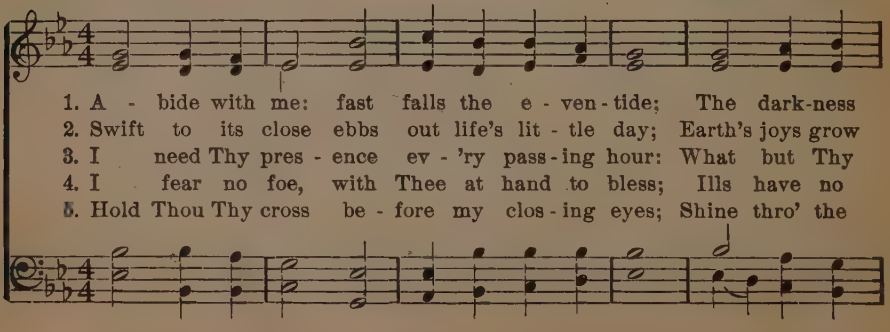
Adam Drese.

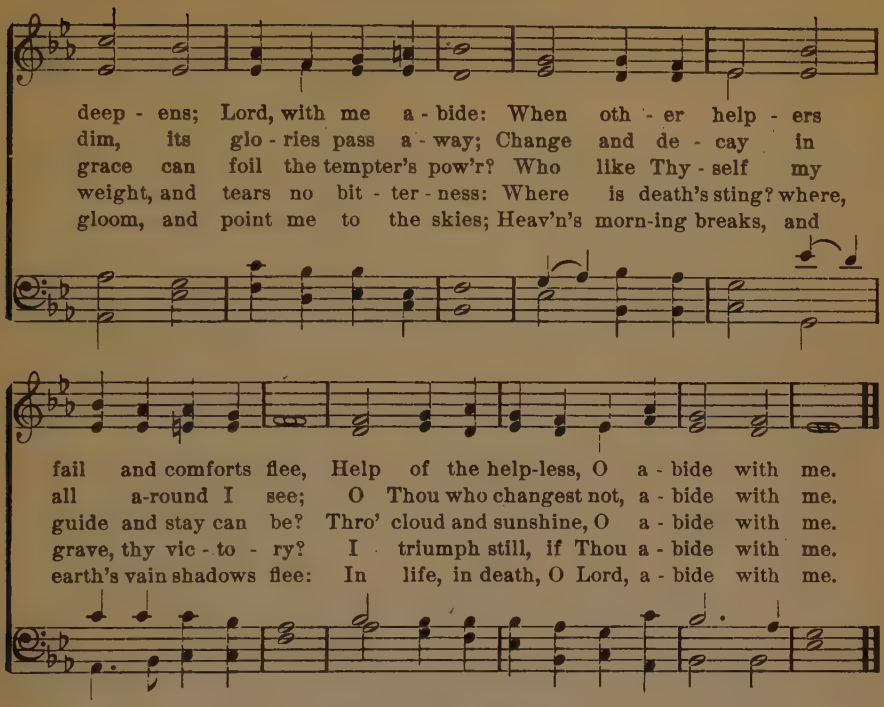
1. Je - sus! be our Guide, As thro' life we glide; Faith-ful - ly in our be - hav - ior May we fol - low Thee, dear Sav - ior;
2. When the world is cold, Let us to Thee hold; When the cup of sor - row drain - ing, May we do so un - com-plain - ing,
3. When af - flic-tion's smart An-guish-es the heart— Tho' our life be woe and weak - ness, Help us bear our cross in meek - ness;
4. Or - der Thou our ways, Lord! thro' all our days; Tho' our path be dark and cheer - less, Je - sus with us, we'll be fear - less;
Lead us by Thy hand Thro' to Fa - ther - land.
For thro' tri - als we Find our way to Thee.
May we keep in mind, God's a Fa - ther kind.
O - pen, when life's o'er, Lord! to us Thy door!

341 Abide With Me: Fast Falls the Eventide.

Henry F. Lyte.

William H. Monk.

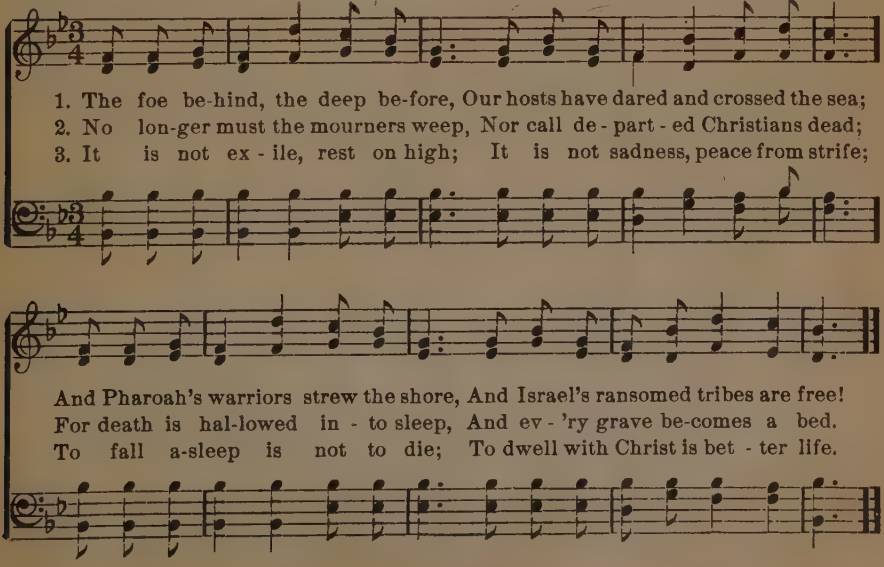

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the


deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where,
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and
fail and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me.
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Eternal Life.

342 The Foe Behind, the Deep Before.

John Mason Neale. Gen. Council S. S. Book.

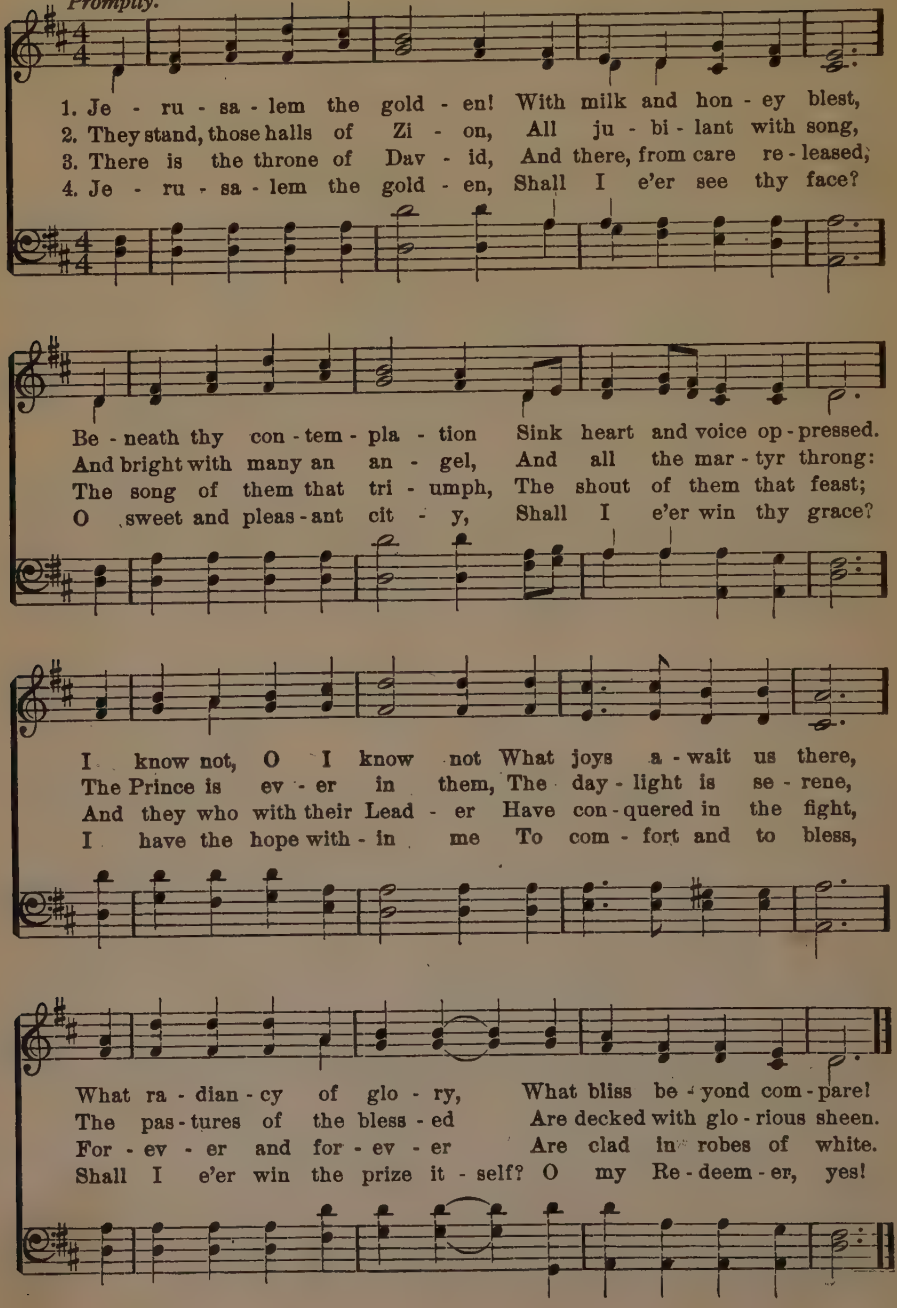

1. The foe be-hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and crossed the sea;
2. No lon-ger must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead;
3. It is not ex - ile, rest on high; It is not sadness, peace from strife;
And Pharoah's warriors strew the shore, And Israel's ransomed tribes are free!
For death is hal-lowed in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be-comes a bed.
To fall a-sleep is not to die; To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life.

343 Jerusalem the Golden!

Bernard of Morlaix.
Tr. by J. M. Neale.

Asa Hull.

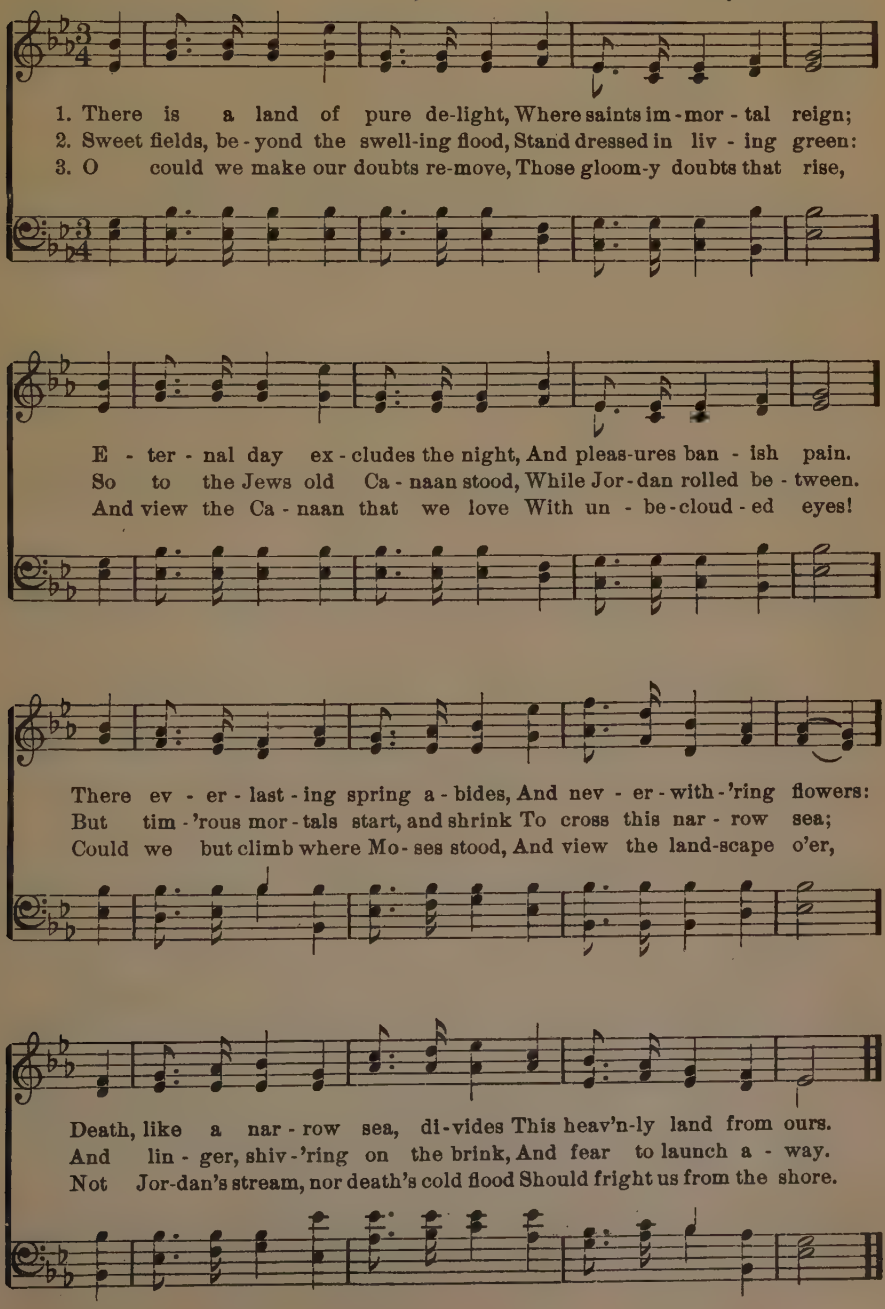
Promptly.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care re - leased,
4. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, Shall I e'er see thy face?
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and pleas - ant cit - y, Shall I e'er win thy grace?
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
I have the hope with - in me To com - fort and to bless,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked with glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Shall I e'er win the prize it - self? O my Re - deem - er, yes!

344 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

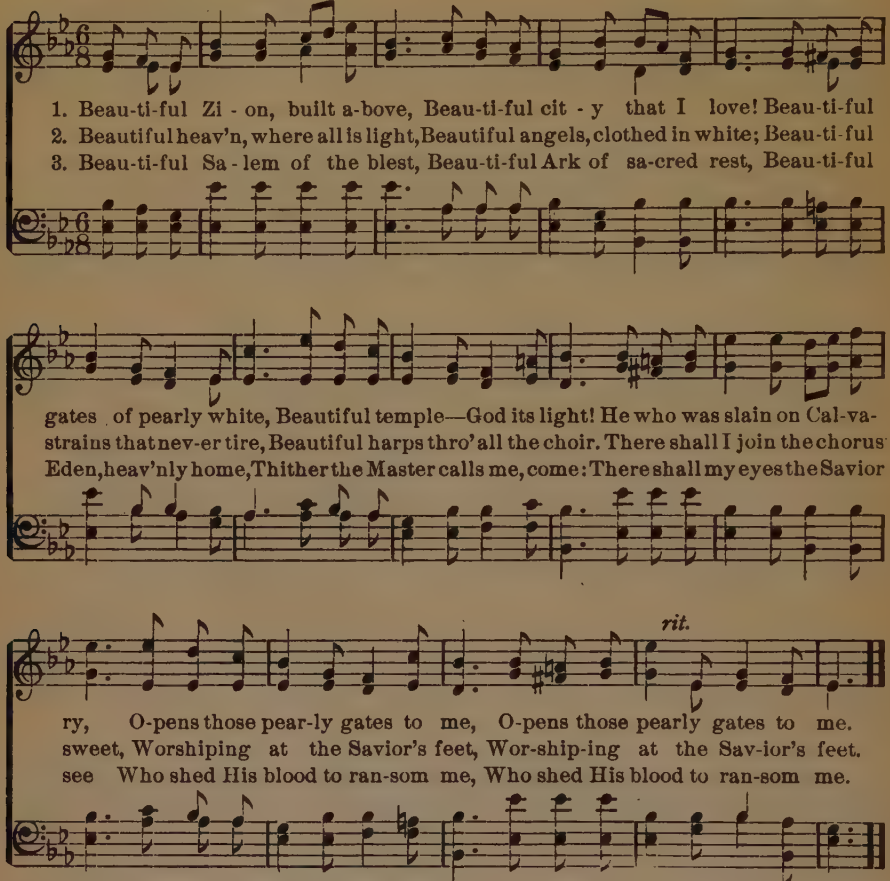
Isaac Watts.

Johann C. Rink.
Arr. by G. F. Root.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green:
3. O could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
And view the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!
There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flowers:
But tim-'rous mor-tals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea;
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin-ger, shiv-'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

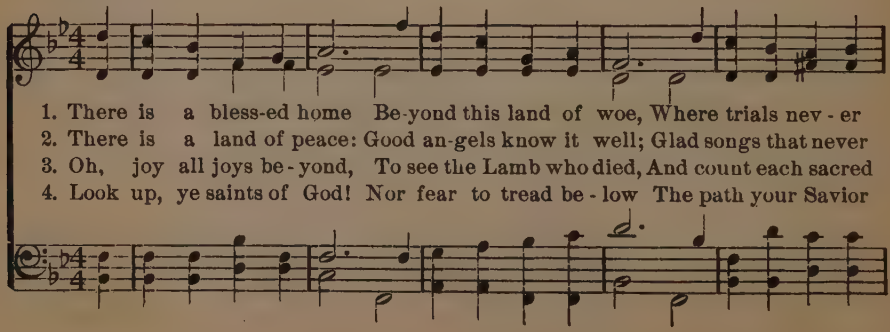
345 Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

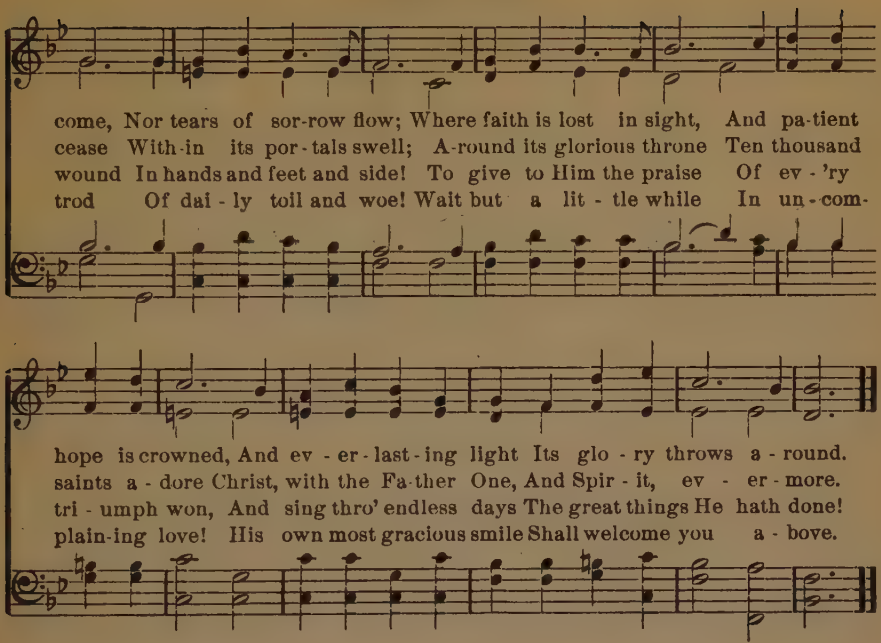
Anon., 3d St. by J. H. Spielman. From Casket.


1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love! Beau-ti-ful
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beau-ti-ful
3. Beau-ti-ful Sa - lem of the blest, Beau-ti-ful Ark of sa-cred rest, Beau-ti-ful
gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal-va-
strains that nev-er tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir. There shall I join the chorus
Eden, heav'nly home, Thither the Master calls me, come: There shall my eyes the Savior
rit.
ry, O-pens those pear-ly gates to me, O-pens those pearly gates to me.
sweet, Worshiping at the Savior's feet, Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-ior's feet.
see Who shed His blood to ran-som me, Who shed His blood to ran-som me.

346 There Is a Blessed Home.

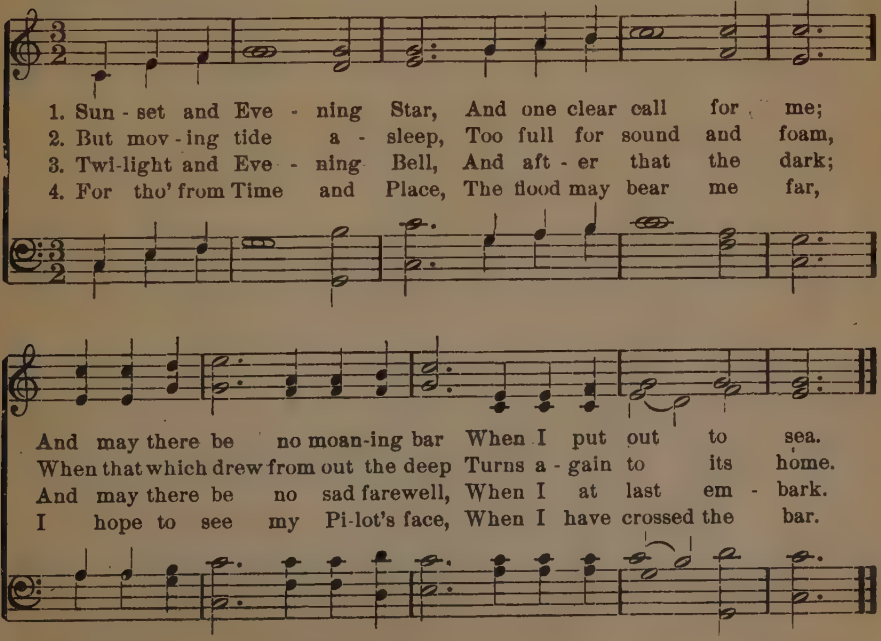
H. W. Baker.


1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where trials nev - er
2. There is a land of peace: Good an-gels know it well; Glad songs that never
3. Oh, joy all joys be - yond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sacred
4. Look up, ye saints of God! Nor fear to tread be - low The path your Savior


come, Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient
cease With-in its por-tals swell; A-round its glorious throne Ten thousand
wound In hands and feet and side! To give to Him the praise Of ev-'ry
trod Of dai-ly toil and woe! Wait but a lit-tle while In un-com-
hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.
saints a-dore Christ, with the Fa-ther One, And Spir-it, ev-er-more.
tri-umph won, And sing thro' endless days The great things He hath done!
plain-ing love! His own most gracious smile Shall welcome you a-bove.

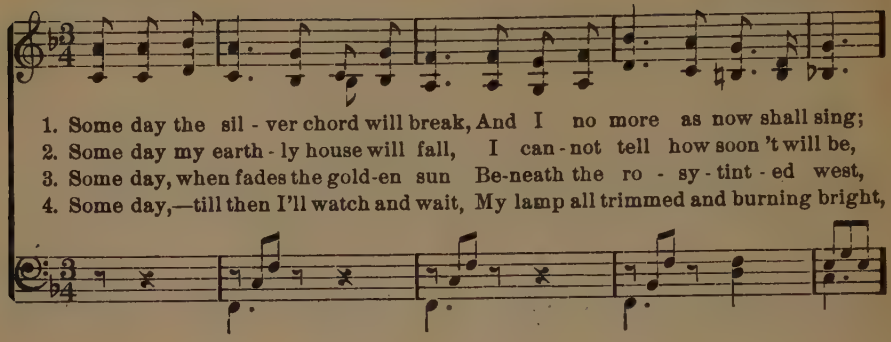
347 Sunset and Evening Star.

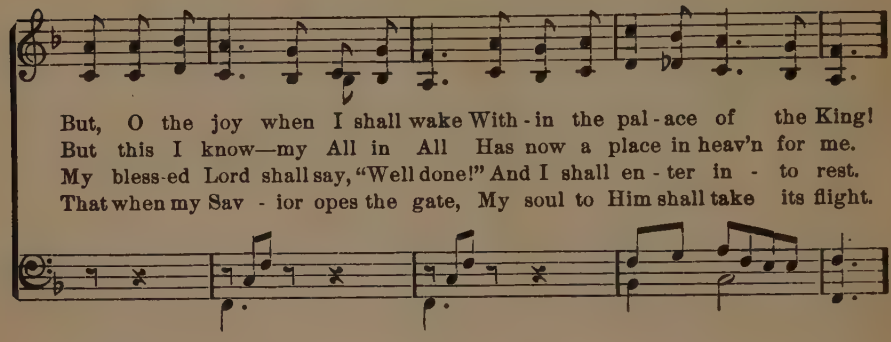
Alfred Tennyson, arr. Geo. F. Root.

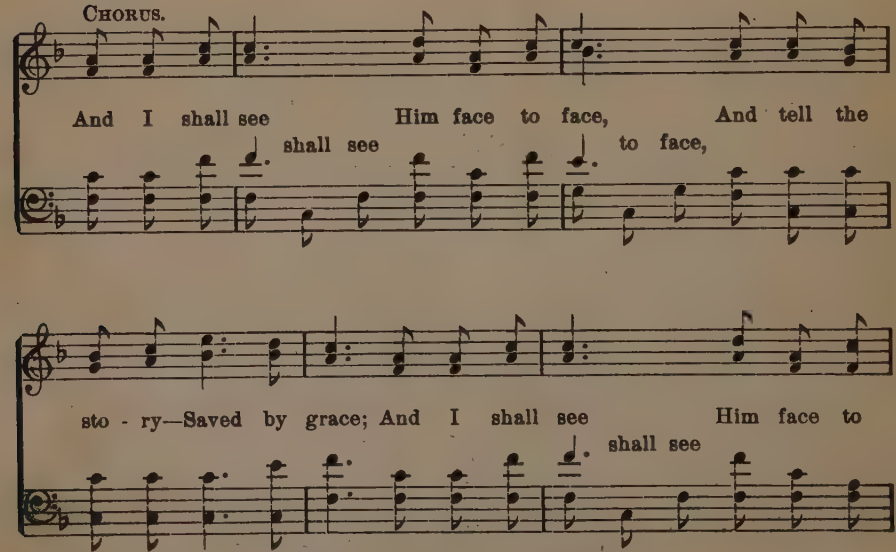

1. Sun-set and Eve-ning Star, And one clear call for me;
2. But mov-ing tide a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam,
3. Twi-light and Eve-ning Bell, And aft-er that the dark;
4. For tho' from Time and Place, The flood may bear me far,
And may there be no moan-ing bar When I put out to sea.
When that which drew from out the deep Turns a-gain to its home.
And may there be no sad farewell, When I at last em-bark.
I hope to see my Pi-lot's face, When I have crossed the bar.

348 Saved By Grace.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Some day the sil - ver chord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 't will be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day,—till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,


But, O the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him shall take its flight.


Chorus.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see to face,
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see

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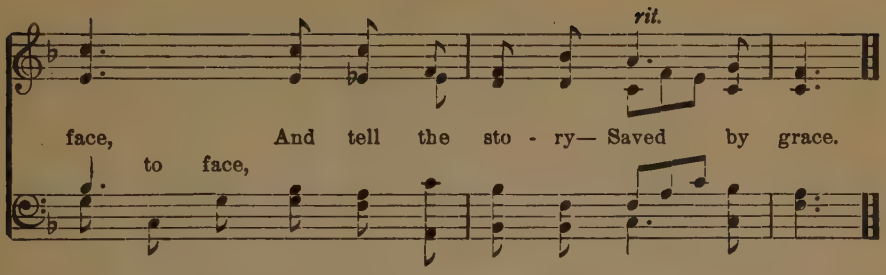
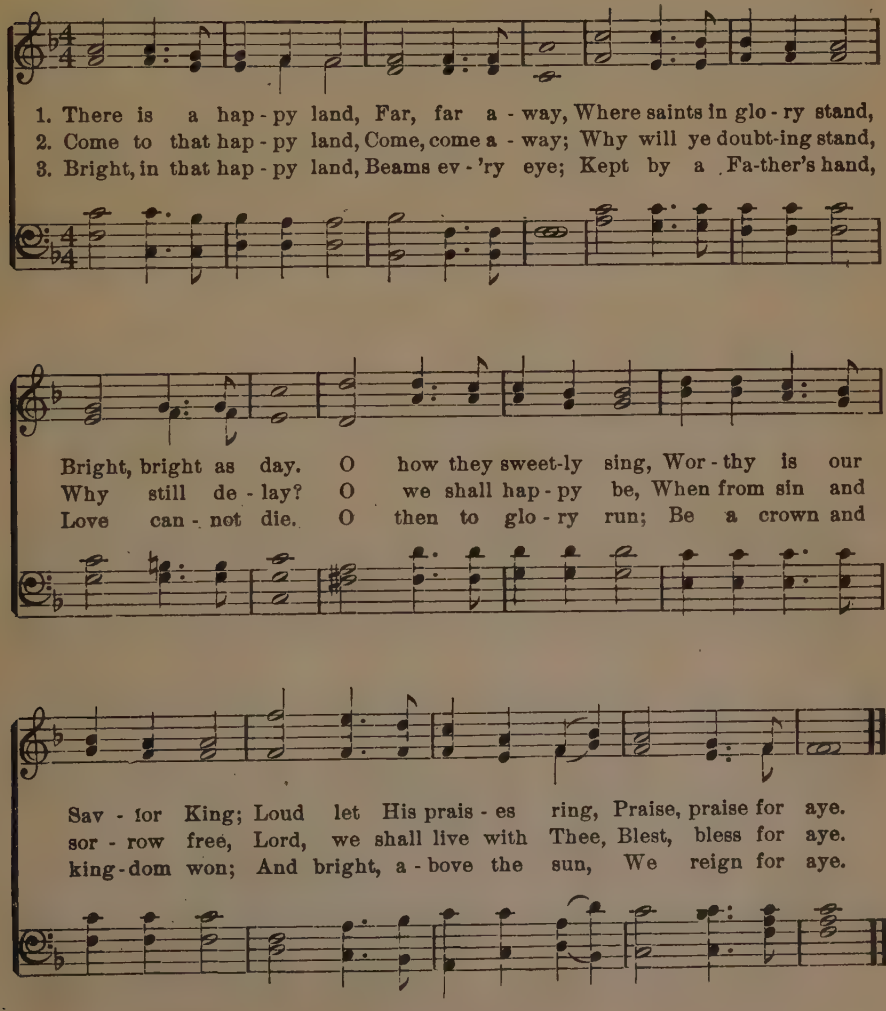


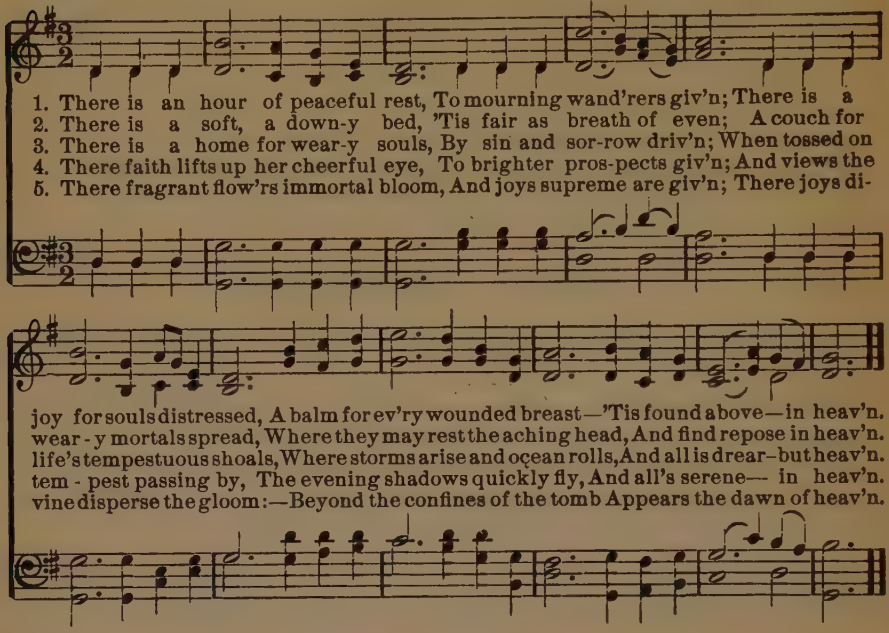
349 There is a Happy Land.

Andrew Young. Samuel S. Wesley.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt-ing stand,
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,
Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet-ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why still de - lay? O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die. O then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and
Sav - ior King; Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, bless for aye.
king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, We reign for aye.

350 There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest.

William B. Tappan. George Kingsley.


1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a
2. There is a soft, a down-y bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for
3. There is a home for wear-y souls, By sin and sor-row driv'n; When tossed on
4. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter pros-pects giv'n; And views the
5. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n; There joys di-
joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—'Tis found above—in heav'n.
wear-y mortals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose in heav'n.
life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heav'n.
tem-pest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all's serene— in heav'n.
vine disperse the gloom:—Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heav'n.

351 Heaven is My Home.

T. R. Taylor. From Casket.

Moderato.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des-ert drear, (*Omit*) . . . . . Heav'n is my home.
Dan-ger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev-'ry hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What tho' the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home!
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home!
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home!
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

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